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From the collection
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GOSPEL PRAISE BOOK

A COLLECTION OF

CHOICE GEMS OF SACRED SONG

SUITABLE FOR

Church Service, Gospel Praise Meetings,

AND

FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

BY

ASA HULL,

Author of "Pilgrim's Harp," "Grove Songs," "Devotional Chimes," "Hull's Temperance Glee Book," "Garlands of Praise," "Wreath of Praise," etc., etc.

ENLARGED EDITION.

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*This little volume of Sacred Songs is sincerely
dedicated to the Churches of the United States of
America, by the*

Author

Let the people praise Thee, O God ; Let all the people praise Thee.
O let the nations be glad and sing for joy. *Psalms lxxvii, 3 and 4.*

Praise the Lord with harp ; Sing unto Him a new song ; Play skill
fully with a loud noise. *Psalms xxxiii, 2 and 3.*

*Sing on, my soul, thy mission prove,
Sing sweetly on that song of love ;
Uphold the right, condemn the wrong,
And triumph by the power of song.*

ENLARGED EDITION.

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GOSPEL PRAISE BOOK.

THE RIVEN ROCK.

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. { Be - hold the Rock, the smit - ten Rock ! With - in its rift - ed side }
I've found a bless - ed ref - uge, where I may se - cure - ly hide.
2. { Tho' thund'ring Si - nai's ter - rors sound Ap - pall - ing to the ear, }
Con - cealed with - in the cleft, I'm safe : No dan - ger will I fear. }

CHORUS.

O, the Rock, the Rock, the riv - en Rock ! My Sav - iour cru - ci - fied ;

No oth - er shel - ter is se - cure But Je - sus' wounded side.

3.
Jesus, dear refuge of my soul !
My hope, my joy, my rest ;
Confiding in Thy changeless love,
I am supremely blest.

Chorus.—O, the Rock, etc.

4.
My peace, unbroken by life's storms,
While I in Christ abide,
My spirit rests in sweetest calm,
As in the Cleft I hide.

Chorus.—O, the Rock, etc.

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COME, O COME TO JESUS.

Words by Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. I have found the Sav-iour precious, He has fill'd my soul with cheer ;
 2. I have found the Sav-iour precious, He is fair-est of the fair ;

I have found Him kind and gracious, And would tell it far and near.
 He is chief a-mong ten-thousand, O that all His grace may share.

CHORUS.

Come, O come,.... dear friends, to Je - - sus, Since His
 Come, O come, dear friends, to Je-sus, Come, O come, dear friends, to Jesus, Since His

love..... is full and free ; In His hand..... is life e -
 love is full and free, is life e - ter - nal, is

ter - nal, There's e-nough..... for you and me.....
 life e - ter - nal, There's e-nough for you and me, yes, e-nough for you and me.

for you and me.....

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THE SHINING SHORE.

5

Music by G. F. Root.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stranger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing,

Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing.

CHORUS.

For O! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

And just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark, 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
We need not cease our singing; Each cord on earth to sever;
That perfect rest naught can molest, Our King says, Come, and there's our
Where golden harps are ringing. *Cho.* Forever, O, forever! *Cho.* [home,

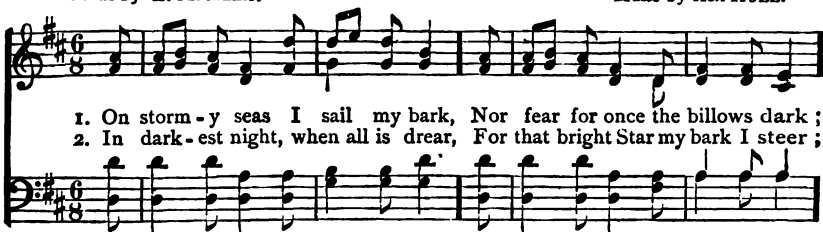
CONCLUSION OF COME, O COME, OPPOSITE PAGE.

- 3 I have found the Saviour precious,
Never failing in my need;
For my hungry soul providing,
Jesus is a friend indeed.
Chorus.—Come, O come, etc.
- 4 I have found the Saviour precious,
Rock of ages, cleft for all;
O then find that place of safety,
For there's room for great and small.
Chorus.—Come, O come, etc.

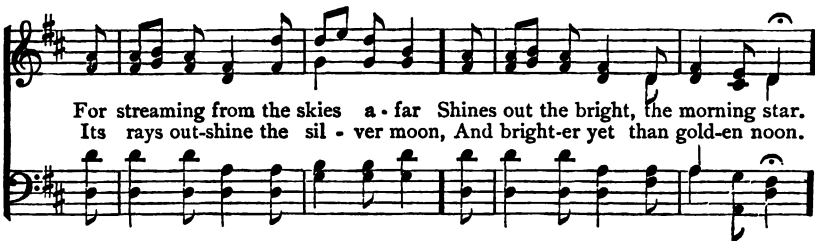
BEAUTIFUL STAR, SHINE ON.

Words by E. RINEHART.

Music by ASA HULL.



1. On storm-y seas I sail my bark, Nor fear for once the billows dark ;
2. In dark-est night, when all is drear, For that bright Star my bark I steer ;



For streaming from the skies a - far Shines out the bright, the morning star.
Its rays out-shine the sil - ver moon, And bright-er yet than gold-en noon.

CHORUS. *Rep. pp ad lib.*


Shine on, shine on,.... shine on, O beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful star ;
Shine on,..... shine on, shine on,



Shine-on,..... shine on,..... shine on, O beautiful star.....
Shine on,..... shine on, shine on, O beau-ti-ful star.

3 When on the crested wave I'm borne,
Amid the tumult of the storm ;
Or, when the sea is calm and still,
'Tis by that light I read God's will.
Chorus.—Shine on, etc.

4 Beyond the main a joyous band
Is waiting on the shining strand,
To welcome to that peaceful shore
My little bark, its perils o'er.
Chorus.—Shine on, etc.

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TAKE THE FORT.

7

Words by Rev. T. J. SHELTON.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Come and join the march for glo - ry, Bear a no - ble part ;
2. Take the Bi - ble precious treas - ure, Faith shall be our shield ;

Bring the bless - ed "old, old sto - ry," Home to ev - 'ry heart.
Fol - low Je - sus, do His pleas - ure, Nev - er, nev - er yield.

CHORUS.

Take the fort of sin and darkness, Je - sus leads us on ;
take the fort on, leads us on ;

Take the fort for Christ our Saviour, And win a star - ry crown.
take the fort

3 Take the helmet of Salvation,
And the Spirit's Sword ;
Bear the truth to ev'ry nation,—
Battle for the Lord.

Cho.—Take the fort, etc.

4 God of battles will defend us,
To our help will come ;
Angel guards will e'er attend us,
And conduct us home.

Cho.—Take the fort, etc.

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THE CITY OF GOD.

Words by NEWTON.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God ;
 2. On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure repose ?

He, whose word can - not be brok - en, Formed thee for His own a - bode.
 With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

CHORUS.

Zi - on, Zi - on, beau - ti - ful Zi - on, Zi - on, cit - y of our God ;
 beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on,

He, whose word can - not be brok - en, Formed thee for His own a - bode.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
 See the cloud and fire appear !
 For a glory and a cov'ring,
 Showing that the Lord is near.

4 He who gives us daily manna,
 He who listens when we cry,
 Let Him hear the loud hosanna
 Rising to His throne on high.

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SONGS OF FAITH.

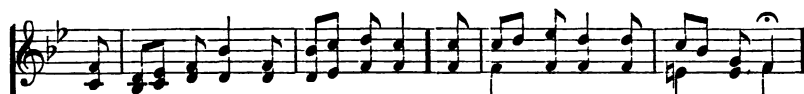
9

Words by FANNY CHURCH.

Music by J. H. TENNEY. Arranged.



1. O songs of faith that pil-grims sing ! To you our hearts for - ev - er cling ;
2. O songs of love that an-gels sing ! What peace and joy your sweet notes bring ;
3. And now, O joy ! at last, at last The years of toil and woe are past,



You guide us where the saints have trod, You lead us to the throne of God.
They float so sweet-ly down the way That leads us up to end - less day.
And Zi - on's gold-en gate appears ; We pass for aye from grief and tears.



REFRAIN.



O mu - sic soft ! O mu - sic sweet ! Borne up - ward by your song ;
O mu - sic soft ! O mu - sic sweet ! With heav-en in the strain ;
O mu - sic soft ! O mu - sic sweet ! We lay our bur - den down



Tho' storms of time a - round us beat, The weak - est heart grows strong.
Our wait - ing ears your sweet songs greet, They calm our wea - ry pain.
For ev - er - more at Je - sus' feet, And there re - ceive our crown.



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MOUNT OF BLESSING.

Words by EDGAR PAGE.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. I've been up the Mount with my Lord to-day, In blessed commun ion a-
 2. He told of His own, His most gracious love, And pleasures prepared for
 3. He then brought me down by the waters still, To the flow-ry vale where the

long the way ; Tho' He is a King and of roy-al birth, He deigns to lift
 me a-bove ; My heart was a-glow with His blessed word, Because of the
 song-birds trill ; In the pastures green I was led a-long, Till my soul was

Ritard. CHORUS.

up... the weak ones of earth. O it is a glo-rious place to be, And
 pres - ence of Christ my Lord,
 filled with joy and with song.

O what a won-der it is to me, That my Saviour goes with me as I-

Ritard.

jour - ney a - long, And fills my soul with joy and with song.

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CLOSER TO THEE.

11

Revised and Harmonized by ASA HULL.

Words and Melody by Rev. E. H. LONG.

Moderato.

1. Draw me, Sav-iour, near - er, Near - er and near - er to Thee;
 2. As the ea - gles soar - ing, High - er and high - er as - cend,

Let me see still clear - er, All Thy love for me.
 Thus, while Thee a - dor - ing, Up - ward I would tend.

Freed from self, and whol - ly Thine, Let me in Thy beau - ty shine;
 Far from earth and sin a - way, Near - er heav - en's per - fect day;

Rit.
 While I sing, O, may I be Drawn still clos - er, clos - er to Thee,
 E - ven now, O, may I be Drawn still clos - er, clos - er to Thee,

A tempo.
 3 As the river flowing
 Daily draws nearer the sea,
 Thus may I keep going,
 Till I'm lost in Thee.
 E'er advance and grow in grace,
 Till I see Thee face to face;
 Then I'll sing eternally,
 Drawn still closer, closer to Thee,
 Closer, closer, closer to Thee.

Words by Rev. J. MILTON AKERS.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Sing on, my soul, thy mission prove, Sing sweet-ly on that song of love ;
 2. Sing on, my soul, the glad re-frain, Thy mis-sion can - not prove in vain ;

Up - hold the right, condemn the wrong, And triumph by the pow'r of song.
 Sing out the false in heart and mind, Sing er - rors out of ev - 'ry kind.

CHORUS. *Rep. pp ad lib.*

Sing on,..... sing on,..... sing on, my soul, sing sweetly
 Sing on, sing sweet-ly on, Sing on, sing sweet-ly on,

on ; Sing on,..... sing on,..... Till
 on, sing sweet-ly on ; Sing on, sing sweet-ly on, Sing on, sing sweet-ly on,

all of sin and self has gone. ^{has gone.}
 3 Sing in the beautiful and true,
 O sing that song forever new ;
 Sing in the reign of faith and love,
 Sing sweetly on, thy mission prove.
 4 Sing out the grov'ling and the low,
 Sing vices out that ever grow ;
 Sing in the pure, the noble, high,
 Sing graces in that never die.

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BOUNDLESS LOVE.

13

Words by E. J. COFFIN.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. O the love of Christ is boundless, Wid-er than the wid-est sea ;
 2. O the love of Christ is deep-er. Than the darkest, black-est sin ;

Reaching to the vil-est sin-ner, It hath found out e-ven me.
 In the wel-come "who-so-ev-er" E-ven I am counted in.

REFRAIN.

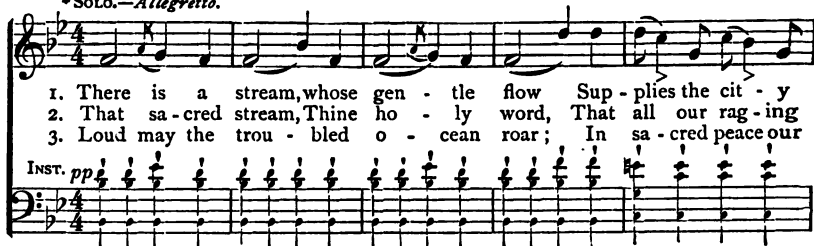
E-ven me, yes! e-ven me; It hath found out e-ven me.
 E-ven I, yes! e-ven I; E-ven I am counted in.

Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! It hath found out e-ven me.
 Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! E-ven I am count-ed in.

3 O the love of Christ is higher
 Than our aspirations are ;
 And it bids each soul come nearer,
 Even me who strayed so far.
 Even me, yes! even me ;
 Even me who strayed so far.
 Hallelujah! hallelujah !
 Even me who strayed so far.

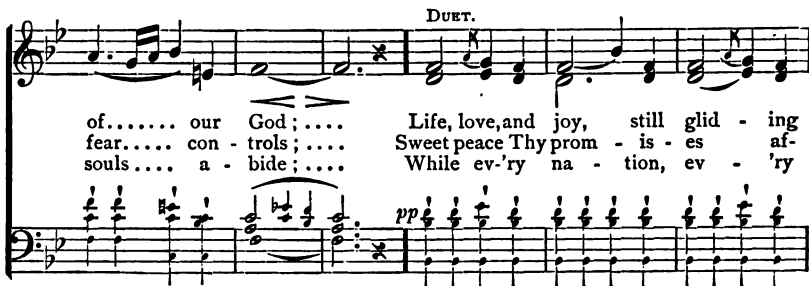
4 O this love is everlasting,
 Naught has power to break the tie ;
 One with Christ, I all inherit,
 I am His, yes! even I.
 Even I, yes! even I ;
 I am His, yes! even I.
 Hallelujah! hallelujah !
 I am His, yes! even I.

Music by ASA HULL.

* Solo.—*Allegretto*.


1. There is a stream, whose gen - tle flow Sup - plies the cit - y
 2. That sa - cred stream, Thine ho - ly word, That all our rag - ing
 3. Loud may the trou - bled o - cean roar; In sa - cred peace our


INST. *pp*



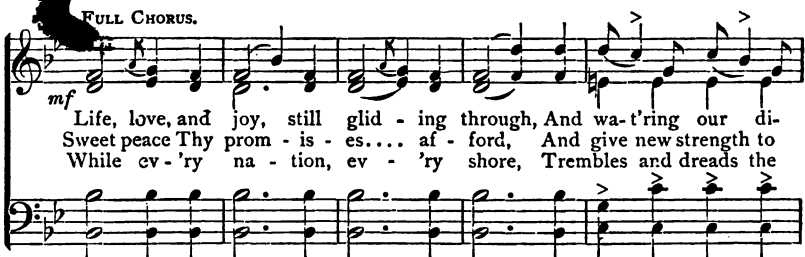
DUET.

of..... our God; Life, love, and joy, still glid - ing
 fear..... con - trols; Sweet peace Thy prom - is - es af -
 souls..... a - bide; While ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry

pp



through, And wa - t'ring our di - vine..... a - bode.....
 ford, And give new strength to faint - - ing souls.....
 shore, Trem - bles and dreads the swell - - ing tide.....



FULL CHORUS.

mf

Life, love, and joy, still glid - ing through, And wa - t'ring our di -
 Sweet peace Thy prom - is - es... af - ford, And give new strength to
 While ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trembles and dreads the

* A fine effect may be produced by singing the small notes to the syllable "la," without Inst. The highest notes may be sung either by the Altos, or as 1st Tenor; the latter is preferable.

vine a - bode, And wa - t'ring our . . . di - vine a - bode.
 di - vine a - bode,
 faint - ing souls, And give new strength to faint - ing souls.
 fainting, faint - ing souls,
 swell - ing tide, Trembles and dreads the swell - ing tide.
 swelling, swell - ing tide,

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HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. My Saviour guides me in the way That leads to realms of endless day ;

And tho' His plans I can - not tell, Yet Je - sus do - eth all things well.
 D.S. What - e'er be-tide, in peace I dwell, For Je - sus do - eth all things well.

CHORUS.

O love, no mor - tal tongue can tell ! O love, no hu - man power can quell !

2 My Saviour is my dearest friend,
 And He will love me to the end ;
 Tho' troubles come, in peace I dwell,
 For Jesus doeth all things well.

3 My Saviour never leaves my side,
 He knows what sorrows will betide ;
 And tho' rough billows o'er me swell,
 I know He doeth all things well.

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WALK IN THE LIGHT.

Words by ASA HULL.

Music by GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Walk in the light the Lord hath giv'n, To guide thy steps a - right ;
 2. Walk in the light of gos - pel truth, That shines from God's own word ;

His ho - ly Spir - it sent from heav'n Can cheer the dark - est night.
 A light to guide in ear - ly youth The faith - ful of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Walk..... in the light,..... Walk..... in the
 Walk in the light, in the beau - ti - ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the

light,..... Walk..... in the light,.....
 beau - ti - ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the beau - ti - ful light of God,

3 Walk in the light ! tho' shadows dark
 Like spectres cross thy way ;
 Darkness will flee before the light
 Of God's eternal day.—*Chorus.*
 4 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt know
 The love of God to thee ;
 The fellowship so sweet below,
 In heav'n will sweeter be.—*Chorus.*
 Walk in the light, the light of God.

THE LIVING WATER.

17

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

i. { There's an o - pen fount in Zi - on, Where the liv - ing wa - ters flow ;
Ho ! ye, ev - 'ry son and daugh - ter, Life e - ter - nal ye may have ;

Opened free by Ju - dah's Li - on, There the thirst - y soul may go. }
Come and drink the liv - ing wa - ter ; Come and drink, thy soul shall live. }

REFRAIN.

Come and drink, thy soul shall live, . . . Come and drink, thy soul shall live ;
shall live, shall live ;

Come, and drink the liv - ing wa - ter, Come and drink, thy soul shall live.

2 He that drinketh thirsteth never.
For his soul is satisfied ;
He shall dwell in peace forever,
And sit down at Jesus' side.
Ho ! ye, ev'ry one that thirsteth,
Christ can living water give ;
You can have it without money,
Only drink, thy soul shall live.
Only drink, thy soul shall live, etc.

3 To that fountain ever flowing,
Whosoever will, may come ;
Endless life on all bestowing,
Whosoever will, there's room.
Pilgrim, haste to Zion's mountain,
Everlasting life receive ;
Hie thee to that flowing fountain,
Drink, O drink, thy soul shall live,
Drink, O drink, thy soul shall live, etc.

WHERE ARE THE HARVESTERS?

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Lo! the rip - en'd grain is wav - ing, Read - y for the har-vest hands;
2. Who is read - y to o - bey Him? Who, re-spon - sive to His word,

Ritard.

Call - ing loud - ly for more la - b'ers, See! the bless - ed Mas - ter stands.
Now will go in - to the har - vest, Glad to la - bor for their Lord?

CHORUS.

Who is read - y for the harvest? Who will work for dy - ing souls to - day?
Who is rea - dy Who will work

Ritard.

Who will speak for the blessed Mas - ter? Who will labor, watch, and pray?
Who will speak

3 Workers, see, your Lord is standing,
Looking with benignant smile;
Watching all your faithful labors,
Giving you good cheer the while.

4 Say, is not the work a pleasure?
Is not toil a present joy?
Is not labor rest, when Jesus
Smiles upon your blest employ?

5 Who can tell the wealth of blessing,
Crowning that rich "harvest-home,"
When within the heavenly portals,
All the faithful lab'ers come?

6 O, the rapture! O, the glory!
O, the wondrous feast of love!
When the sowers and the reapers
Gather in their house above.

SAVED, FULLY SAVED.

19

Words by Rev. H. R. TRICKETT.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Saved! saved! saved! saved by the blood of the Lamb,— Yield-ing at
2. Saved! saved! saved! ransomed from death and the grave; Strong was the

Saved!.....

last to the soul-sav-ing word, Owning that Je - sus is Saviour and Lord.
arm that redeemed me from sin, Precious the blood that has washed my soul clean,

CHORUS.

Trust-ing a - lone in His name. Angels rejoice o'er the dead made alive,
Great was the grace that for - gave.

Swelling the cho - rus in praise of His name; Sing, O my soul, for now thou art free!

Rit. ad lib.

3. Saved! saved! saved! numbered with those who [believe;
Written my name in the Lamb's book of life;
Armed and equipped for the war and the strife,
Daily His grace I receive.—*Chorus.*

Saved by the blood of the Lamb.

4. Saved! saved! saved! never from Christ will [I roam;
Death with its fetters cannot bind me fast,
Mansions of glory await me at last,
Angels will welcome me home.—*Chorus.*

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ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

Words from "S. S. GEM," by permission.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is draw-ing on ;
2. Worn and wea - ry, oft the pil - grim Hails the set-ting of the sun,

Slow - ly drops the gen - tle twi - light, For an - oth - er day is gone.
For the goal is one day near - er, And his jour - ney near-ly done ;

Gone for aye—its race is o - ver ; Soon the dark - er shades will come ;
Thus we feel when o'er life's des - ert Heart and san-dal - sore we roam ;

Still 'tis sweet to know at eve - ning That we're one day near-er home.
As the twi-light gathers o'er us, We are one day near-er home.

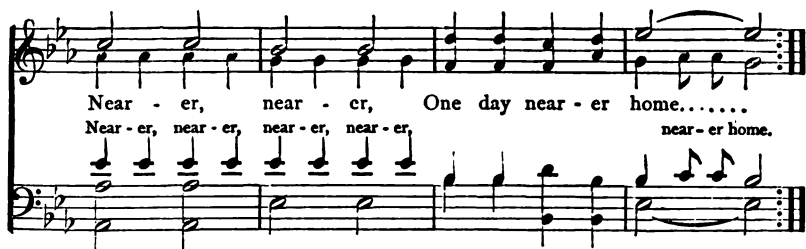
REFRAIN. Repeat *pp ad lib.*

Near - er, near - er, One day near - er home ;
Near - er, near - er, near - er, near - er, near - er home ;

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ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

21



Near - er, near - er, One day near - er home.....
Near - er, near - er, near - er, near - er, near - er home.

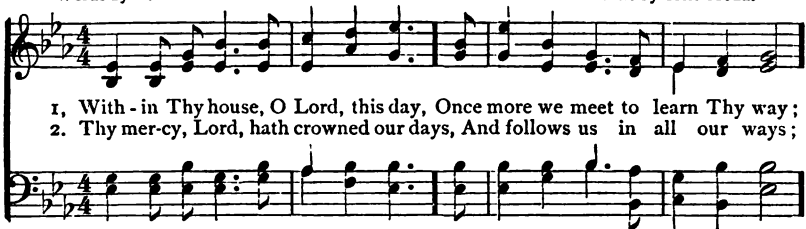
3 Nearer home ! yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high,
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky ;
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.—*Cho.*

4 "One day nearer," sings the mar'ner,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore ;
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his life-boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture,
"I am one day nearer home."—*Cho.*

FREEPORT.

Words by E. RINEHART.

Music by ASA HULL.



1. With - in Thy house, O Lord, this day, Once more we meet to learn Thy way ;
2. Thy mer - cy, Lord, hath crowned our days, And follows us in all our ways ;



With rev'rence and with god-ly fear We in Thy tem - ple now ap-pear.
O fill our hearts with Thy true love, And raise our thoughts to things a - bove.

3.
Jesus, dear Friend, on Thee we call,
Thou art our strength, our all in all ;
O let us now Thy presence feel,
While at the mercy-seat we kneel.

DOXOLOGY.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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THE HEAVENLY VISITOR.

Words by ARTHUR C. COXE.

Music by ASA HULL.

Con espressione.

1st time.

I. { In the si - lent mid-night watch-es, List! thy bo - som door!
How it knock - eth, knocketh, knocketh, [OMIT,.....]

2d time.

Knock - eth ev - er - more. Say not, 'tis thy puls - es beat - ing,

'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis the Spir - it's voice en - treat - ing

CHORUS.

Thee to let the Sav-iour in. *p* Let Him in,..... *p* Let Him in,.....
Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in,

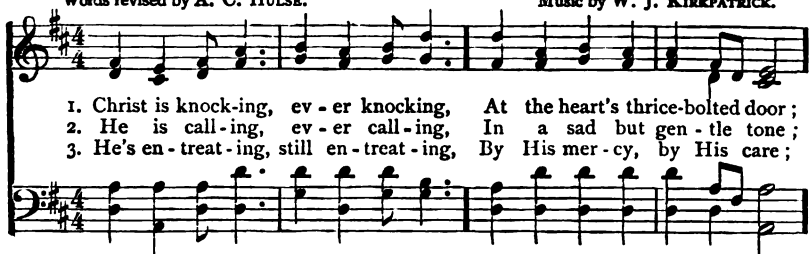
'Tis the Ho - ly Spir - it knock-eth,—Rise, and let the Sav-iour in.

THE BOLTED DOOR.

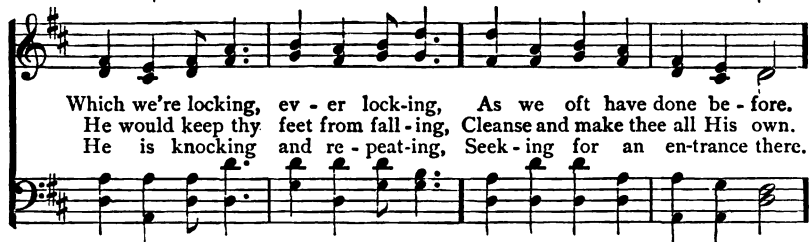
23

Words revised by A. C. HULSE.

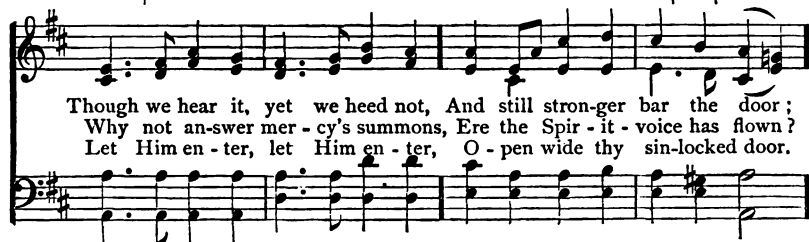
Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



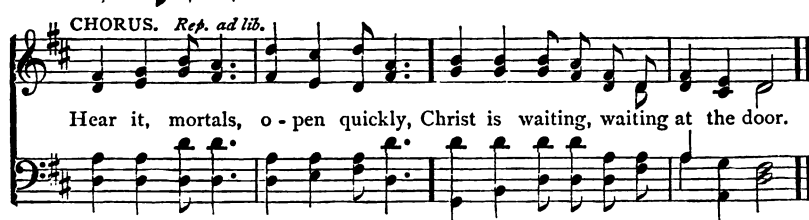
1. Christ is knock-ing, ev - er knock-ing, At the heart's thrice-bolted door ;
 2. He is call-ing, ev - er call-ing, In a sad but gen - tle tone ;
 3. He's en - treat-ing, still en - treat-ing, By His mer - cy, by His care ;



Which we're locking, ev - er lock-ing, As we oft have done be - fore.
 He would keep thy feet from fall-ing, Cleanse and make thee all His own.
 He is knocking and re - peat-ing, Seek - ing for an en-trance there.



Though we hear it, yet we heed not, And still stron-ger bar the door ;
 Why not an-swer mer - cy's summons, Ere the Spir - it - voice has flown ?
 Let Him en - ter, let Him en - ter, O - pen wide thy sin-locked door.



CHORUS. *Rep. ad lib.*
 Hear it, mortals, o - pen quickly, Christ is waiting, waiting at the door.

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CONCLUSION OF THE HEAVENLY VISITOR, OPPOSITE PAGE.

2.
 Death comes down with ruthless footstep
 To the hall and hut—
 Think you death will stand there knocking
 When thy door is shut ?
 Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
 But thy door is fast ;
 Grieved, away the Saviour turneth,
 Death breaks in the door at last.

3.
 Then 'tis time to stand entreating
 Christ to let thee in ;
 At the gate of heaven beating,
 Waiting for thy sin.
 Nay, alas ! thou foolish creature,
 Can it be forgot ?
 Jesus waited long to know thee,
 But He then will know thee not.

ONLY REMEMBERED.

Words by Dr. H. BONAR.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Up and a-way, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its
 2. Shall I be missed if an - oth - er suc - ceed me, Reaping the fields I in

*Rall. ad lib.**A tempo.*

home in the sun ; Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil - ing,
 spring-time have sown ? No, for the sow - er may pass from his la - bors,

CHORUS.

On - ly remembered by what I have done. On - ly remembered, on - ly remembered,
 On - ly remembered by what he has done. On - ly remembered, on - ly remembered,

On - ly remembered by what I have done, On - ly remembered by what I have done.
 On - ly remembered by what he has done, On - ly remembered by what he has done.

3 Only the truth that in life I have spoken,
 Only the seed that on earth I have sown,
 These shall pass onward when I am forgotten,
 Fruits of the harvest, and what I have done.
Chorus.—Only remembered by what I have done.

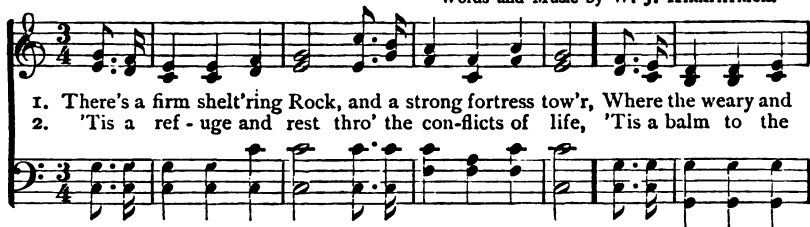
4 O, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels,
 When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,
 Then will His faithful and weary disciples
 All be remembered for what they have done.
Chorus.—Only remembered by what they have done.

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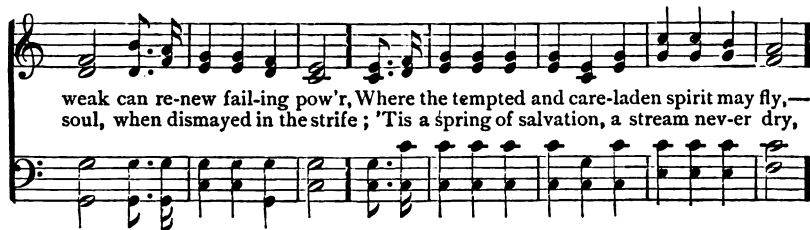
THE SHELTERING ROCK.

25

Words and Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

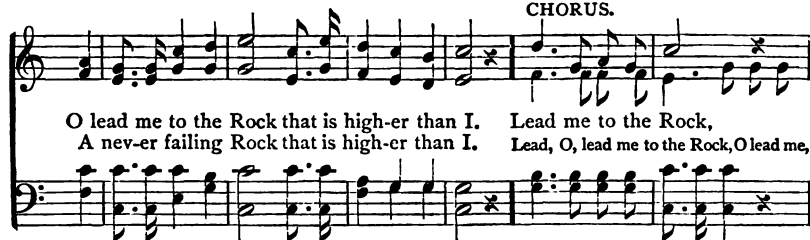


1. There's a firm shelt'ring Rock, and a strong fortress tow'r, Where the weary and
2. 'Tis a ref-uge and rest thro' the con-flicts of life, 'Tis a balm to the

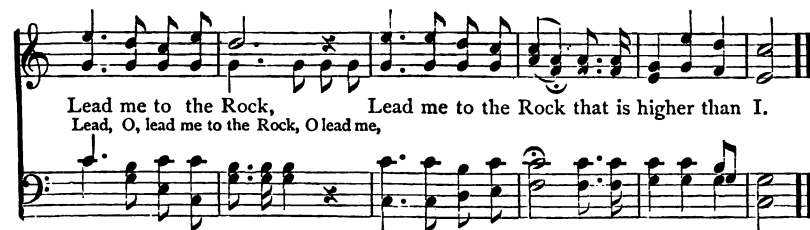


weak can re-new fail-ing pow'r, Where the tempted and care-laden spirit may fly,—
soul, when dismayed in the strife; 'Tis a spring of salvation, a stream nev-er dry,

CHORUS.



O lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I. Lead me to the Rock,
A nev-er failing Rock that is high-er than I. Lead, O, lead me to the Rock, O lead me,



Lead me to the Rock, Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
Lead, O, lead me to the Rock, O lead me,

- 3 'Tis my comfort and stay, my deliv'rer and joy,
When the heart is o'erwhelmed with the ills that annoy;
When the fierce sweeping tempest of sorrow is nigh,
O, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—*Chorus.*

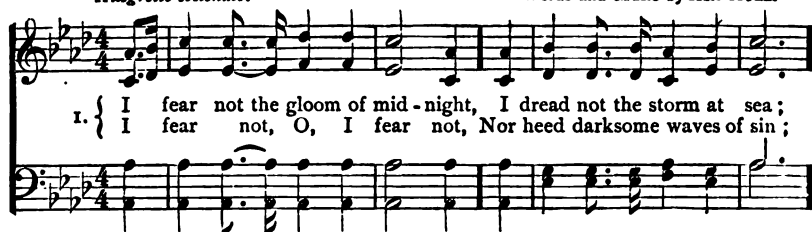
- 4 When the few joys of life are all flitting away,
Like the soft fading light at the closing of day,
When the shadow of death steals the light from my eye,
O, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—*Chorus.*

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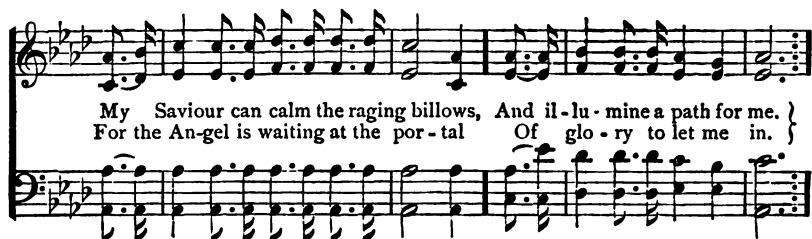
THE ANGEL AT THE PORTAL.

Allagretto sostenuto.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

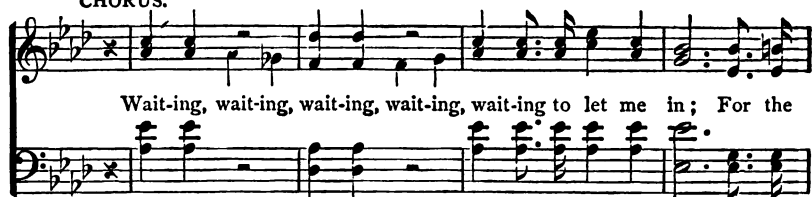


I. { I fear not the gloom of mid - night, I dread not the storm at sea ;
I fear not, O, I fear not, Nor heed darksome waves of sin ;



My Saviour can calm the raging billows, And il - lu - mine a path for me. }
For the Angel is waiting at the por - tal Of glo - ry to let me in. }

CHORUS.



Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing to let me in ; For the



An - gel is wait-ing at the por - tal, Is wait-ing to let me in.

2.
I heed not the world's allurements,
While glory's bright star I see ;
I'll steer for the bright and shining portal,
That the angel will ope for me.
I'm seeking for joys immortal,
And crowns that the righteous win ;—
And the angel is waiting at the portal
Of glory to let me in.—*Chorus.*

3.
I shrink not from cross or trial,
I shun not the narrow way ;
I'll watch at the ever-op'ning portal
For a glimpse of eternal day.
I'll join in the praise eternal,
And here will my song begin ;
For the angel is waiting at the portal
Of glory to let me in.—*Chorus.*

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JESUS DIED FOR ME.

27

Words by Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

Music by W. A. CORNELL. Arr'd.

I. Je - sus sought and saved me, When a wand'ring child ; In the fountain laved me,

Wretched and de - filed. Dried the eyes so tear - ful, Bade the anguish cease,

CHORUS.

And the heart so fearful, Filled with heav'nly peace. All my song shall be,....
shall be,

"Je - sus died for me," Never sweeter song was sung, Than "Jesus died for me."
for me,

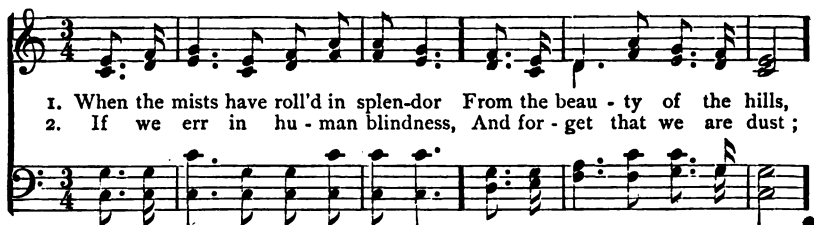
2 All unclean He found me,
Poor and comfortless ;
But He threw around me
Robes of righteousness ;
Hushed the cry of sadness,
Taught me to rejoice,
And to songs of gladness
Tuned my heart and voice,
Chorus.—All my song, etc.

3 Saviour, Thine forever
I would wholly be ;
Let me never, never,
Tire of serving Thee.
Gazing on Thy beauty
Will my time employ ;
Toil is more than duty,
'Tis my brightest joy.
Chorus.—All my song, etc.

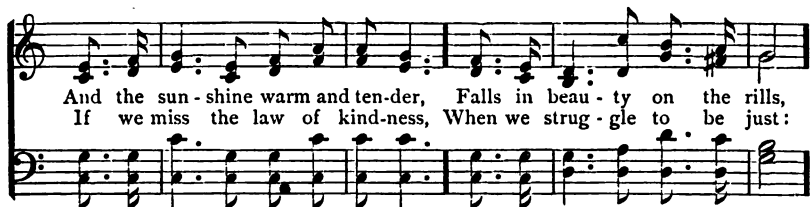
28 WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY.

Words arranged for this work.

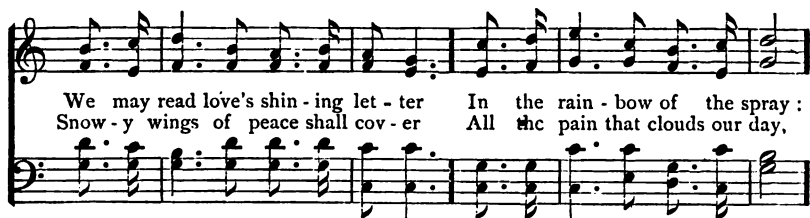
Music by S. J. VAIL.



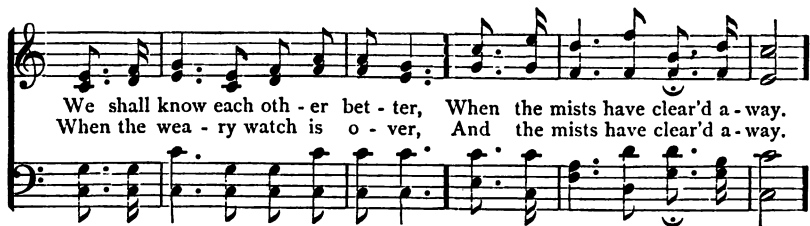
1. When the mists have roll'd in splen-dor From the beau - ty of the hills,
2. If we err in hu - man blindness, And for - get that we are dust ;



And the sun - shine warm and ten - der, Falls in beau - ty on the rills,
If we miss the law of kind - ness, When we strug - gle to be just :

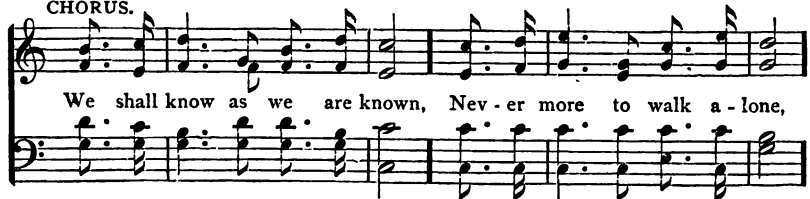


We may read love's shin - ing let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray :
Snow - y wings of peace shall cov - er All the pain that clouds our day,



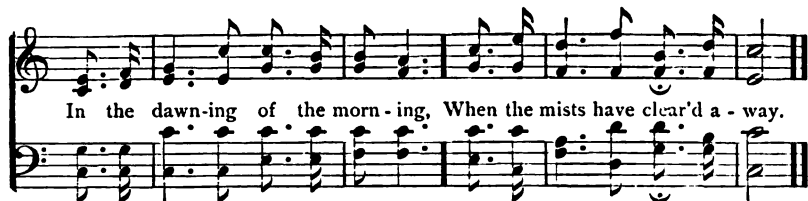
We shall know each oth - er bet - ter, When the mists have clear'd a - way.
When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have clear'd a - way.

CHORUS.



We shall know as we are known, Nev - er more to walk a - lone,

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In the dawn-ing of the morn-ing, When the mists have clear'd a-way.

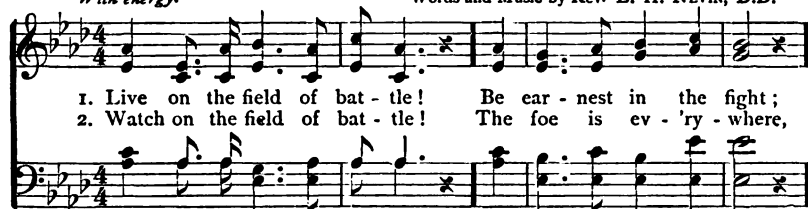
3 When the mists shall rise above us
As our Father knows His own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known.

Just beyond the darkened shadows
Floats the golden fringe of day;
We shall see its wondrous brightness,
When the mists have clear'd away.

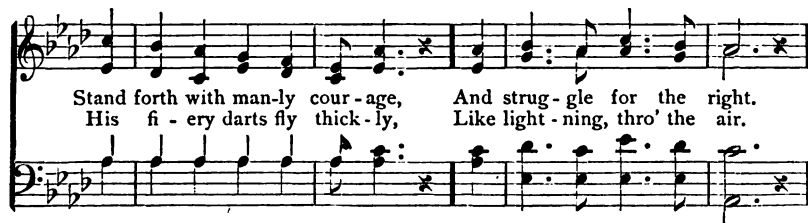
THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

With energy.

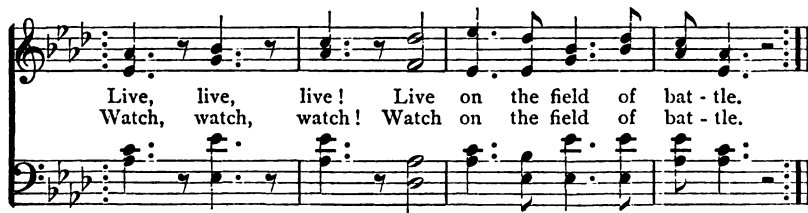
Words and Music by Rev. E. H. NEVIN, D.D.



1. Live on the field of bat-tle! Be ear-nest in the fight;
2. Watch on the field of bat-tle! The foe is ev-'ry-where,



Stand forth with man-ly cour-age, And strug-gle for the right.
His fi-ery darts fly thick-ly, Like light-ning, thro' the air.



Live, live, live! Live on the field of bat-tle.
Watch, watch, watch! Watch on the field of bat-tle.

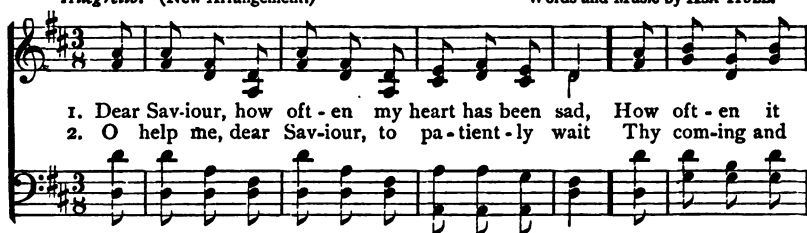
3 Pray on the field of battle!
God works with those who pray:
His mighty arm can nerve us,
And make us win the day.
Pray, pray, pray!
Pray on the field of battle.

4 Die on the field of battle!
'Tis noble thus to die;
God smiles on valiant soldiers,—
Their record is on high!
Die, die, die!
Die on the field of battle.

NEW WHITER THAN SNOW.

Allegretto. (New Arrangement.)

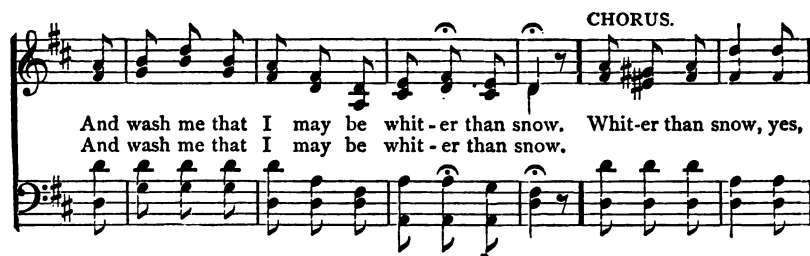
Words and Music by ASA HULL.



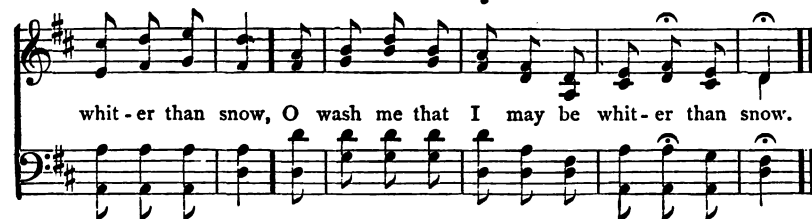
1. Dear Sav-iour, how oft - en my heart has been sad, How oft - en it
2. O help me, dear Sav-iour, to pa-tient-ly wait Thy com-ing and



murmurs, when it should be glad ; Come, reign in this bosom, cast out ev-'ry foe,
cleansing, a - new to cre - ate ; The grace of full par-don, O wilt Thou bestow,



CHORUS.
And wash me that I may be whit-er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes,
And wash me that I may be whit-er than snow.



whit-er than snow, O wash me that I may be whit-er than snow.

- 3 My time and my talents, my goods I resign
To Thee, my dear Saviour, they always were Thine ;
O make me Thy steward in all things below,
And wash me that I may be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*
- 4 My dwelling though pitched in a wilderness here,
To me will be Eden, if Thou, Lord, art near ;
Thy presence is life everlasting, I know,
Thy blood, it hath cleansed me, I'm whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*

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COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

31

SOLO OR DUET.

WESLEY.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish ; Come, at the
 2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the Bread of Life ; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

DUET, 1st time. Rep. FULL CHORUS.

mer - cy - seat fer - vent - ly kneel ; Here bring your wounded hearts,
 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure ; Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
 throne of God, pure from a - bove ; Come to the feast of love ;

here tell your an - guish, Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot heal.
 ten - der - ly say - ing ; Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure.
 come, ev - er know - ing, Earth has no sorrow but Heav'n can remove.

SECOND HYMN FOR NEW WHITER THAN SNOW, OPPOSITE PAGE.

- 1 DEAR Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole ;
 I want Thee forever to live in my soul ;
 Break down every idol, cast out every foe ;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*
- 2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain ;
 Apply Thine own blood, and extract every stain ;
 To get this blest washing, I all things forego ;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*
- 3 Dear Jesus, thou see'st I patiently wait ;
 Come now, and within me a new heart create ;
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never saidst no,—
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*
- 4 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat ;
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet ;
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,—
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*

JAMES NICHOLSON.
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THE SUMMER TIME.

Words by W. H. FLAVILLE.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. O come un-to the Saviour, for why will you delay? The Spir-it now in-
 2. O come un-to the Saviour, He's mer-ci-ful and true, A full and free sal-

vites you, O do not turn a-way; The door is o-pen now, but it
 va-tion, He kind-ly of-fers you; O come while yet you may, or you'll

will be closed at last, For the sum-mer will be end-ed, and the
 find it true at last That the sum-mer time is end-ed, and the

CHORUS.

har-vest will be past. O come, sinner, come! for thy sands are running fast;
 har-vest time is past.

Soon the sum-mer will be end-ed, and the har-vest will be past.

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JERUSALEM, THE BEAUTIFUL!

33

Words by Rev. M. L. HOFFORD.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful ! Its glo - ries are un - told ;
 2. Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful ! Its gates of pearl - y white,
 3. Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful ! My ev - er - last - ing rest !

Its walls are built of pre - cious stones, Its pavements made of gold ;
 To voice of prayer and song of praise, Are o - pen day and night ;
 My glo - rious home, the saints' a - bode, The cit - y of the blest ;

Its mansions for the ransomed ones In matchless splendor shine ;
 And shin - ing ones a - round the throne In sweet - er rap - ture sing ;—
 The tem - ple of the Ho - ly One, Thy light is all di - vine ;

Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful ! Je - ru - sa - lem di - vine !
 Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful ! Where saints their tribute bring.
 Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful ! I love to call thee mine.

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CONCLUSION OF **THE SUMMER TIME**, OPPOSITE PAGE.

- 3 O come unto the Saviour, the night is coming on,
 There's danger in delaying, for the Spirit may be gone ;
 He's waiting to release you from the chains that sin has cast,
 Ere the summer time is ended, and the harvest time is past.—*Chorus.*
- 4 O come unto the Saviour, nor let Him plead in vain,
 There is a crown of glory, and eternal life to gain ;
 His offers now accept, ere the sky is overcast,
 Or the summer time is ended, and the harvest time is past.—*Chorus.*

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

Words by J. L. LOUDERBACK.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Wea - ry, wand'ring child of grief, Hear the Sav-iour's plead-ing call,
 2. What tho' steeped in dark-est crime, Foul, un-clean, and stain'd with sin,



Who for sin - ners, e'en the chief, Died to save you from the fall.
 Je - sus knows it all the time, Seeks to make and keep you clean.



CHORUS.



O believe Him, O receive Him, Christ in mercy bids you come ;.....
 bids you come ;



O believe Him, O re-ceive Him,—In thy sins no lon - ger roam.



- 3 In thy course, O wand'rer, pause,
 Listen to the voice of love,—
 Christ the Saviour pleads thy cause
 In the courts of heaven above.

Chorus.—O believe Him, etc.

- 4 And when life's great race is run,
 And thy conflicts all are past ;
 Heav'n in view, thy victory won,
 God shall crown you His at last.

Chorus.—O believe Him, etc.

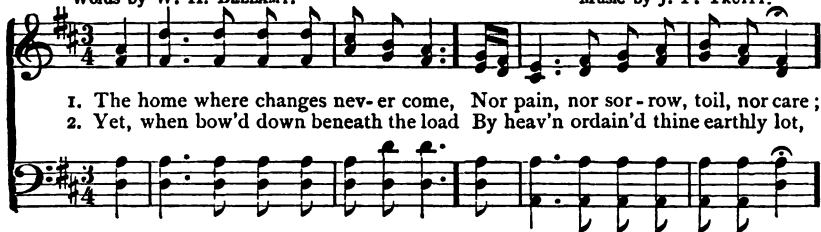
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WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

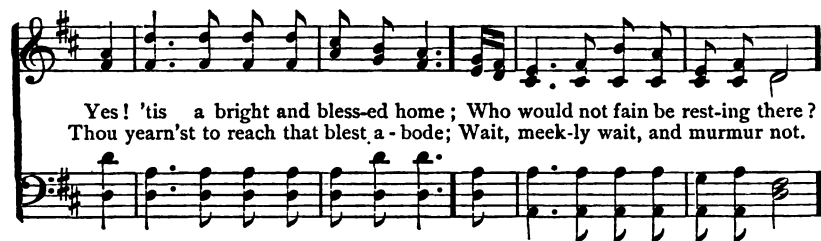
35

Words by W. H. BELLAMY.

Music by J. P. TRUITT.



1. The home where changes nev-er come, Nor pain, nor sor-row, toil, nor care ;
2. Yet, when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n ordain'd thine earthly lot,

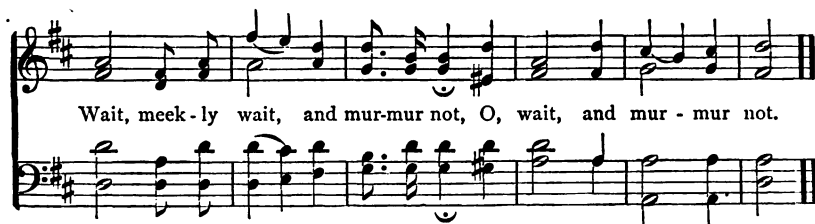


Yes! 'tis a bright and bless-ed home ; Who would not fain be rest-ing there ?
Thou yearn'st to reach that blest, a-bode ; Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.

CHORUS.



Wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not, and murmur not, and mur-mur not ;



Wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not, O, wait, and mur - mur not.

- 3 If in thy path some thorns are found,
Oh, think who bore them on His brow ;
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,
They reached a holier than thou.—*Chorus.*
- 4 Toil on, nor deem, though sore it be,
One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot ;
The day of rest will dawn for thee :
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.—*Chorus.*

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Words by R. TORREY.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Stand up for Je - sus, Christian, stand, Firm as a rock on ocean's strand !
 2. Stand up for Je - sus, Christian, stand ! Sound forth His name o'er sea and land !

Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like rag - ing floods, around thy soul !
 Spread ye His glo - rious word a - broad, Till all the world shall own Him Lord.

CHORUS.

Rit ad lib.

Stand up for Je - sus, no - bly stand, Firm as a rock on o - cean's strand !

A tempo.
 Stand up His righteous cause de - fend ; Stand up for Je - sus your best friend,

3.
 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
 Lift high the cross with steadfast hand,
 Till heathen lands, with wond'ring eye,
 Its rising glory shall descry.

Chorus.—Stand up for Jesus, etc.

4.
 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
 Soon with the blest immortal band
 We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
 In realms of light, on heav'n's bright shore.

Chorus.—Stand up for Jesus, etc.

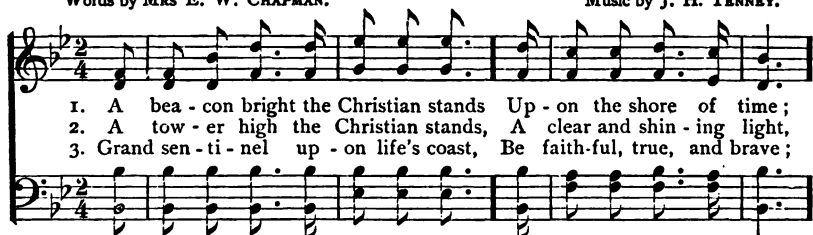
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LOOK TO THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

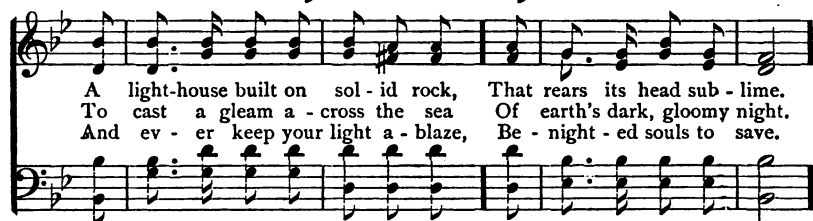
37

Words by MRS E. W. CHAPMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.



1. A bea - con bright the Christian stands Up - on the shore of time ;
 2. A tow - er high the Christian stands, A clear and shin - ing light,
 3. Grand sen - ti - nel up - on life's coast, Be faith - ful, true, and brave ;

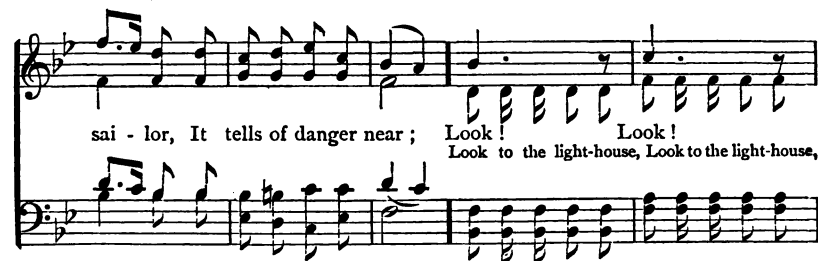


A light-house built on sol - id rock, That rears its head sub - lime.
 To cast a gleam a - cross the sea Of earth's dark, gloomy night.
 And ev - er keep your light a - blaze, Be - night - ed souls to save.

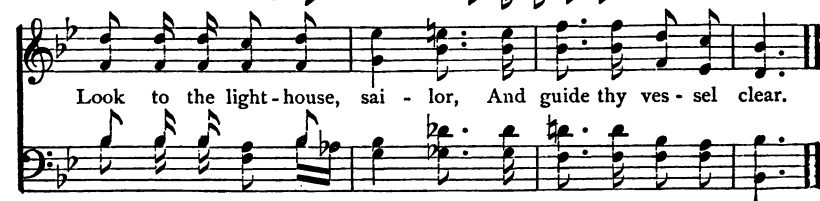
CHORUS.



Look ! Look ! Look to the light-house,
 Look to the light - house, Look to the light - house,



sai - lor, It tells of danger near ; Look ! Look !
 Look to the light-house, Look to the light-house,



Look to the light - house, sai - lor, And guide thy ves - sel clear.

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TRUSTING THE LORD.

Words by E. RINEHART.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Watch-ing thro' the night and wait-ing for the dawn ; Look-ing for the
 2. Liv-ing in the val-ley, hum-ble, meek, and low ; Thus it is I
 3. Work-ing for the Mas-ter, pa-tient-ly I wait ; Knock-ing for ad-

first bright ray of morn ; Feel-ing all the gloom of the
 triumph o'er ev-ry foe ; Wait-ing till the sum-mons shall
 mittance at Mer-cy's gate ; Trust-ing Him to guide, where I

mid-night hour, Yet I'm trust-ing all to His love and pow'r.
 call me home ; Out in-to the sunshine be-yond the gloom.
 can - n - see ; Knowing that His care is still o-ver me.

CHORUS.

Watch-ing thro' the night ; Wait-ing for the dawn ; Look-ing for the
 Watch-ing thro' the night ; Wait-ing for the dawn ;

first bright ray of morn ; Feel-ing all the gloom of the
 Feel-ing all the gloom of the

TRUSTING THE LORD.

39

mid - night hour, Yet I'm trusting all to His love and pow'r.

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JESUS DIED FOR YOU.

Words by SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Music by S. J. VAIL.

1. O, what a - maz - ing words of grace Are in the gos - pel found !
2. Poor, sin - ful, thirst - y faint - ing souls, Are free - ly wel - come here ;

Suit - ed to ev - 'ry sin - ner's case Who knows the joy - ful sound.
Sal - va - tion like a riv - er rolls, A - bun - dant, and clear.

CHORUS.

Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me ; Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind ;

Bless God, He died for me.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds ;
Your every burden bring ;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—
A deep, celestial spring.—*Cho.*

4 Millions of sinners vile as you,
Have here found life and peace ;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.—*Cho.*

Music by ASA HULL.

1. An - y-where with Je - sus, says the Christian heart ; Let Him take me
 2. An - y-where with Je - sus, tho' He lead - eth me Where the path is

where He will, so we do not part ; Al - ways sit - ting at His feet, there's
 rough and long, where dan - gers be ; Tho' He tak - eth from me all I

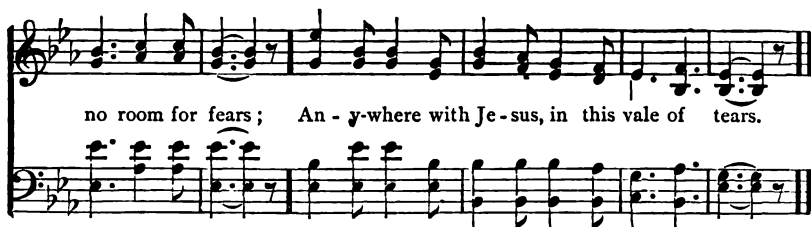
no room for fears ; An - y-where with Je - sus, in this vale of tears.
 love here be - low, An - y-where with Je - sus, glad - ly will I go.

CHORUS.

An - y-where with Je - sus, ev - 'ry-where I go ; Je - sus shall my

lead - er be, while I sojourn be - low ; Al - ways sit - ting at His feet, there's

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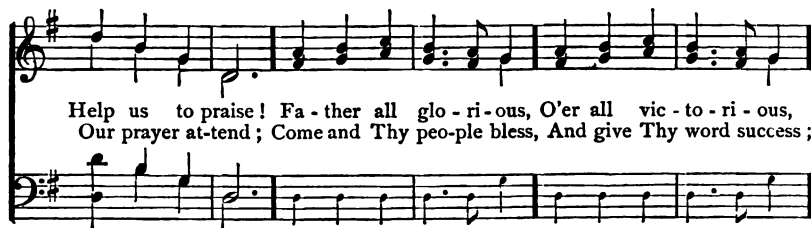


- 3 Anywhere with Jesus, though it be the tomb,
With its fearful terror, with its dreaded gloom;
Though it be the weariness of a long-drawn life,
Fainting in the constant toil, drooping in the strife.—*Chorus.*
- 4 Anywhere with Jesus, for it cannot be,
Dreary, dark, or desolate, where He is with me;
He will love me alway, ev'ry need He'll supply,
Anywhere with Jesus, should I live or die.—*Chorus.*

ITALIAN HYMN.

Words by C. WESLEY.

Music by GIARDINI.



3:

Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

Words by E. R. LATTI.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. Is it true that in the garden of Geth-sem - a - ne My Re - deemer wept and
 2. Is it true that He the crown of piercing thorns did wear? Is it true that up the
 3. Is it true that my Re-deemer loves my spir-it still, And will fit me up a

struggled, wept in pray'r for me? Drops of sweat as blood were fall-ing, death seem'd
 mountain He the cross did bear, And was cru - ci - fied up - on it, thus to
 man-sion, if I on - ly will? O my heart, make haste to serve Him, while on

draw - ing nigh; Sav - iour, was it for the sake of sin - ners such as I?
 ran - som me? O a - maz - ing love and mer - cy! Sav-iour, can it be?
 earth I dwell, That in death my voice can whis-per, whis-per it is well!

CHORUS.

Is it true, is it true Thou such
 Is it true, O pre-cious Sav-iour? Is it true, O pre-cious Sav-iour? Is it

love hast shown? Come and make us, blessed Sav-iour, ev - er -
 true that Thou such love has shown?

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more Thine own ! Bless-ed Sav - - iour, ev - er - more Thine own !
Come and make us, bless - ed Sav-iour,

FREDERICK.

Words by W. A. MUHLENBERG.

Music by G. KINGSLEY.

1. I would not live al - way ; I ask not to stay, Where storm af - ter
2. I would not live al - way ; no ! wel - come the tomb, Since Je - sus has

storm ris - es dark o'er the way ; The few lu - cid mornings that
lain there, I dread not its gloom ; There, sweet be my rest, till He

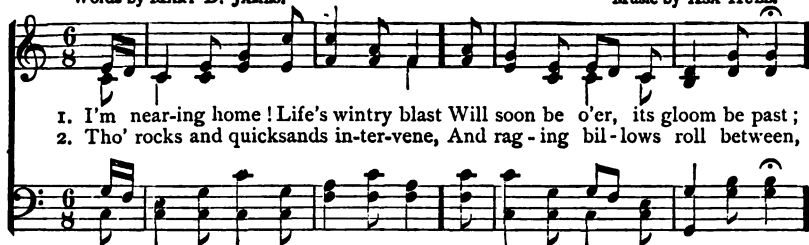
dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.
bid me a - rise, To hail Him in tri - umph de - scend-ing the skies.

- 3 Who, who would live away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.
- 4 There the saints of all ages in harmony meet ;
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

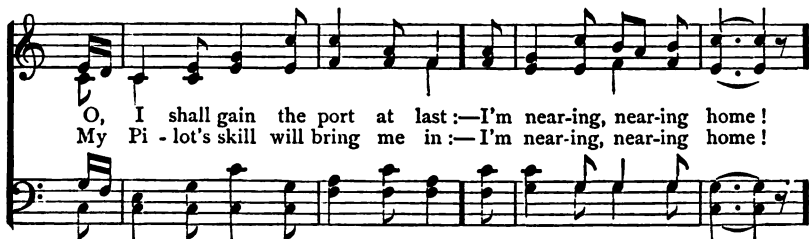
I'M NEARING HOME.

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

Music by ASA HULL.



1. I'm near-ing home ! Life's wintry blast Will soon be o'er, its gloom be past ;
2. Tho' rocks and quicksands in-ter-vene, And rag-ing bil-lows roll between,

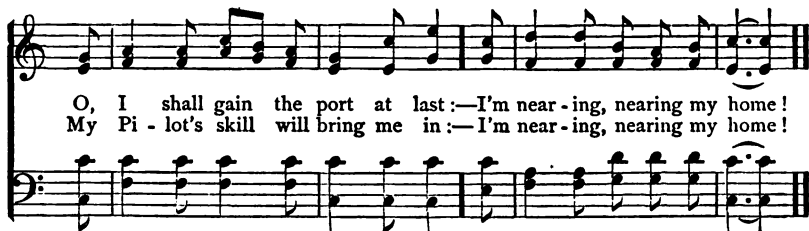


O, I shall gain the port at last :—I'm near-ing, near-ing home !
My Pi-lot's skill will bring me in :—I'm near-ing, near-ing home !

REFRAIN.



Near - - - ing home !... Near - - - ing home !...
Near-ing my beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home, Near-ing my beau-ti-ful heaven-ly home.



O, I shall gain the port at last :—I'm near-ing, nearing my home !
My Pi-lot's skill will bring me in :—I'm near-ing, nearing my home !

3 These heavy gales do me no harm :
Terrific storms do not alarm ;
My spirit rests in sweetest calm :—
I'm nearing, nearing home !
Nearing home, nearing home !
My spirit rests in sweetest calm :—
I'm nearing, nearing my home !

4 O home, sweet home ! I'll soon be there,
The bliss of the redeemed to share ;
Only a few more storms to bear :—
I'm nearing, nearing home !
Nearing home, nearing home !
Only a few more storms to bear :—
I'm nearing, nearing my home !

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WAITING, ONLY WAITING.

45

Moderato, con Espressione.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. On - ly wait - ing till the shad - ows Are a lit - tle lon - ger grown ;
 2. On - ly wait - ing till the an - gels O - pen wide the mys - tic gate ;
 3. On - ly wait - ing till the reap - ers Have the last sheaf gathered home ;

On - ly wait - ing till the glim - mer Of the day's last beams has flown ;
 At the por - tals long I've wait - ed, Wea - ry, poor and des - o - late ;
 For the sum - mer time is fad - ed, And the au - tumn leaves have come ;

Till the light of earth is fad - ed From the heart once full of day ;
 E - ven now I hear their foot - steps And their voi - ces far a - way ;
 Quick - ly, reap - ers ! quick - ly gath - er The last ripe hours of my heart ;

Till the stars of heav'n are break - ing Thro' the twi - light soft and gray ;
 If they call me I am wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing to o - bey ;
 For the bloom of life is withered, And I'm read - y to de - part ;

Rit. ad lib.
 Break - ing, break - ing Thro' the twi - light soft and gray,
 Wait - ing, wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing to o - bey,
 Read - y, read - y, I am read - y to de - part.

OPEN WIDE THE DOOR.

Words by Mrs. C. L. SCHACKLOCK.

Music by T. FRANK ALLEN.

1. We are com - ing, we are com - ing From the dark-some ways of sin,
2. On - ly thro' Thy ten - der mer - cy Can we hope to en - ter there,

Rit.....

And we seek the heav'n-ly king - dom, Je - sus, Sav - iour, let us in!
Where the stream of life is flow - ing, Where the flow'rs are ev - er fair.

From the fold, O gen - tle Shep - herd! We would wan - der nev - er more;
In that home, O bless - ed Sav - iour! When this earth - ly life is o'er,

To Thy lov - ing breast en - fold us, O - pen wide for us the door.
We would dwell with Thee for - ev - er; O - pen wide for us the door.

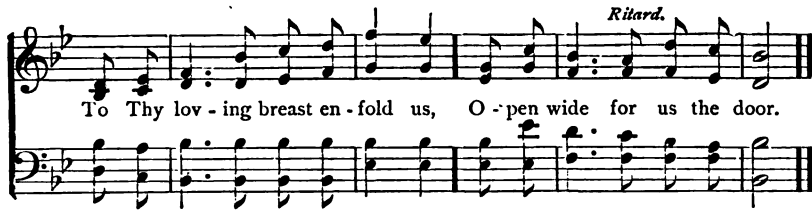
CHORUS.

O - pen wide for us the door! We will leave Thee nev - er - more;

OPEN WIDE THE DOOR.

47

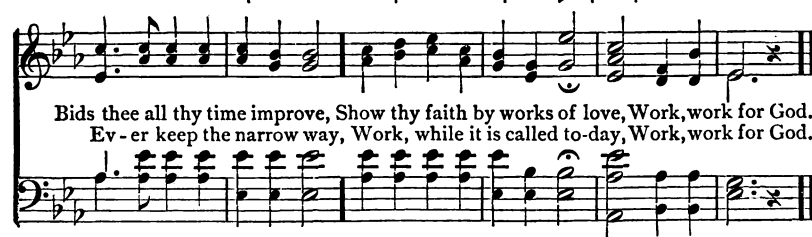
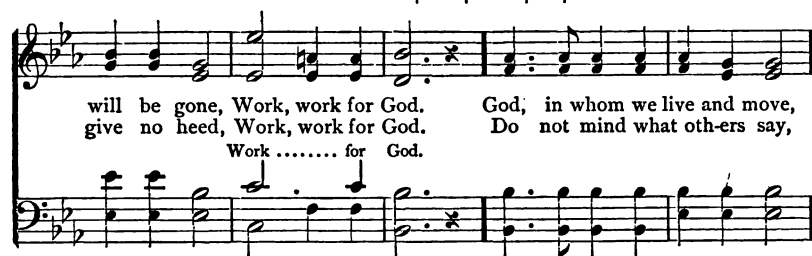
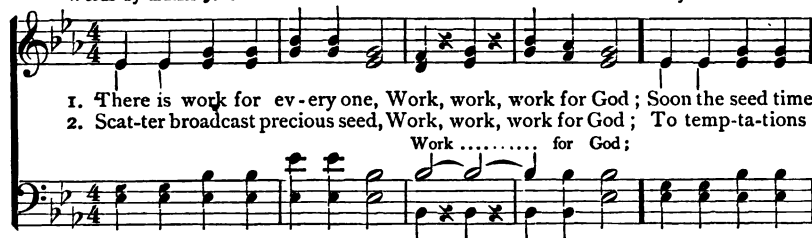
Ritard.



WORK, WORK FOR GOD.

Words by ELIZA J. COFFIN.

Music by ASA HULL.



- 3 Be thyself first pure in heart,
Work, work, work for God ;
Then thy joy to all impart,
Work, work for God.
Tell the story of the cross,
Counting earthly things but dross,
Thou shalt never suffer loss,
Work, work for God.

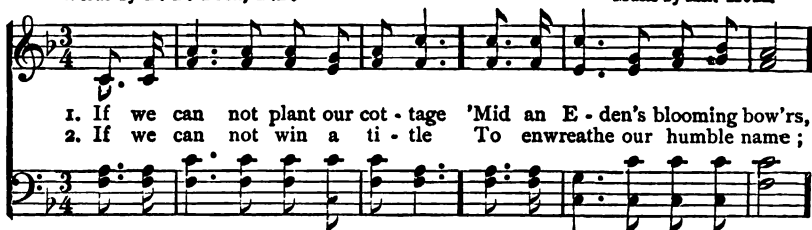
- 4 Laud the right, condemn the wrong,
Work, work, work for God ;
All results to Him belong,
Work, work for God ;
Find thy joy in God's sweet will,
Every promise He'll fulfill,
And His peace will keep thee still,
Work, work for God.

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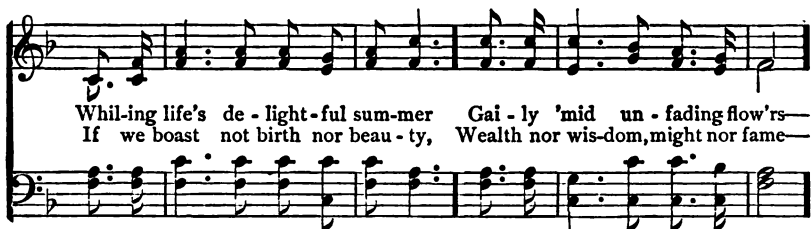
WILLING HEARTS, READY HANDS.

Words by D. D. Buck, D.D.

Music by ASA HULL.



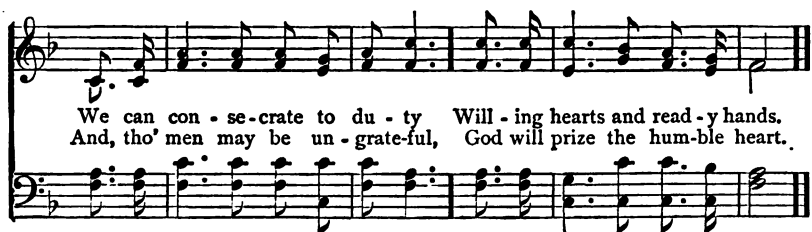
1. If we can not plant our cot - tage 'Mid an E - den's blooming bow'rs,
2. If we can not win a ti - tle To enwreathe our humble name ;



Whil - ing life's de - light - ful sum - mer Gai - ly 'mid un - fading flow'rs—
If we boast not birth nor beau - ty, Wealth nor wis - dom, might nor fame—



We with ho - ly love can la - bor, Till - ing Zi - on's fer - tile lands;
We can still be kind - ly - heart - ed, Act - ing well our low - ly part ;



We can con - se - crate to du - ty Will - ing hearts and read - y hands.
And, tho' men may be un - grate - ful, God will prize the hum - ble heart.

3 If we can not read the future,
Whether weal or woe betide,
If within the veil of darkness
Mercy from our vision hide,—
We can understand our mission,
What is here to do or bear;
We can love and help each other,
And the cross with Jesus share.

4 Let us, then, be ever doing ;
Day declineth, night is near ;
Short the time of toil and suff'ring ;
Jesus numbers every tear.
See ! the pearly gates are opening :
Lo ! the splendor from above ;
List to lov'd ones yonder singing,
Welcome to the land of love.

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THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

49

Words by ELIZA J. COFFIN.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Dear Sav - iour, does Thy love, So won - der - ful and free,
2. Give us a deep - er love, That loves Thy love a - lone;

De - light to own Thy weak - est child, Who up - ward looks to Thee?
Re - signs all hope of earth - ly gain, This wondrous gift to own.

CHORUS.

O love! O won - drous love! O love that stoops to me!

Slower.
A love that cov - ers all my sins, And makes me free in Thee.

3 Thee only would we love;
Be this our constant aim,
To lose all thought of self in Thee,
And glorify Thy name.
Chorus.—O love, etc.

4 Then beautify us, Lord,
And may we meekly show
Our hearts to be Thy temple-home,
Where love shall ever flow.
Chorus.—O love, etc.

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O COME, COME TO-DAY.

Words by E. RINEHART.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Burden'd soul, come seek the Saviour, Hear Him call, "Come un-to Me ;"
 2. Look not at thy guilt or sta-tion, Tho' un-wor- thy, He'll re-ceive ;

In His sight find grace and fa-vor, In His love there's rest for thee.
 Je-sus died for thy sal-va-tion, Waits to bring thee thy re-prieve.

CHORUS,

Then come, come a-way, The Sav-iour calls, why lon-ger wait ?
 Then come, come a-way, O come, come a-way,

O come, come to-day, For the morrow may be too late, may
 O come, come to-day, O come, come to-day ;

pp
 be too late, may be too late.

- 3 Full salvation Jesus offers ;
 Full redemption in His blood ;
 Come, accept the proffered pardon,
 And be reconciled to God.

- 4 Will you come ? while He is pleading !
 Will you come and be at rest ?
 Follow now the Spirit's leading,
 Come, for 'tis your Lord's request.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.

51

By permission.

Music by T. J. Cook.

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful cit-y that I love!
 2. Beau-ti-ful heav'n where all is light, Beau-ti-ful angels, cloth'd in white;

Beau-ti-ful gates of pear-ly white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple—God its light!
 Beau-ti-ful strains that nev-er tire, Beau-ti-ful harps thro' all the choir;

He who was slain on Cal-va-ry, O-pens those pear-ly
 There shall I join the cho-rus sweet, Wor-ship-ing at the

CHORUS.

gates to me. Zi-on, Zi-on, love-ly Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful
 Sav-iour's feet.

Rep. pp ad lib.

Zi-on, cit-y of our God.

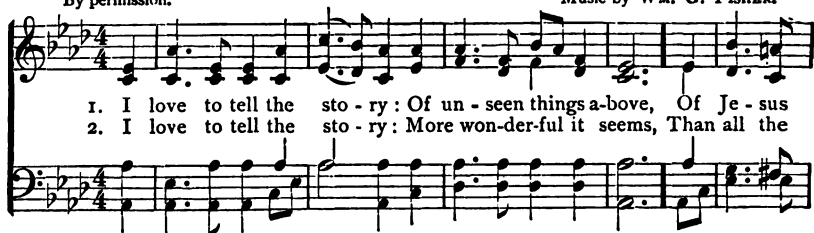
3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there;
 Thither I press with eager feet,
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.

Cho.—Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
 Beautiful Zion, city of our God.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

By permission.

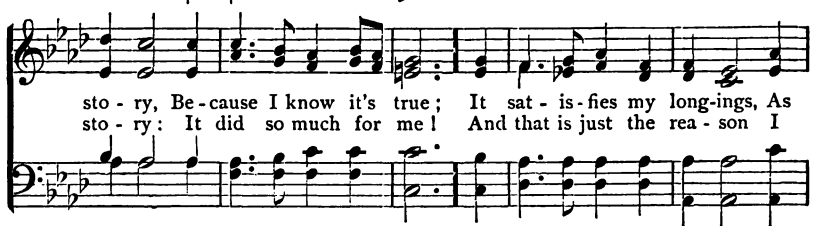
Music by WM. G. FISHER.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry : Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry : More won - der - ful it seems, Than all the

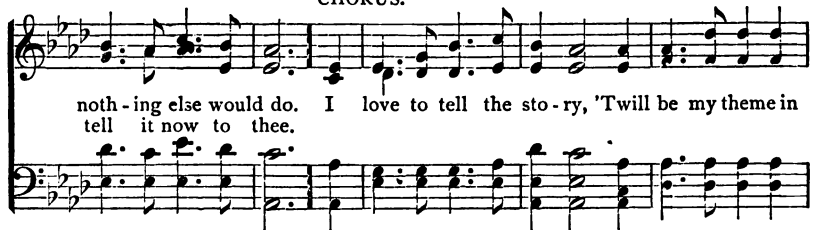


and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the



sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true ; It sat - is - fies my long - ings, As
sto - ry : It did so much for me ! And that is just the rea - son I

CHORUS.



noth - ing else would do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in
tell it now to thee.



glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

COMING TO THE SAVIOUR.

53

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by ASA HULL. From "Songs of Faith."

1. I am com-ing to the Saviour, At His feet I bow ; I am pleading for His
 2. All my sin and guilt confessing, At His feet I bow ; I am wait-ing for His
 3. In con-tri-tion humbly kneeling, At His feet I bow ; I am seeking grace and

CHORUS.

fa - vor, Just now, just now. I am com-ing, I am com-ing, I am
 bless - ing, just now, just now.
 heal - ing, just now, just now.

com - ing just now, I am com-ing, I am com-ing, I am com-ing just now.

4 I believe Him, I believe Him,
 At His feet I bow ;
 I receive Him, I receive Him,
 Just now, just now.—*Chorus.*

5 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 To the Lamb once slain ;
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Amen ! Amen !—*Chorus.*

CONCLUSION OF I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY, OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 I love to tell the story :
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.
 I love to tell the story :
 For some have never heard
 The Message of salvation
 From God's own holy word.—*Cho.*

4 I love to tell the story :
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
 'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
 That I have loved so long.—*Cho.*

UNDER HIS WINGS.

Words by JAMES NICHOLSON.

Music by ASA HULL.



1. In God I have found a re-treat, Where I can se-cure-ly a-bide;
 2. I dread not the ter-ror by night; No ar-row can harm me by day;
 3. The pes-ti-lence walk-ing a-bout, When darkness has set-tled a-broad,



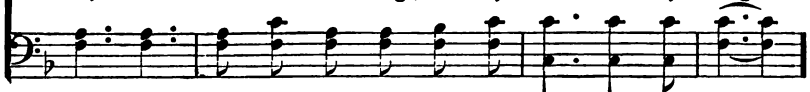
No ref-uge nor rest so complete, And here I in-tend to re-side.
 His shad-ow has cover-ed me quite; My fears He has driv-en a-way.
 Can nev-er com-pel me to doubt The pres-ence and pow-er of God.



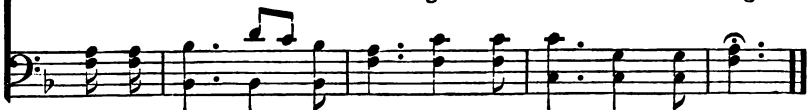
CHORUS.



O, what com-fort it brings, as my soul sweet-ly sings:



I am safe from all dan-ger while un-der His wings.



4 The wasting destruction at noon,
 No fearful forboding can bring;
 With Jesus, my soul doth commune,
 His perfect salvation I sing.—*Cho.*

5 A thousand may fall at my side,
 Ten thousand fall at my right hand;
 Above me His wings are spread wide,
 Beneath them in safety I stand.—*Cho.*

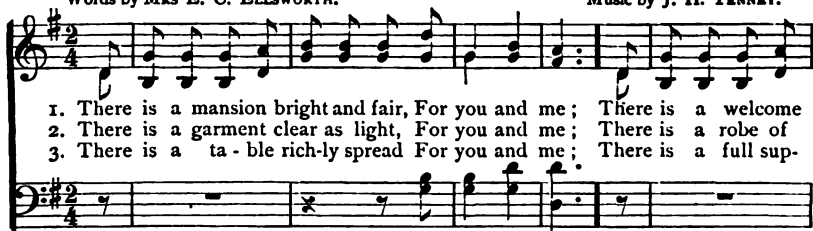
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FOR YOU AND ME.

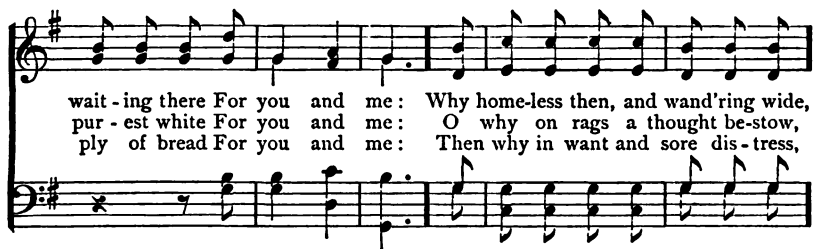
55

Words by MRS E. C. ELLSWORTH.

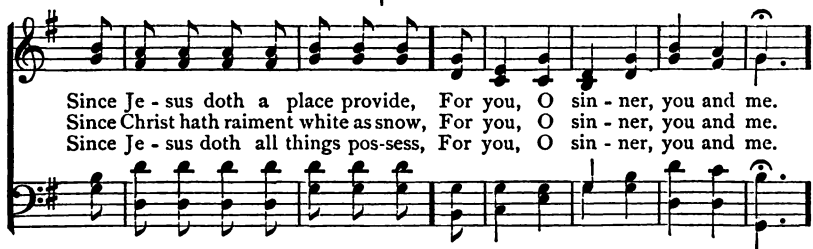
Music by J. H. TENNEY.



1. There is a mansion bright and fair, For you and me ; There is a welcome
 2. There is a garment clear as light, For you and me ; There is a robe of
 3. There is a ta - ble rich-ly spread For you and me ; There is a full sup-



wait - ing there For you and me : Why home-less then, and wand'ring wide,
 pur - est white For you and me : O why on rags a thought be-stow,
 ply of bread For you and me : Then why in want and sore dis - tress,

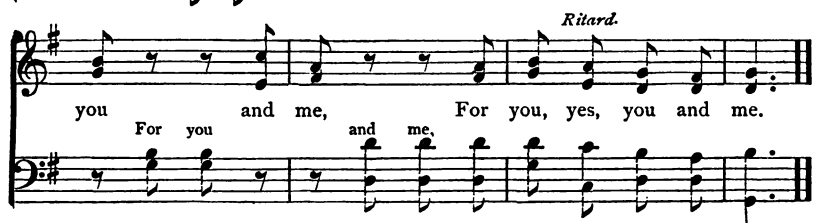


Since Je - sus doth a place provide, For you, O sin - ner, you and me.
 Since Christ hath raiment white as snow, For you, O sin - ner, you and me.
 Since Je - sus doth all things pos-sess, For you, O sin - ner, you and me.

REFRAIN. *Rep. pp ad lib.*



For you For you and me, and me, For you, yes, you and me ; For
 For you and me ;



you For you and me, and me, For you, yes, you and me.

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SING OF HIS LOVE.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Chil-dren of the heav'nly King. As ye jour - ney sweet - ly sing,
2. We are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way our fathers trod ;

Sing your Saviour's worth - y praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

CHORUS.

Sing of His love, ye angels of light ; Carol His praise, ye seraphs so
Sing of His love, ye an - gels of light ; Car - ol His praise, ye

bright; Join in the song, ye saints, with delight ; Praising the
seraphs so bright ; Join in the song, ye saints, with delight ;

Rit. ad lib.

name, won - der - ful name of Je - sus.

- 3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of our land ;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
- 4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.

57

Words by Rev. JOHN PARKER.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. More Thou art than friend or broth-er, Thou art all to me;
2. Glad to bring my con - se - cra - tion, Give my life to Thee;

Not in earth or heav'n an - oth - er Half so dear as Thee.
Glad to know Thy full sal - va - tion, Ho - li - er to be.

CHORUS.

All in all, O Christ, Thou art, Thou dost fill my trust - ing heart;

All in all, O Christ, Thou art, Thou dost fill my trust - ing heart.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. Thou hast washed my soul with whiteness, I have liberty; Thou dost fill my life with brightness, And sincerity. <i>Chorus.</i>—All in all, O Christ, etc.</p> | <p>4. Henceforth Thou my perfect Saviour, All in all to me; Walking ever in Thy favor I Thy face shall see. <i>Chorus.</i>—All in all, O Christ, etc.</p> |
|---|---|

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SING OF HIS LOVE.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Chil-dren of the heav'nly King. As ye jour - ney sweet - ly sing,
2. We are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way our fathers trod;

Sing your Saviour's worth - y praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

CHORUS.

Sing of His love, ye angels of light; Carol His praise, ye seraphs so
Sing of His love, ye an - gels of light; Car - ol His praise, ye

bright; Join in the song, ye saints, with delight; Praising the
seraphs so bright; Join in the song, ye saints, with delight;

Rit. ad lib.

name, won - der - ful name of Je - sus.

- 3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
- 4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

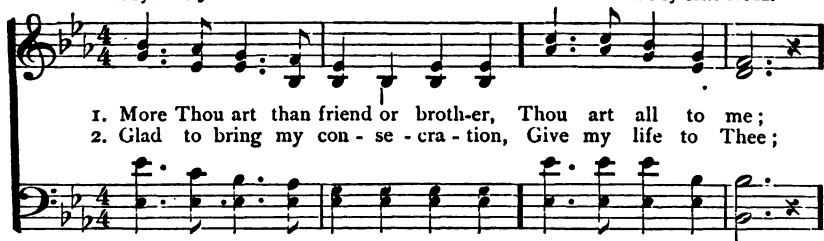
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CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.

57

Words by Rev. JOHN PARKER.

Music by ASA HULL.

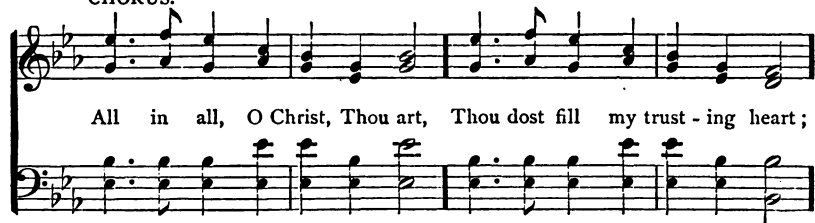


1. More Thou art than friend or broth-er, Thou art all to me;
2. Glad to bring my con - se - cra - tion, Give my life to Thee;

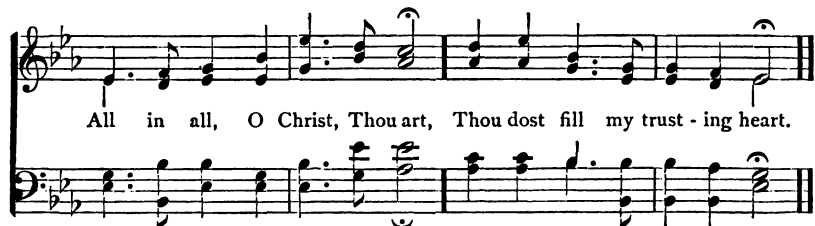


Not in earth or heav'n an - oth - er Half so dear as Thee.
Glad to know Thy full sal - va - tion, Ho - li - er to be.

CHORUS.



All in all, O Christ, Thou art, Thou dost fill my trust - ing heart;



All in all, O Christ, Thou art, Thou dost fill my trust - ing heart.

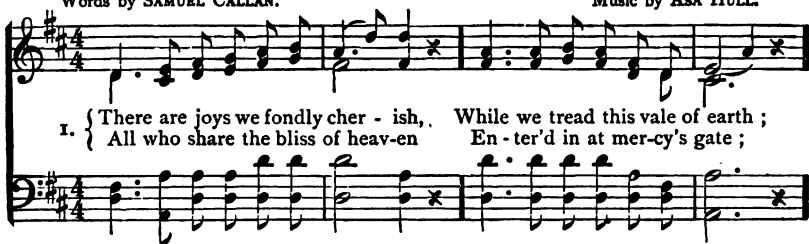
- | | |
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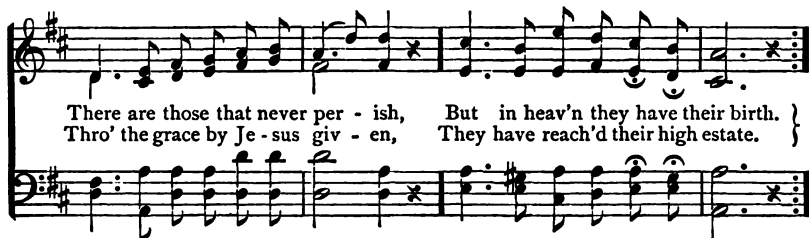
MERCY'S GATE.

Words by SAMUEL CALLAN.

Music by ASA HULL.



1. { There are joys we fondly cher - ish, While we tread this vale of earth ;
All who share the bliss of heav-en En - ter'd in at mer-cy's gate ;

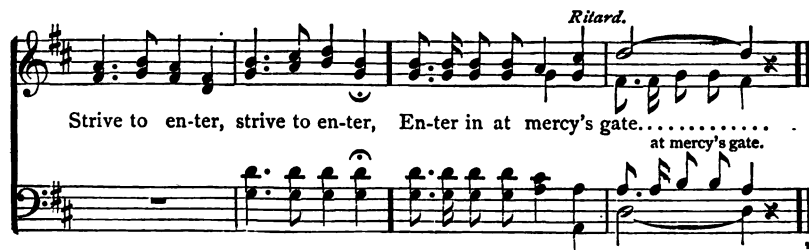


There are those that never per - ish, But in heav'n they have their birth. }
Thro' the grace by Je - sus giv - en, They have reach'd their high estate. }

CHORUS.



Let us ev - er strive to en - - ter, Nev - er for the morrow wait ;
Let us strive to en - ter, Nev - er for the mor - row wait ;



Strive to en - ter, strive to en - ter, En - ter in at mercy's gate.....
at mercy's gate.

2 Earth may have its many pleasures,
They are fleeting as a day ;
But above are dearer treasures,
That shall never pass away.
In the path of right and duty
Many ills may be our fate ;
But religion has a beauty ;
It is found at mercy's gate.

3 Up the hill ascending ever,
With our eyes upon the goal,
Let the world's allurements never
Cause us to forget the soul.
Soon our toil will here be ended,
Bright rewards for us await,
When to Him we are ascended,
Who has opened mercy's gate.

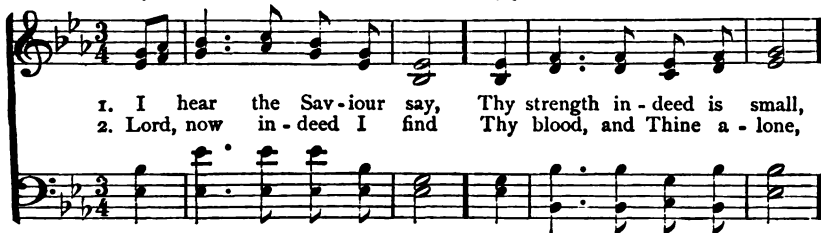
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ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

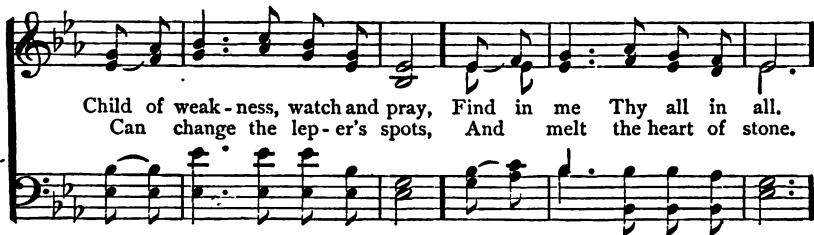
59

Words by E. M. HALL.

Music by J. T. GRAPE. Arr. by ASA HULL.



1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in-deed is small,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy blood, and Thine a-lone,

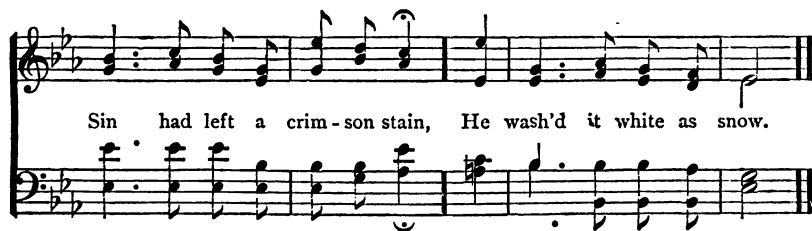


Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in me Thy all in all.
Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.

CHORUS.



Je-sus paid it all; All to Him I owe;



Sin had left a crim-son stain, He wash'd it white as snow.

3 For nothing good have I,
Whereby Thy grace to claim,
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

5 When from my dying bed
My ransom'd soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall fill the vaulted skies.

4 And then complete in Him,
My robe His righteousness,
Close-shelter'd 'neath His side,
I am divinely blest.

6 And when before the throne
I stand, in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

From RINK.

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor - tal reign ; }
 In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain ; }

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er with - 'ring flow'r's ;

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.

2.
 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dressed in living green ;
 So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between :
 But tim'rous mortals start, and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

3.
 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unbecclouded eyes,—
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

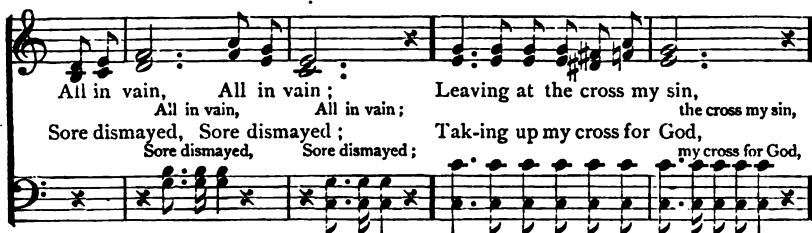
SONGS OF THE CROSS.

Words by Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

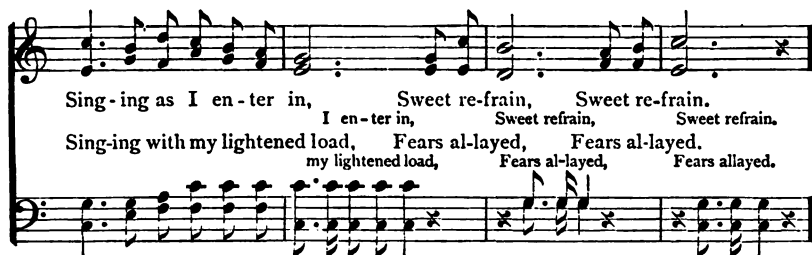
Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. Striving at the narrow gate,
 the narrow gate,
 Toiling with a heav-y weight,
 a heavy weight,

2. Fleeing from the heavy cross,
 the heavy cross,
 See-ing Je-sus suf - fer loss,
 I suffer loss,



All in vain, All in vain; Leaving at the cross my sin,
 All in vain, All in vain; the cross my sin,
 Sore dismayed, Sore dismayed; Tak-ing up my cross for God,
 Sore dismayed, Sore dismayed; my cross for God,

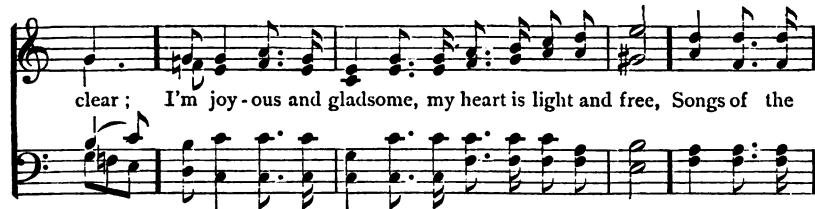


Sing-ing as I en-ter in, Sweet re-frain, Sweet re-frain.
 I en-ter in, Sweet refrain, Sweet refrain.
 Sing-ing with my lightened load, Fears al-layed, Fears al-layed.
 my lightened load, Fears al-layed, Fears al-layed.

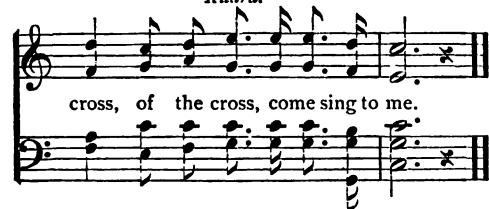
CHORUS.



Songs of the cross, of the cross, I love to hear, All of their strains are sweet and



clear; I'm joy-ous and gladsome, my heart is light and free, Songs of the

Ritard.


cross, of the cross, come sing to me.

3.
 Coming to |: the river's brink, :|
 Fearful 'mid |: the waves I sink, :|
 Save Thou me,
 Save Thou me;
 Clinging to |: the cross I rise, :|
 Shouting to |: the upper skies, :|
 Safe with Thee,
 Safe with Thee.

THE HALLOWED SPOT.

Words by Rev. W. HUNTER.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. There is a spot to me more dear Than na - tive vale or mountain :
2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd up-on the o - cean ;

A spot for which af - fec - tion's tear Springs grateful from its fountain ;
A - bove me was the thun - der's roar, Be - neath, the waves' commo - tion ;

'Tis not where kin-dred souls a - bound—Tho' that on earth is heav - en—
Dark - ly the pall of night was thrown A - round me, faint with ter - ror ;

But where I first my Sav-iour found, And felt my sins for - giv - en.
In that dark hour, how did my groan As - cend from years of er - ror.

3.
Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me,
And cried, O save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me !
Then quick as tho't I felt Him mine,—
My Saviour stood before me ;
I saw His brightness round me shine,
And shouted, Glory ! Glory !

4.
O sacred hour ! O hallowed spot !
Where love divine first found me ;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee ;
And when from earth at last I soar ;
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast mine eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

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THE HALLOWED CROSS.

63

Arranged by A. H., 1871.

Music by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. The cross ! the cross ! the blood-stain'd cross ! The hallow'd cross I see !
2. That cross ! that cross ! that heav - y cross, My Sav-iour bore for me,
3. How light ! how light ! this pre-cious cross, Pre - sent-ed to my view ;



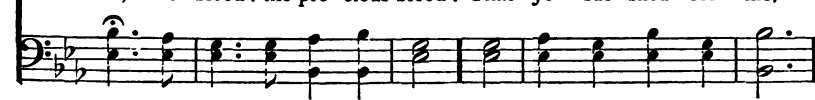
Re - mind - ing me of pre-cious blood, That once was shed for me.
Which bowed Him to the earth with grief, On sad Mount Cal - va - ry.
And while, with care, I take it up, Be - hold the crown my due.



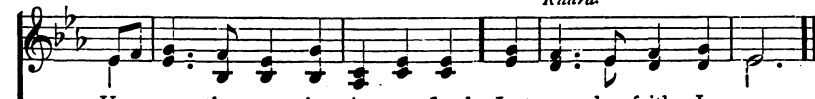
CHORUS.



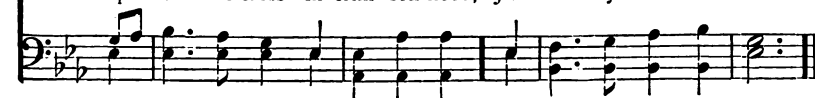
O, the blood ! the pre - cious blood ! That Je - sus shed for me,



Ritard.



Up - on the cross in crim - son flood, Just now by faith I see.



- 4 The crown ! the crown ! the glorious crown !

The crown of victory !
The crown of life ! it shall be mine,
When I shall Jesus see.
Cho.—O, the blood, etc.

- 5 My tears, unbidden, seem to flow
For love, unbounded love,
Which guides me through this world
of woe,
And points to joys above.
Cho.—O, the blood, etc.

WORK WHILE THE DAY LASTS.

Cheerfully.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. { There are lone-ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by ; }
 { There are wea-ry souls to per - ish, While the days are go - ing by ; }

{ If a smile we can re - new, } O, the good we all may do,
 { As our jour - ney we pur - sue, }

CHORUS.

While the days are go - ing by. Go - ing, go - ing by, While the
 by.....

days are going by ; Do all the good you can, While the days are going by.

- 2 There's no time for idle scorning,
 While the days are going by ;
 - Let your face be like the morning,
 While the days are going by ;
 O, the world is full of sighs,
 Full of sad and weeping eyes—
 Help your fallen brothers rise,
 While the days are going by.

- 3 All the loving links that bind us,
 While the days are going by ;
 One by one we leave behind us,
 While the days are going by ;
 But the seed of good we sow,
 Both in shade and shine will grow,
 And will keep our hearts aglow,
 While the days are going by.

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LOOKING TO JESUS.

65

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.



1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'ercom - eth God giv - eth a crown ; Thro' faith we shall



help you Some oth - er to win ; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
 rev'ence, Nor take it in vain ; Be thought-ful and ear - nest,
 con - quer, Though oft - en cast down ; He who is our Sav - iour,



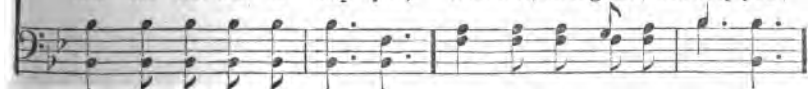
Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Kind - heart - ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Our strength will renew, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.



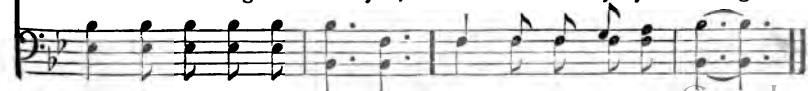
CHORUS.



Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you ;



He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.



THANKS BE TO GOD.

Words by H. S. PERKINS.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Thanks be to God for the vic - t'ry o - ver sin ; Thanks for His Word and the
 2. Thanks for the gift of His loved, His on - ly Son ; Thanks for the work which on
 3. Thanks for redemption and purchase by His blood ; Thanks for the love He has

teachings therein ; Thanks for His Son who was giv - en to proclaim Ti - dings of
 earth He be - gun ; Thanks for the peace which it brings unto the soul, Working for
 taught in His Word ; Thanks for His Spirit, for ev - er - more to reign, Peace on the

CHORUS.

good, and the earth to reclaim. Sing, Sing,
 Je - sus, His love to un - fold,
 earth, and good will un - to men. Sing a glad ho - san - na, Sing a glad ho - san - na,

Sing for the vic - t'ry o - ver sin ; Sing a glad ho - san - na,
 Sing a glad ho - san - na, Sing ho - san - na,

Sing a glad ho - san - na ! Ho - san - na ! ho - san - na ! ho - san - na !
 Sing ho - san - na !

LIKE THE NINE.

67

Words by Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. There were ten that besought Him, the Master di - vine, There were ten that were
2. There were ten who were cleansed, all but one went their way, Were content with the
3. There was grace for the ten, what a marvel that nine Should have turned from the

healed, but where are the nine? On-ly one saw the gift, on-ly one heard the call,
good that lasts but a day; And would you like the nine ever sat-is - fied be,
gift—the treasure di - vine! What a wonder so ma - ny are do-ing the same,

CHORUS.

On - ly one grasped the treasure, tho' offered to all. O where are the nine to
With a bless-ing so transient, while mercy is free?
By neg-lect - ing sal - va-tion—for them Jesus came.

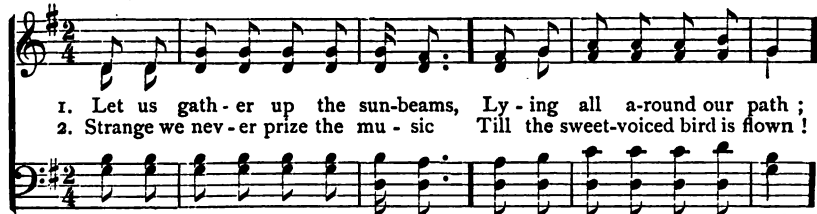
bow at His feet? O where are the nine, with grat-i-tude meet? O where are the

ma - ny who own Him di-vine, But give Him no glo - ry? O where are the nine?

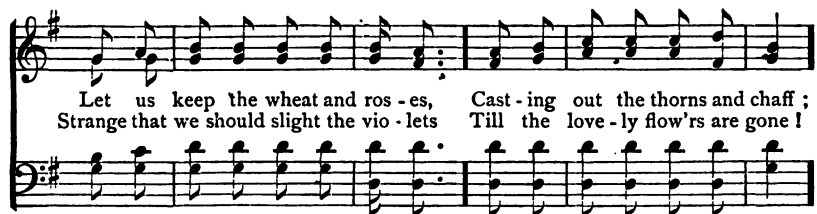
SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Words by Mrs. ALBERT SMITH.


Music by S. J. VAIL.



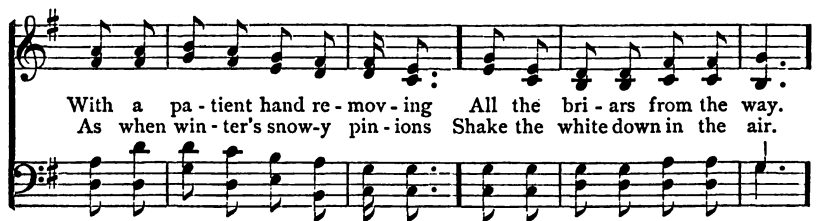
1. Let us gath - er up the sun-beams, Ly - ing all a-round our path ;
2. Strange we nev - er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown !



Let us keep the wheat and ros - es, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff ;
Strange that we should slight the vio - lets Till the love - ly flow'rs are gone !



Let us find our sweet-est com - fort In the bless-ings of to - day,
Strange that sum-mer skies and sun-shine Nev - er seem one half so fair,



With a pa - tient hand re - mov - ing All the bri - ars from the way.
As when win - ter's snow-y pin - ions Shake the white down in the air.

CHORUS.



Then scat - ter seeds of kind-ness, Then scat - ter seeds of kind-ness,

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

69

ad lib.

Then scat - ter seeds of kind - ness For our reap - ing by and by.

3 If we knew the baby fingers,
 Pressed against the window pane,
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,—
 Never trouble us again,—
 Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow?—
 Would the prints of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now?—*Cho.*

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
 How they point the memories back
 To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn around our backward track!
 How these little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grace they lie,
 Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
 For our reaping by and by.—*Cho.*

DEAR LORD, REMEMBER ME.

From "Palm Leaves."

Music and Cho. by ASA HULL.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
Chorus.—Help me, dear Sav-iour, Thee to own, And ev - er faith - ful be;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree.—*Cho.*

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While His dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Cho.*

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glory in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's, sin.—*Cho.*

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
 'Tis all that I can do.—*Cho.*

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ALL FOR JESUS!

Words by MARY D. JAMES. For Mixed Voices.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. { All for Je - sus ! all for Je - sus ! All my being's ransom'd pow'rs ; }
 { All my thoughts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours. }

*ff Repeat pp.**Rit. 2d time.*

All for Je - sus ! all for Je - sus ! All my days and all my hours.

- 2 Let my hands perform His bidding ;
 Let my feet run in His ways ;
 Let my eyes see Jesus only ;
 Let my lips speak forth His praise.
 All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
 Let my lips speak forth His praise.
- 4 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
 I've lost sight of all beside,—
 So enchained my spirit's vision,
 Looking at the crucified.
 All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
 All for Jesus, crucified !
- 3 Worldings prize their gems of beauty,
 Cling to gilded toys of dust,
 Boast of wealth, and fame, and pleasure ;
 Only Jesus will I trust.
 Only Jesus ! only Jesus !
 Only Jesus will I trust.
- 5 O, what wonder ! how amazing !
 Jesus, glorious King of kings,
 Deigns to call me His beloved,
 Lets me rest beneath His wings.
 All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
 Resting now beneath His wings.

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ALL FOR JESUS!

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

For Male Voices.

Music by ASA HULL.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

1ST AND 2D BASS.

*Repeat pp**Rit. 2d time.*

All for Je - sus ! all for Je - sus ! All my days and all my hours.

Copyright, 1873, by ASA HULL.

Words by S. F. BENNETT.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far;
 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me-lo - di-ous songs of the blest,
 3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the trib-ute of praise,

For the Father waits o - ver the way, To prepare us a dwelling-place there.
 And our spir-its shall sorrow no more, Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
 For the glo - ri-ous gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
 In the sweet by and by, by and by, by and by,

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
 In the sweet by and by, by and by,

4.
 We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
 In the joys of the saved we shall share;
 All our pilgrimage toil will be o'er,
 And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.

Chorus.—In the sweet, etc.

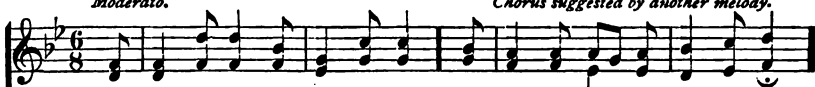
5.
 We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign,
 In the land where the saved never die;
 We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
 Safe at home in the sweet by and by.—

Chorus.—In the sweet, etc.

THE REAPERS.

Words by ASA HULL.
Moderato.

Music by ASA HULL.
Chorus suggested by another melody.



1. Be-hold the changing autumn leaves, Be - hold the fields of rip'ning grain,
2. Be-hold the har - vest of the Lord ! Behold the broad and whitening fields !
3. Why i - dly stand ? there's work for all ; The Master calls, why lon-ger wait ?



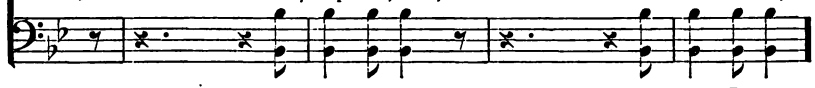
Go gath - er in the gold - en sheaves From val-ley, hill, and dis - tant plain.
Send out the call, send forth the word, Till hun-dred - fold the har-vest yields.
Go, gath - er in both great and small, Make haste, or you will be too late.



CHORUS.—*A little faster.*



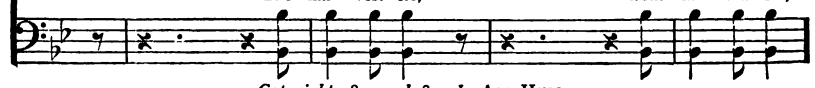
Then, reap - ers, haste,..... the skies are clear,.....
Then, reap - ers, haste, the skies are clear,



The fields re - sound..... the glad re - frain.....
The fields re - sound the glad re - frain,



The har - vest - ers,..... from far and near,.....
The har - vest - ers, from far and near,



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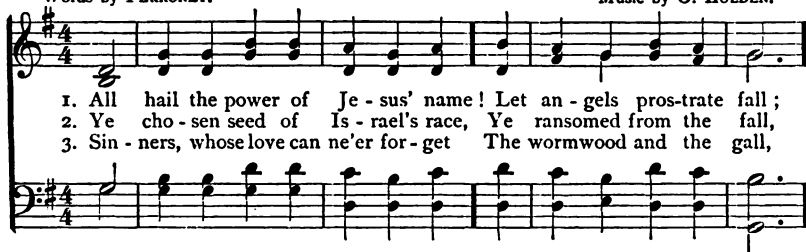


Are gath - 'ring in..... the gold - en grain.....
 Are gath - 'ring in the gold - en grain, the gold - en grain.

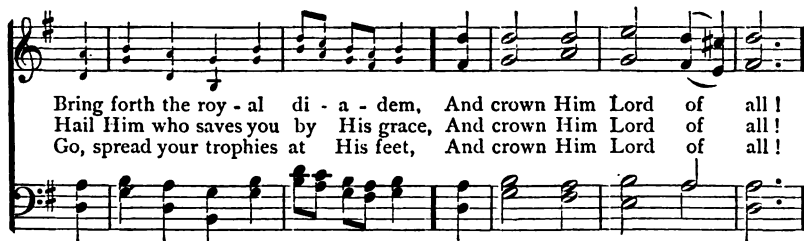
CORONATION.

Words by PERRONET.

Music by O. HOLDEN.



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
 3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all!



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at His feet may fall!
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all!

TALKING WITH JESUS.

Adagio, Espressivo.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rug - ged road ;
 2. I know the way is drear - y To that bright and hap - py clime ;

How it seems to help me on - ward, When I faint be - neath my load.
 But a lit - tle talk with Je - sus Will re - fresh me an - y time.

When my heart is crushed with sor - row, And my eyes with tears are dim,
 And as yet the more I know Him, And His mer - cy I ex - plore,

There is naught can yield me com - fort Like a lit - tle talk with Him.
 On - ly prompts my heart to long - ing For a lit - tle talk the more.

CHORUS.

O I love to talk with Je - sus, For earth - ly joys grow dim ;



And there's naught can yield me comfort, Like a lit - tle talk with Him.

3 I'll tell Him I am weary,
And I fain would be at rest ;
That I'm daily, hourly longing
For a home upon His breast.
Once He gave His life a ransom,
And would have me all His own,
Can He now forget His promise,
And reject His purchased one ?

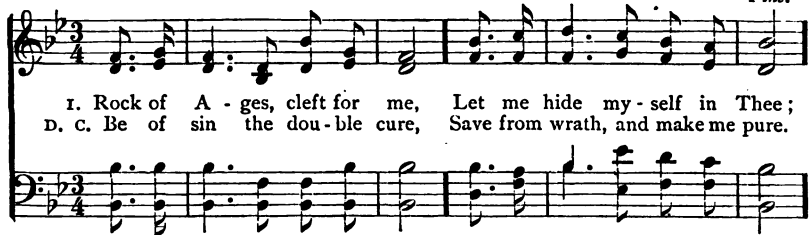
4 I'll wait a little longer,—
Till His own appointed time ;
And will glory in the knowledge
Of a prospect so sublime.
Then, when in my Father's dwelling,
Where the many "mansions" are,
I will sweetly talk with Jesus,
And forever dwell up there.

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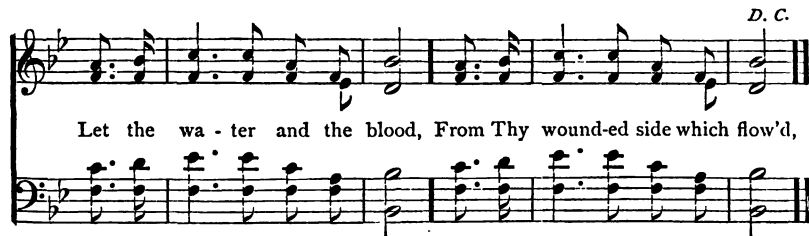
ROCK OF AGES.

Words by TOPLADY. Arr.

Music by Dr. T. HASTINGS. Arr. *Fine.*



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee ;
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flow'd,

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone :
Thou must save, and Thou alone :
In my hand no price I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

I REST IN THY LOVE.

Words by Rev. R. W. TODD.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. While way-worn and wea-ry, I jour-ney a-long, Dear Sav-iour, Thy
2. While burden'd with sor-row, and lad-en'd with woe; Dear Sav-iour, to

love is the theme of my song; Thy smile is my bea-con, as
Thee, 'neath Thy cross will I go; I think of Thy sor-row, and

on-ward I move; Thy cross is my shel-ter, I rest in Thy love.
an-guish for me, And yield at Thy bid-ding, my sor-rows to Thee.

CHORUS.

I rest in Thy love,.... yes, rest in Thy love,.... Tho' way-worn and
Rest in Thy love, Rest in Thy love,

wea-ry, I rest in Thy love, Rest in Thy love, yes, rest in Thy love.
Rest in Thy love, in Thy love.

Words by Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Music by L. MASON. Arranged.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee ; E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Though like a wan - der - er, Daylight all gone, Darkness be o - ver me,
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps up to heav'n : All that Thou sendest me

That rais - eth me ; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
 My rest a stone ; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, etc.
 In mer - cy giv'n : An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, etc.

God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 : Nearer, my God, to Thee, :]
 Nearer to Thee.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,—
 Still all my song shall be,
 : Nearer my God, to Thee, :]
 Nearer to Thee.

CONCLUSION OF I REST IN THY LOVE, OPPOSITE PAGE.

- 3 While struggling for Thee in the heat of the strife,
 Dear Saviour, Thy truth is the shield of my life ;
 My foes shall be vanquished—shall die 'neath my feet ;
 I'll rest from the conflict with vict'ry complete.—*Chorus*
- 4 And when,—all the pangs of mortality o'er,—
 I'll join with the blood-washed who sing on the shore ;
 I'll dwell with the pure in Thy temple above ;
 Forever and ever I'll rest in Thy love.—*Chorus*.

BREEZES FROM LAND.

Words by Miss P. J. OWENS.

From "Praise Songs." Music by ASA HULL.

1. When sail - ing o'er time's rest - less sea, Be - neath a cloud-ed sky ;
 2. Loud raves the voice of an - gry gales, But while the breakers foam,
 3. Then let the frown-ing clouds grow dark, The tem - pest wild - ly rave ;

How sweet the whis-per comes to me, A Sav - iour ev - er nigh,
 A soft wind fans the spreading sails, The pleasant breeze from home.
 A strong hand guides the lad - en bark A - cross the storm-y wave.

Breezes from the heav'nly land, They sweep across the sea ; They waft the mu-sic
 Breezes from the heav'nly land, They sweep the billows o'er, The voi - ces of a
 Breezes from the heav'nly land, They murmur o'er the wave, The wel-come of an

CHORUS. *Animato.*

on the strand, The song of hope to me. O, wait-ing souls, re-joice, We're
 lov - ing band Are waft - ed from the shore.
 outstretched hand, A heart that bled to save.

near the ho - ly strand, List ! 'tis the Saviour's voice, The welcome breeze from land.

Music by JOHN M. EVANS.

1. "Land a - head !" its fruits are wav-ing O'er the hills of fade-less green ;
 2. On-ward, bark, the cape I'm rounding ; See the bless - ed wave their hands ;

And the liv - ing wa - ters lav - ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
 Hear the harps of God re-sound-ing From the bright, im - mor - tal bands.

CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter - nal shore ;

Drop the an - chor ! furl the sail ! I am safe with-in the veil !

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
 On this calm and silv'ry bay ;
 Seaward fast the tide is gliding ;
 Shores in sunlight stretch away.
Cho.—Rocks and storms, etc.

4 Now we're safe from all temptation ;
 All the storms of life are past ;
 Praise the Rock of our salvation !
 We are safe at home at last !
Cho.—Rocks and storms, etc.

SOLO OR QUARTETTE.

Arranged. Music by FRANZ-ABT.



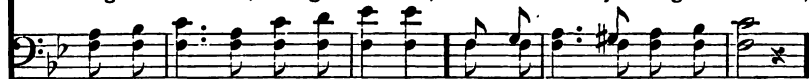
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land ;
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow ;



I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy power - ful hand ;
 Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro' ;



Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more ;
 Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield ;



FULL CHORUS.



Bread of heav - en, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more,
 Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield,



Feed me till I want no more.
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.



3.


When I tread the verge of Jordan
 Bid my anxious fears subside,
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises, Songs of praises,
 I will ever give to Thee ;
 Songs of praises, Songs of praises,
 I will ever give to Thee.
 I will ever give to Thee.

PUT ON THE ARMOR.

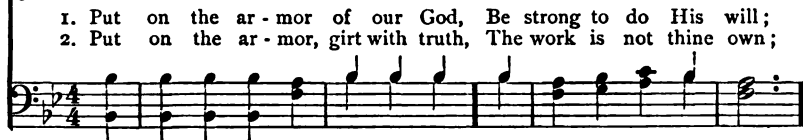

81

Words by Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

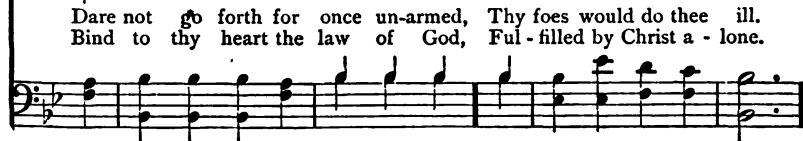
Music by J. H. TENNEY.




1. Put on the ar - mor of our God, Be strong to do His will;
2. Put on the ar - mor, girt with truth, The work is not thine own;

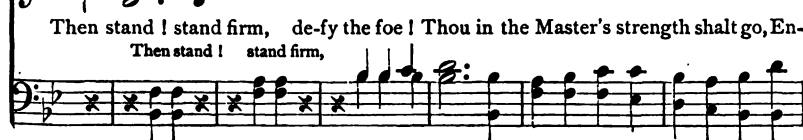
Dare not go forth for once un-armed, Thy foes would do thee ill.
Bind to thy heart the law of God, Ful - filled by Christ a - lone.




CHORUS.



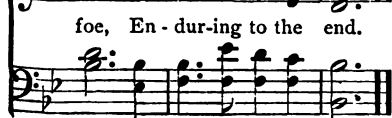
Then stand ! stand firm, de - fy the foe ! Thou in the Master's strength shalt go, En -
Then stand ! stand firm,




dur - ing to the end. Then stand ! stand firm, de - fy the
Then stand ! Then stand ! stand firm,

foe, En - dur - ing to the end.



3 Put on the armor ; shod with peace
Thy feet shall firm endure ;
Tho' snares beset and thorns shall pierce,
He makes thy footsteps sure.—*Cho.*

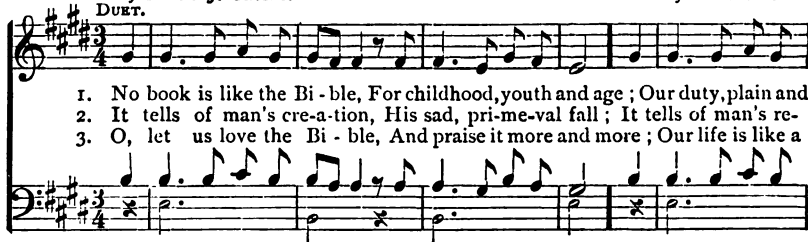
4 Put on the armor ; take thy shield,
Faith in the risen Lord ;
Once pierced with darts still aimed at thee,
He conquers with a word.—*Cho.*

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Words by FANNY J. CROSBY.

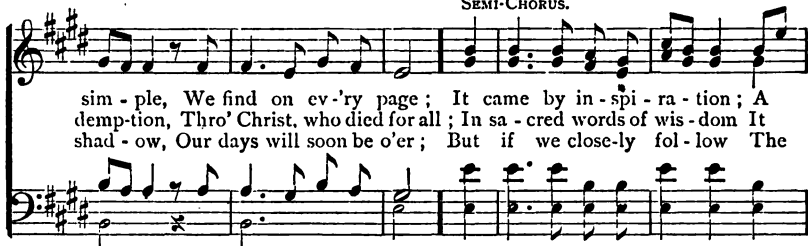
Music by ASA HULL.

DUET.

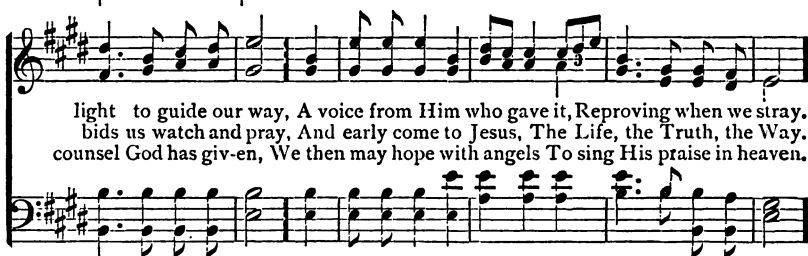


1. No book is like the Bi - ble, For childhood, youth and age ; Our duty, plain and
 2. It tells of man's cre - a - tion, His sad, pri - me - val fall ; It tells of man's re -
 3. O, let us love the Bi - ble, And praise it more and more ; Our life is like a

SEMI-CHORUS.



sim - ple, We find on ev - 'ry page ; It came by in - spi - ra - tion ; A
 demp - tion, Thro' Christ, who died for all ; In sa - cred words of wis - dom It
 shad - ow, Our days will soon be o'er ; But if we close - ly fol - low The



light to guide our way, A voice from Him who gave it, Reproving when we stray.
 bids us watch and pray, And early come to Jesus, The Life, the Truth, the Way.
 counsel God has giv - en, We then may hope with angels To sing His praise in heaven.

CHORUS.



No book is like the Bi - ble, The bless - ed book we love,



The pil - grim's chart of glo - ry, It leads to God a - bove.

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WILL IT, O LORD, BE MINE?

83

Words by Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

Moderato.

1. There's joy for the soul when the Master has come, Will it be mine? Will it be mine?
 2. There's rest for the soul when its race has been run, Will it be mine? Will it be mine?

There's joy in re - un - ion, when all are at home, Will it, O Lord, be mine?
 There's rest for the soul when with sin it has done, Will it, O Lord, be mine?

Joy in the welcome to yonder bright shore, Joy in the meetings where partings are o'er;
 Rest for the weary, with burdens oppressed, Rest for the toiler, with patience possessed,

Joy in the greet-ing of friends gone before, Will it, O Lord, be mine?
 Rest in the Lord, O the sweetest and best; Will it, O Lord, etc.

Slower.

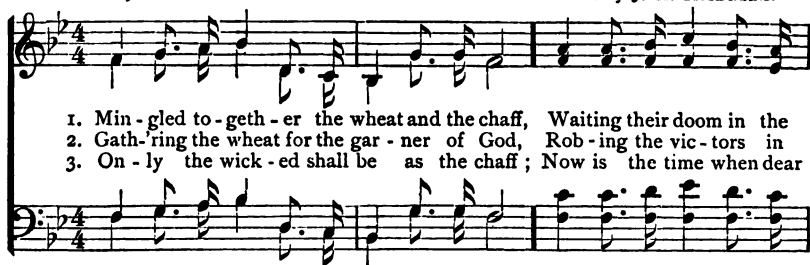
Will it be mine? Will it be mine? Will it, O Lord, be mine?

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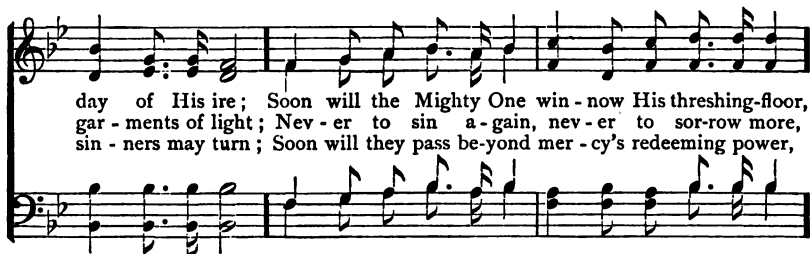
BURNING THE CHAFF.

Words by Rev. H. R. TRICKETT.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

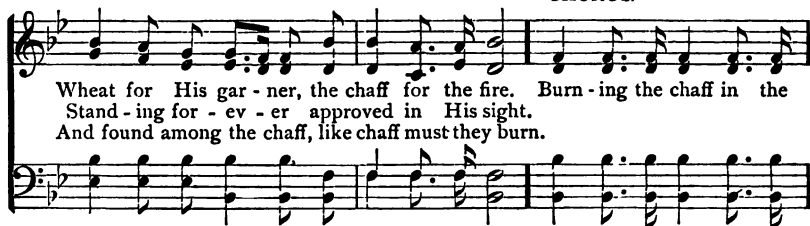


1. Min - gled to - geth - er the wheat and the chaff, Waiting their doom in the
 2. Gath - ring the wheat for the gar - ner of God, Rob - ing the vic - tors in
 3. On - ly the wick - ed shall be as the chaff ; Now is the time when dear

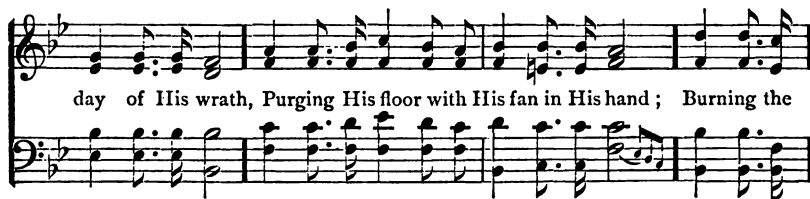


day of His ire ; Soon will the Mighty One win - now His threshing-floor,
 gar - ments of light ; Nev - er to sin a - gain, nev - er to sor - row more,
 sin - ners may turn ; Soon will they pass be - yond mer - cy's redeeming power,

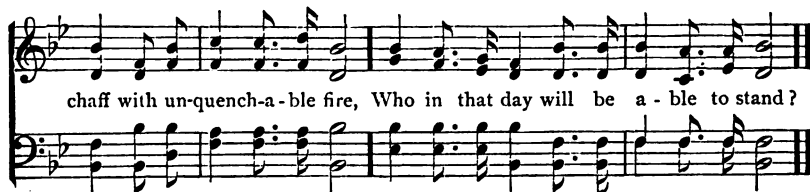
CHORUS.



Wheat for His gar - ner, the chaff for the fire. Burn - ing the chaff in the
 Stand - ing for - ev - er approved in His sight.
 And found among the chaff, like chaff must they burn.



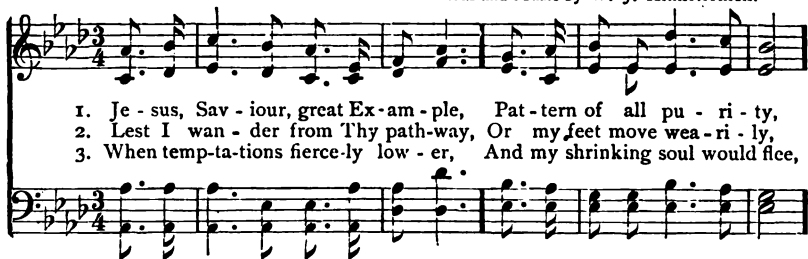
day of His wrath, Purging His floor with His fan in His hand ; Burning the



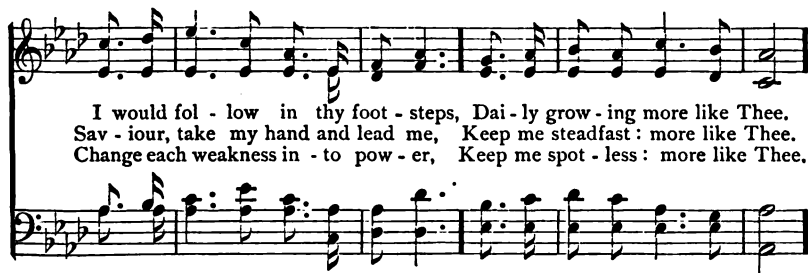
chaff with un-quench-a - ble fire, Who in that day will be a - ble to stand ?

Copyright, 1879, by ASA HULL.

Words and Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, great Ex - am - ple, Pat - tern of all pu - ri - ty,
 2. Lest I wan - der from Thy path - way, Or my feet move wea - ri - ly,
 3. When temp - ta - tions fierce - ly low - er, And my shrinking soul would flee,

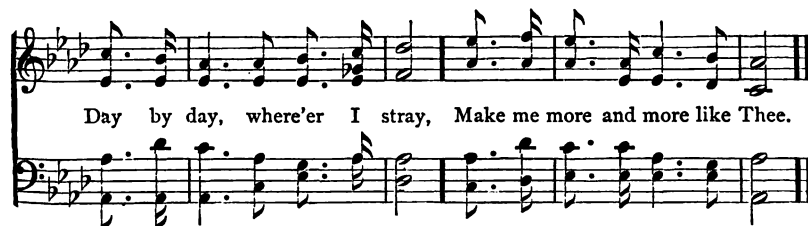


I would fol - low in thy foot - steps, Dai - ly grow - ing more like Thee.
 Sav - iour, take my hand and lead me, Keep me steadfast : more like Thee.
 Change each weakness in - to pow - er, Keep me spot - less : more like Thee.

CHORUS.



More like Thee, more like Thee ; Sav - iour, this my constant prayer shall be—
 More like Thee, more like Thee ;



Day by day, where'er I stray, Make me more and more like Thee.

4 When around me all is darkness,
 And Thy beauties none may see,
 May Thy beams, O glorious Brightness,
 In effulgence shine through me.
Cho.—More like Thee, etc.

5 When death's cold, repulsive finger
 Leaves its impress on my brow,
 May Thy life, within me swelling,
 Keep me singing then as now.
Cho.—More like Thee, etc.

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FLEE TO YOUR MOUNTAIN.

Words by Mrs. S. B. DANA.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art wea-ry of sin ;
 2. He will pro-tect thee for ev - er, Wipe ev'-ry sad, fall-ing tear ;

Go to the clear, flow-ing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean ;
 He will for-sake thee, O, nev - er, Cher-ish'd so ten - der-ly there :

Fly, for th'a-veng-er is near thee ; Call, and the Saviour will hear thee ;
 Lose not the hours that are fly - ing ; Spend not the moments in sigh - ing ;

Slow. Ral - len - tan - do.
 He on His bo - som will bear thee ; O thou who art wea-ry of sin,
 Cease from your sor-row and cry - ing ; The Sav-iour will wipe ev'-ry tear,

A tempo.
 O thou who art wea-ry of sin.
 The Saviour will wipe ev'ry tear,

3.
 Come, then, to Jesus, thy Saviour :
 He will redeem thee from sin,
 Bless with a sense of His favor,
 Make thee all glorious within ;
 Call, for the Saviour is near thee,
 Waiting in mercy to hear thee,
 And by His presence to cheer thee,
 O thou who art weary of sin. :||

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER.

87

Words by H. L. HASTINGS.

Music by E. S. RICE. From the "Little Sower."



1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll ?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stor - my voyage is o'er ?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the towers of crys - tal shine ?



Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul ?
 Shall we meet and cast the an - chor, By the fair ce - les - tial shore ?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine ?



CHORUS.



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er ?



Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll ?



- 4 Shall we meet with many a loved one, That was torn from our embrace ?
 Shall we listen to their voices,
 And behold them face to face ?
Chorus.—Shall we meet, etc.
- 5 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own ?
 Shall we know His blessed favor,
 And sit down upon His throne ?
Chorus.—We shall meet, etc.

THE FOUNTAIN OF MERCY.

Words by H. Q. WILSON.

Music by ASA HULL.

I. 'Twas Je-sus, my Saviour, who died on a tree, To o-pen a
 Cho.—For the Li-on of Ju-dah shall break ev-'ry chain, And give us the
 [has bro-ken,] [gives]

foun-tain for sin-ners like me; His blood is that foun-tain, which
 vic-t'ry a-gain and a-gain; For the Li-on of Ju-dah shall
 [has]

Rit. un poco.

par-don be-stows, And cleanses the foul-est wher-ev-er it flows.
 break ev-'ry chain, And give us the vic-t'ry a-gain and a-gain.
 [broken] [gives]

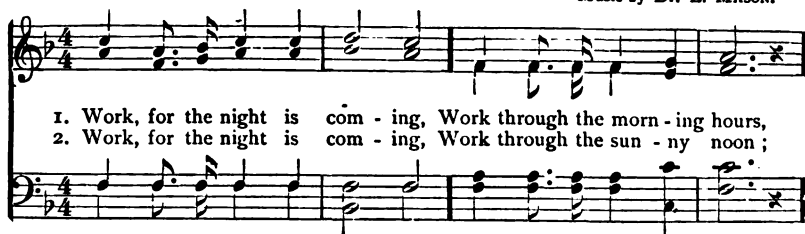
- 2 And when I was willing with all things to part,
 He gave me my bounty,—His love in my heart;
 So now I am joined with the conquering band
 Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.
Chorus.—For the Lion of Judah, etc.
- 3 Though round me the storms of adversity roll,
 And the waves of destruction encompass my soul,
 In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss;
 My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross.
Chorus.—For the Lion of Judah, etc.
- 4 And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound,
 And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground,
 Then, when heaven and earth shall be melting away,
 I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.
Chorus.—For the Lion of Judah, etc.
- 5 And when with the ransomed by Jesus, my head,
 From fountain to fountain I then shall be led;
 I'll fall at His feet and His mercy adore,
 And sing of the blood of the cross evermore.
Chorus.—For the Lion of Judah, etc.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.


89

Words by SIDNEY DYER.

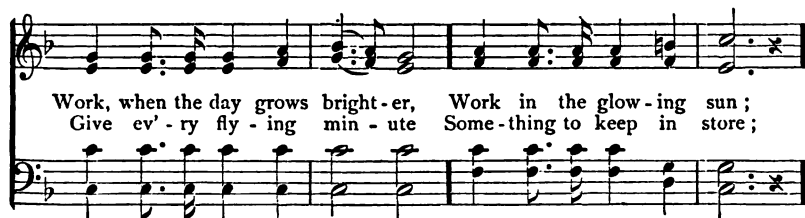
Music by Dr. L. MASON.



1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morn - ing hours,
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the sun - ny noon ;



Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs ;
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, — Rest comes sure and soon :



Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun ;
Give ev' - ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store ;



Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies ;
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

4 Work, for the night is coming.
Work, while the fields are white ;
Work, for thy sands are running,
Work, while hopes are bright ;
Gather thy sheaves of morning ;
Rest not thy hand at noon ;
Labor and strive till ev'ning,
Rest when daylight's gone.

THE HARPERS OF GOD.

Words by Rev. H. R. TRICKETT.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. With crowns on their heads and with harps in their hands, And robed in white raiment the
 2. For Thou hast redeemed us from sin by Thy blood, By grace we are made kings and

glo - ri - fied stand ; They are har - pers of God and for - ev - er they sing
 priests un - to God ; O ! . . . strike ev - 'ry chord, and let heav - en a - gain

CHORUS.

All wor - thy, all wor - thy our Sav - iour and King. O sing - ers of heaven ! O
 Resound with the praise of the Lamb that was slain.

glo - ri - fied thron' ! O spotless and ho - ly ones, harpers of God ! By faith I can

see you and join in your song, The song of redemption, sal - va - tion by blood.

I AM COMING, LORD.

91

By permission.

Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee ; For cleansing in Thy
 2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To perfect hope, and

CHORUS.

precious blood, That flow'd on Cal - va - ry. I am com-ing, Lord !
 ful - ly cleanse, Till spot-less, all, and pure.
 peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.

Com - ing now to Thee ! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Calvary.

4 And He the witness gives
 To loyal hearts and free,
 That every promise is fulfilled,
 If faith but brings the plea.
Cho.—I am coming, etc.

5 All hail ! atoning blood !
 All hail ! redeeming grace !
 All hail ! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
 Our Strength and Righteousness.
Cho.—I am coming, etc.

CONCLUSION OF THE HARPERS OF GOD, OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 O harpers of God, hallelujah I cry,
 I join in the chorus that rings through the sky ;
 I too am forgiven, I'm saved by the blood,
 I love Him, I own Him, my Lord and my God.—*Chorus.*

4 O glorified singers, through Jesus I come,
 To join you, and rest in my heavenly home ;
 I long for the moment, it cannot be long,
 When rising in rapture I join in your song.—*Chorus.*

THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

Words by R. TORREY, JR. *May be used as Soprano Solo.*

Music by ASA HULL.

1. O have you not heard of a beautiful stream, That's flowing thro' our Father's land ?
 2. With murmuring sound doth it wander along, Thro' fields arrayed in liv-ing green ;

Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light, And ripple o'er golden sand.
 Where songs of the blest, in their haven of rest, Float soft on the air se - rene.

CHORUS.

That beau - ti - ful stream.... is the "Riv - er of Life,".....
 That beau-ti-ful stream is the "Riv-er of Life," That beau-ti-ful stream is the "Riv-er of Life,"

It flows for all na - tions, it flows for all na-tions free ;
 It flows for all na-tions, it flows for all na-tions,

A balm for each wound in its water is found, O sin-ner, it flows for thee !
 for thee !

Words by WATTS.

Music arr. from HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;

Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
And heav'n and nature

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
sing,.....
And heav'n and na-ture sing,

- 2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns, He comes to make His blessings flow
Let men their songs employ; Far as the curse is found.
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;

CONCLUSION OF THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM, OPPOSITE PAGE.

- 3 Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
And sweet their taste to weary souls;
It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone!
O, come where its bright wave rolls.—*Chorus.*
- 4 O will you not drink of this beautiful stream,
And dwell upon its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, come, all ye weary ones home,
And wander in sin no more.—*Chorus.*

THE GLORIOUS BY AND BY.

Moderato.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. It may be far, it may be near,—There is a hope, there is a fear,
2. Yes, by and by will soon be now, And God shall wipe each tear-stained brow;

But in the fu - ture wait-ing, I Shall Je - sus see, yes, by and by.
The Lamb shall feed them from the throne; To liv - ing fountains lead His own.

REFRAIN. *Rep. pp ad lib.*

By and by, yes, by and by, By and by, yes, by and by,
By and by, yes, by and by, By and by, yes, by and by,

Rall. by, yes, by and by; } *A tempo.* But in the fu - ture wait-ing, I Shall
By and by, yes, by and by; } The Lamb shall feed them from the throne; To

Je - sus see, yes, by and by.
liv - ing fountains lead His own.

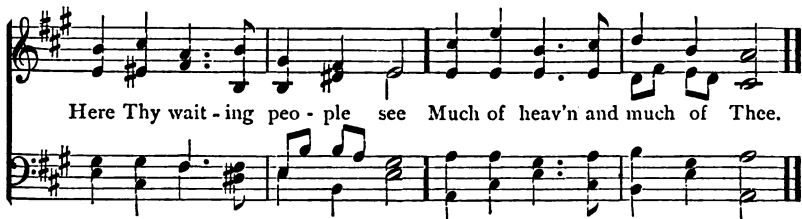
3.
O verdant fields! O shining shore!
The Lamb of God spreads wide the door;
O golden City! surely I
Shall see your glories by and by.
By and by, yes, by and by,
By and by, yes, by and by;
O golden City! surely I
Shall see your glories by and by.

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Music by PLEYEL.



1. Lord of hosts, how love - ly fair, E'en on earth, Thy tem - ples are ?



Here Thy wait - ing peo - ple see Much of heav'n and much of Thee.

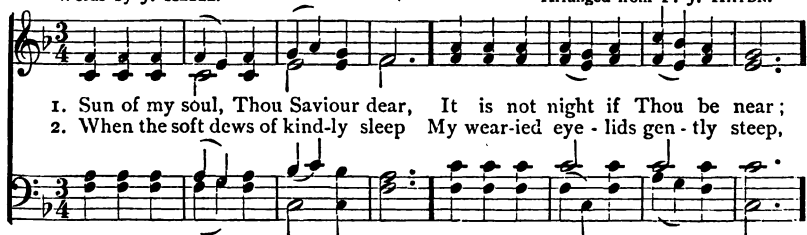
2 From Thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes ;
While Thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate Thy throne ;
Here Thy pard'ning grace is known ;
Here we learn Thy righteous ways,
Taste Thy love, and sing Thy praise.

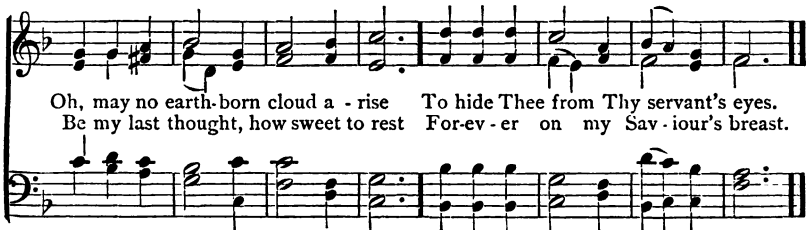
HURSLEY.

Words by J. KEBLE.

Arranged from F. J. HAYDN.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near ;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wear - ied eye - lids gen - tly steep,





Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast.


3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when death is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
Has spurned to-day the voice divine—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let Him no more lie down in sin.



Words by GRACE GLENN.

Music by J. H. FILMORE.



- 
1. When, as of old, in her sad - ness, Ma - ry sat weep - ing a - lone,
 2. Oh, when thy pleasures are flow - ing, Fad - ing thy hope and thy trust,
 3. Down by the shore of death's riv - er, Some time thy foot-steps shall stray,
- 




Soft - ly the voice of her sis - ter Whispered, "The Master has come."
 When of the dear - est earth treas - ures Dust shall re - turn un - to dust:
 Where waits an an - gel to bear thee O - ver to in - fi - nite day.

So, in the depths of thy sor - row, Gall tho' its foun - tain may be,
 Then, tho' the world may in - vite thee, Vain will its of - fer - ing be,
 What then tho' dark be his shad - ow, If then his com - ing thou see,

List, for there cometh a whis - per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
 List, for there cometh a whis - per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
 Cometh there soft - ly a whis - per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.


CHORUS. *f* Rep. *pp*


Call - ing, call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
 Call - ing for thee, call - ing for thee,



WELCOME TO GLORY.

97

Words by Mrs. P. PALMER.

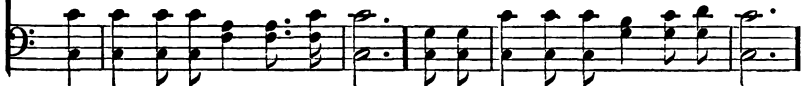
Music by Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



1. O, when I shall sweep thro' the gate, The scenes of mor-tal-i-ty o'er,
2. When from Calv'ry's mount I a-rise, And pass thro' the por-tals a-bove,
3. Yes! loved ones who knew me below, Who learn'd the new song with me here,



What then for my spir-it a-waits? Will they sing on the glo-ri-fied shore?
Will shout, Welcome home to the skies, Resound thro' the re-gions of love?
In cho-rus will hail me, I know, And welcome me home with good cheer.



CHORUS.



Welcome home! wel-come home! A wel-come in glo-ry for
Wel-come home! Wel-come home!



me; Welcome home! welcome home! A wel-come for me.
Welcome home! Welcome home! Welcome home!



4.

The beautiful gates will unfold,
The home of the blood-washed I'll see;
The city of saints I'll behold!
For, O, there's a welcome for me!
Cho.—Welcome home, etc.

5.

A sinner made whiter than snow,
I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
And shout through the gates as I go,
Salvation to God and the Lamb!
Cho.—Welcome home, etc.

I WILL KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Words revised.

Music by Rev. D. C. JOHN.



1. The mistakes of my life are ma - ny, And the sins of my heart are more ;
 2. I'm the low - est of those who love Him ; I'm the weak - est of those who pray ;



I can scarce-ly see for weeping, But still I will knock at the door.
 But I come just as He has bid me, And He will not turn me a - way.



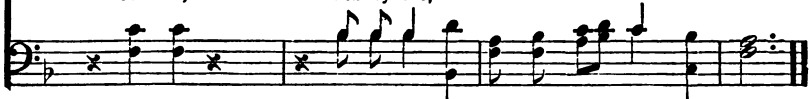
CHORUS.



Come in, come in, wea - ry one, come in, Come
 Come in, come in, wea - ry one, come in,



in, wea - ry one, The Sav-iour bids you come in.
 Come in, wea - ry one,



- 3 The mistakes of my life are many,
 And my spirit is faint with sin ;
 Yet, 'mid sorrow, I hear Thee whisper,
 Come in, weary one, now come in.
Chorus.—Come in, etc.

- 4 All my sins Jesus will forgive me :
 All my stains He will wash away ;
 And the feet that so oft have stumbled,
 Shall tread thro' the bright gate of day.
Chorus.—Come in, etc.

THE GLORIOUS PROSPECT.

99

Allegretto.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. A - mid the hours that rap - id fly, A - mid the flow'rs that soon must die,
 2. We'll cling to Je - sus in the hour When sin and Sa - tan use their power,
 3. No dy - ing groans shall there be heard, And we shall speak no part - ing word ;

A-mid our tears while here we roam, How sweet the thought we're going home.
 And murmur not when sorrows come, For by and by we're go - ing home.
 O sin - ner, to the Saviour come, And join the band that's go - ing home.

CHORUS.

Go - ing home, go - ing home, How sweet the thought we're go - ing home.

OLD HUNDRED. Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low ;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heavenly host ; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

Words by E. RINEHART.
Andante, espressivo.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. One by one are au - tumn leaves Borne a - way on win-try breeze ;
2. One by one the stars of night Dis - ap - pear with morning light ;

Ritard.
Thus we pass from earth a - way, This life is fleet - ing as a day.
Thus the fee - ble, earth - ly ray Is lost in blaze of end - less day.

CHORUS.
One by one, one by one, One by one we pass a - way,
One by one, one by one,

This life is fleet-ing as a day, This life is fleet-ing as a day.

3 One by one are voices hushed,
Earthly joys and hopes are crushed ;
Both the timid and the brave
Are laid within the silent grave.
One by one they pass away, etc.

4 One by one our friends pass o'er
To the bright and peaceful shore ;
And they join in glad surprise
The glorious anthem of the skies.
One by one they pass away, etc.

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Moderato.

Words and Music by H. S. BLUNT.

1. Bro-ther, is thy path-way clouded? Does thy sun re-fuse to shine?
 2. Hast thou failed to do thy du-ty? Didst thou in-to-er-ror stray?

Is thy sky in darkness shrouded? Dost thou in thy sor-row pine?
 There are bles-sings with-out num-ber, Christ is off-'ring thee to-day.

CHORUS.

Look up, wea-ry, faint-ing brother, See! the dawn-ing doth ap-pear;

From the east the light is breaking, Night recedes, the day is near.

3 Look, my brother, Christ is ready,
 Cast on Him your every care;
 Now He waits to bear your burdens,
 And will all your sorrows share.
Cho.—Look up, etc.

4 See! a golden crown is waiting—
 Waiting for thee over there,
 Studded with the gems of heaven,
 If for Christ the cross you bear.
Cho.—Look up, etc.

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TRUST IN GOD.

DUET OR QUARTETTE.

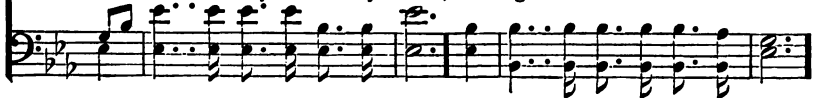
From "Praise Songs." Music by ASA HULL.



1. What tho' the fig-tree blossoms not, Nor fruits a-dorn the ol-ive grove?
 2. 'Tis sure-ly in His love a-lone, The Lord our God His judgment sends;



What tho' it be my fear-ful lot, 'Midst bar-ren vines and fields to rove?
 In all His ways is mer-cy shown, Throughout the earth's remotest ends.



SEMI-CHORUS.



Tho' bleat-ing flocks no more I see, Nor herds with-in the stall ap-pear;
 So let us then our banners raise, To all the world His love proclaim;



Yet, still in God my trust shall be, I'll serve Him more from love than fear.
 The God of our sal-va-tion praise, With triumph in His ho-ly name.



CHORUS.



Oh, praise His name! His glories sing! Ce-les-tial joy shall tune your voice;



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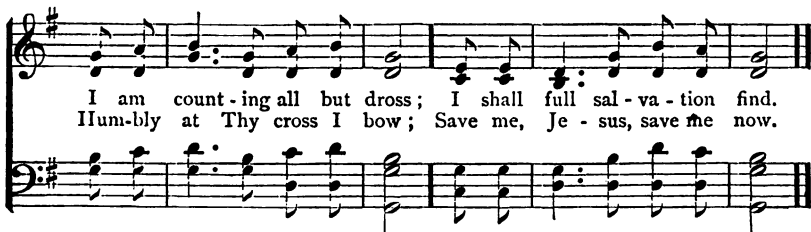
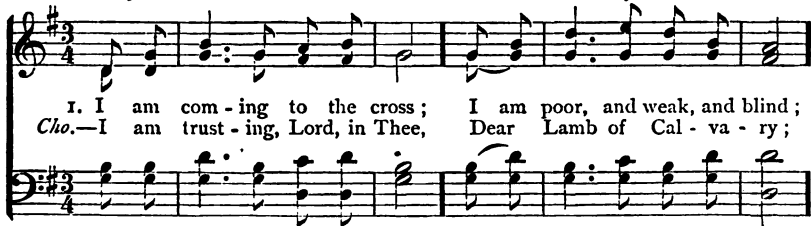
3.
 What though thro' death's dominion lies
 The path that leads to yonder rest,
 Yet, still my song of praise shall rise
 To Him whose hand my soul hath blest.
 Yea, though I pass the shade of death,
 With clouds and darkness overcast,
 I'll praise Him with my latest breath,
 For O, He loves us to the last.

4.
 I know that my Redeemer lives ;
 I know that He ascends on high ;
 In love His children He forgives,
 And wipes the tears from ev'ry eye.
 Hosanna to His name I'll sing,
 In whom such goodness I have found ;
 My light, my joy, my everything ;
 Let saints and men His praise resound.

TRUSTING.

Words by Rev. Wm. McDONALD.

Music by Wm. G. FISCHER.



2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee ;
 Long has evil reigned within ;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
 I will cleanse you from all sin.—*Cho.*

4 In the promises I trust ;
 Now I feel the blood applied ;
 I am prostrate in the dust ;
 I with Christ am crucified.—*Cho.*

3 Here I give my all to Thee,—
 Friends, and time, and earthly store ;
 Soul and body Thine to be—
 Wholly Thine—forever more.—*Cho.*

5 Jesus comes ! He fills my soul !
 Perfected in love I am ;
 I am every whit made whole ;
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.—*Cho.*

Words by FLORA L. BEST.

Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a
 2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the

bird... in spring; But the song I have learn'd is so full of cheer, That the
 din... of strife; But I know of a home that is won-drous fair, And I

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

dawn shines out in the dark-ness drear, O, the new, new song, O, the
 sing the psalm they are sing-ing there. O, the new, new song,

new, new song, I can sing it now With the
 O, the new, new song, I can sing just now With the

ran - - - som'd thron'g : Pow-er and do - min-ion to Him that shall
 ransom'd, the ransom'd thron'g.

reign ; Glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.
that shall reign ;

- 3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,
When the gracious Master hath made me glad ?
When He points where the many bright mansions be,
And sweetly says, " There is one for thee ?"—*Chorus.*
- 4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall,
When I come to the gloom of the even fall,
For I know that the shadows so dreary and dim,
Have a path of light that will lead to Him.—*Chorus.*

MARTYN.

Words by C. WESLEY.

Music arranged from S. B. MARSH.

*Andante.**Fine.*

I. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }
{ While the near - er wa - ters roll While the tem - pest still is high ; }
D. C. Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past ;

- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
Leave, O leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on Thee is stay'd ;
All my hope from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.


- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want :
More than all in Thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy name ;
I am all unrighteousness ;
False, and full of sin I am ;
Thou art full of truth and grace.


- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art ;
Freely let me take of Thee :
Spring Thou up within my heart ;
Rise to all eternity.

Legato.


Music by ASA HULL.



1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing In the bright ce - les - tial dome ;
 2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band,



When sweet an - gel voi - ces sing - ing, Glad - ly bid us wel - come home ;
 Shall we know the friends that greet us In the glo - rious spir - it land ?

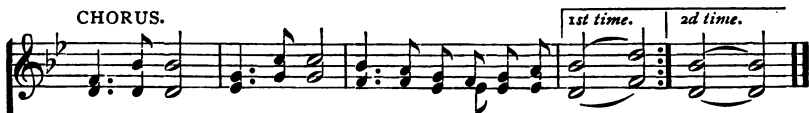


To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care,
 Shall we see the same eyes shin - ing On us, as in days of yore ?



In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each oth - er there ?
 Shall we feel their dear arms twin - ing Fond - ly round us, as be - fore ?

CHORUS.



Shall we know, shall we know, shall we know each other there ? there ?
 Shall we know each oth - er there ? Shall we know each oth - er there ? oth - er there ?

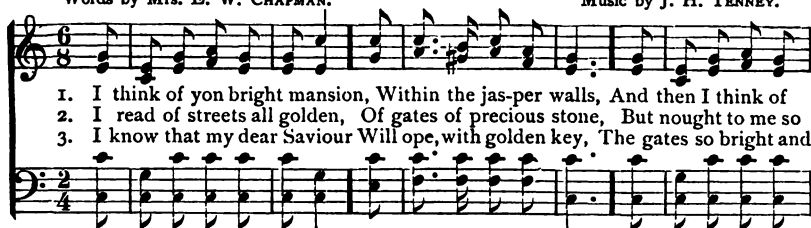
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JESUS, THE SURE FOUNDATION.

107

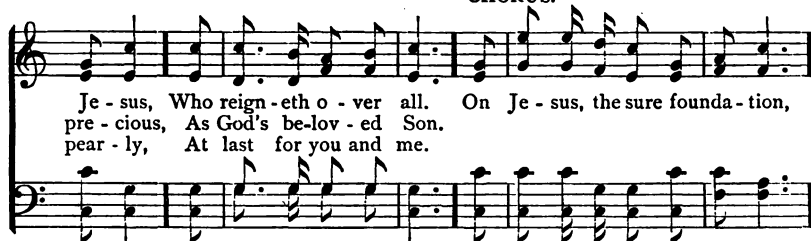
Words by Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

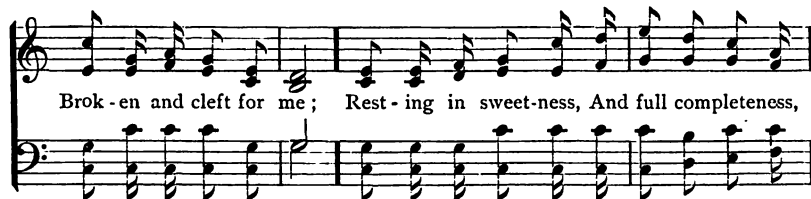


1. I think of yon bright mansion, Within the jas-per walls, And then I think of
 2. I read of streets all golden, Of gates of precious stone, But nought to me so
 3. I know that my dear Saviour Will ope, with golden key, The gates so bright and

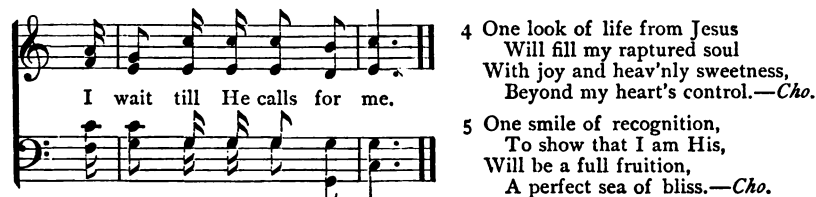
CHORUS.



Je - sus, Who reign - eth o - ver all. On Je - sus, the sure founda - tion,
 pre - cious, As God's be - lov - ed Son.
 pear - ly, At last for you and me.



Brok - en and cleft for me; Rest - ing in sweet - ness, And full completeness,



I wait till He calls for me.

4 One look of life from Jesus
 Will fill my raptured soul
 With joy and heav'nly sweetness,
 Beyond my heart's control.—*Cho.*

5 One smile of recognition,
 To show that I am His,
 Will be a full fruition,
 A perfect sea of bliss.—*Cho.*

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CONCLUSION OF THE SPIRIT'S WELCOME, OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
 And my weary heart grows light;
 For the thrilling angel voices,
 And the angel faces bright
 That shall welcome us in heaven
 Are the loved of long ago,
 And to them 'tis kindly given,
 Thus their mortal friends to know.
Chorus.—We shall know, etc.

4 O, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
 Droop not, faint not by the way;
 Ye shall join the loved and lost ones
 In the land of perfect day!
 Harp-strings touched by angel fingers
 Murmured in my raptured ear;
 Evermore their sweet song lingers—
 "We shall know each other there."
Chorus.—We shall know, etc.

RESTING AT THE CROSS.

Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. To the cross of Christ, my Sav-iour, I had brought my weary soul,
2. At the cross, while meekly bow-ing, Je-sus, smiling, bade me live;

Burden'd, faint, and broken-hearted, Pray-ing, "Je-sus, make me whole."
I have died for your transgressions, And I free-ly all for-give.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry be to Je-sus, I am counting all but dross,

I have found a full sal-va-tion, I am rest-ing at the cross;

I'm rest-ing, I'm rest-ing, I'm rest-ing at the cross.
at the cross, at the cross,

Arranged by REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus;
2. Your ma-ny sins are all forgiven, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus;
3. All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je-sus;



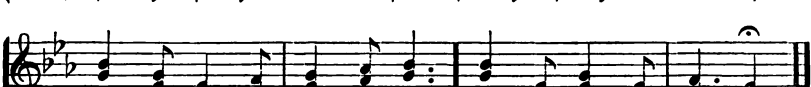
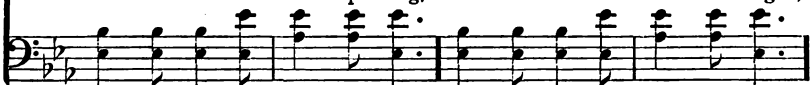
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer; Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus.
Go on your way in peace to heaven, And wear a crown with Je-sus.
I love the bless-ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je-sus.



CHORUS.



Sweet-est note of ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue,



Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.

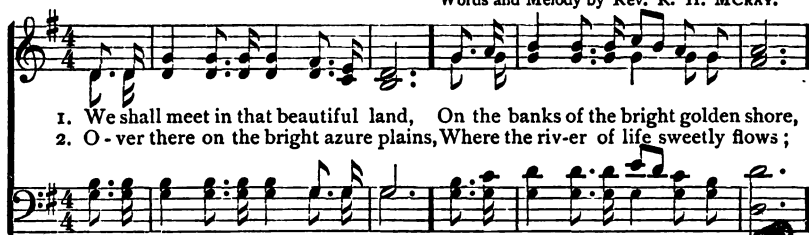


- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear, 5 And when to that bright world above,
No other name but Jesus; We rise to see our Jesus,
Oh, how my soul delights to hear We'll sing around the throne of love
The precious name of Jesus.—*Cho.* His name, the name of Jesus.—*Cho.*

CONCLUSION OF RESTING AT THE CROSS, OPPOSITE PAGE.

- 3 At the cross, while prostrate lying,
Jesus' blood flowed o'er my soul;
All my guilt and sin were covered,
And He whispered, "Child, be whole."
4 At the cross I'm calmly trusting;
Every moment now is sweet;
I am tasting of His glory;
I am resting at His feet.

Words and Melody by Rev. R. H. MCRAV.



1. We shall meet in that beautiful land, On the banks of the bright golden shore,
2. O - ver there on the bright azure plains, Where the riv-er of life sweetly flows ;

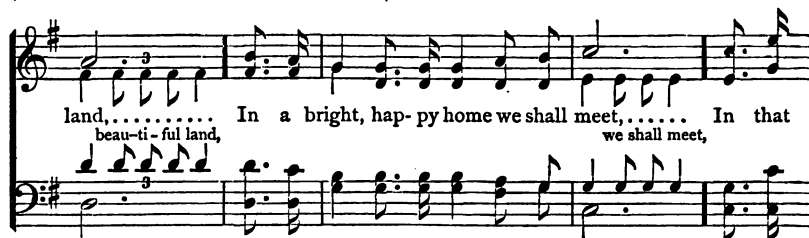


And with all the redeemed spirit-band, There with Je-sus to reign ev - er more.
For the Sav-iour e - ter - nal-ly reigns, And the beau-ti - ful gates never close.

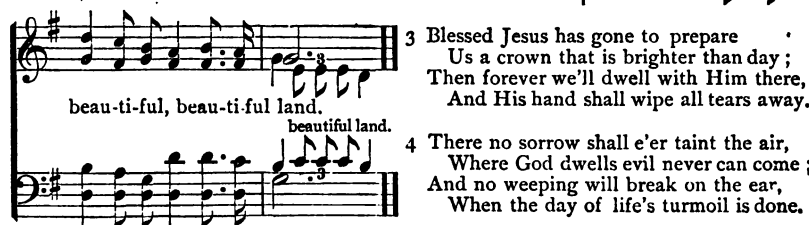
CHORUS.



In a bright, happy home, we shall meet, In that beau-ti - ful, beau-ti-ful
we shall meet,



land,..... In a bright, hap- py home we shall meet,..... In that
beau-ti - ful land, we shall meet,



beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful land. beautiful land.

3 Blessed Jesus has gone to prepare
Us a crown that is brighter than day ;
Then forever we'll dwell with Him there,
And His hand shall wipe all tears away.

4 There no sorrow shall e'er taint the air,
Where God dwells evil never can come ;
And no weeping will break on the ear,
When the day of life's turmoil is done.

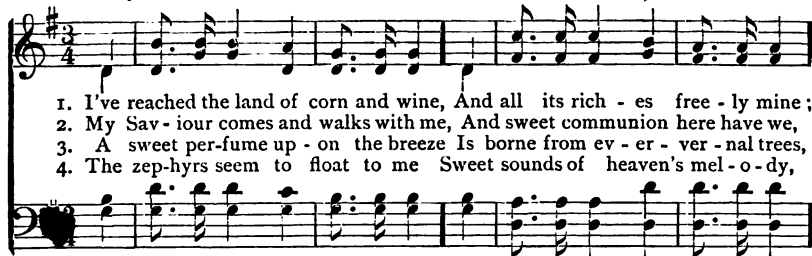
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BEULAH LAND.

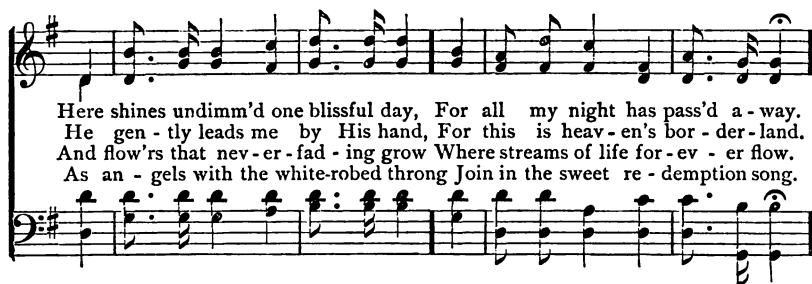
111

Words by EDGAR PAGE.

From "Goodly Pearls." Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
 2. My Sav - iour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we,
 3. A sweet per - fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
 4. The zep - h - yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel - o - dy,

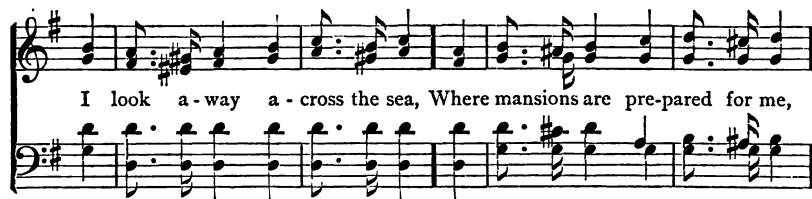


Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.
 He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav - en's bor - der - land.
 And flow'rs that nev - er - fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
 As an - gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re - demption song.

CHORUS.



O Beu - lah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,



I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre - pared for me,



And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home, for ev - er - more!

Words and Music by ALEX. S. ARNOLD.



1. Live nearer to Je - sus, Trusting ev - er in Him ; He waiteth to free us
2. Live nearer to Je - sus, Ev - er trust in His pow'r ; Thro' life He will lead us,
3. Live nearer to Je - sus, And His Spirit re - ceive ; He'll never deceive us—



From the bondage of sin. Stand up for the Saviour, Stand up ever for Him ;
 Cheering ev'ry dark hour. Stray not from His keeping, In Him always abide ;
 O, His promise be - lieve. Sweet is the communion, Yes, more precious than gold ;

*Rit. ad lib.*CHORUS. *A tempo.*

In du - ty ne'er waver, He is Saviour and King. In His love we're stronger,
 Joys constant - ly reaping, Clinging close to His side.
 In heaven - ly u - nion We His beauty behold.



In His strength we conquer ; Trust in self no longer, Trust Thy Saviour and King.



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CLINGING TO THE SAVIOUR.

113

Words by E. H. NEVIN.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. O, let me cling to Thee, My Saviour, cling to Thee ! When I'm weak and weary,
2. O, let me cling to Thee, My Saviour, cling to Thee ! When the winds are blowing,

Ritard.
And my path is drea - ry ; O, let me cling to Thee, My Saviour, cling to Thee.
And my tears are flow - ing ; O, let me cling to Thee, My Saviour, cling to Thee.

3 O, let me cling to Thee, etc.
When my friends are leaving,
And my heart is grieving ;
O, let me cling to Thee, etc.

4 O, let me cling to Thee, etc.
When I cross the river,
Which from earth doth sever,
O, let me cling to Thee, etc.

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BOYLSTON.

Words by C. WESLEY.

Music by L. MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill ;

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O, may it all my powers en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live ;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

THE BEAUTIFUL VALE.

Words arr. by ASA HULL.

Music by ASA HULL.

SOLI. mp *TUTTI. f*

1. My soul with rap - ture waits for thee, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest ;
 2. Thy ra - diant fields and glow - ing skies, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest ;

SOLI. mp *TUTTI. f*

My home be - yond the roll - ing sea, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest ;
 Too pure and bright for mor - tal eyes, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest ;

SOLI. A little slower.

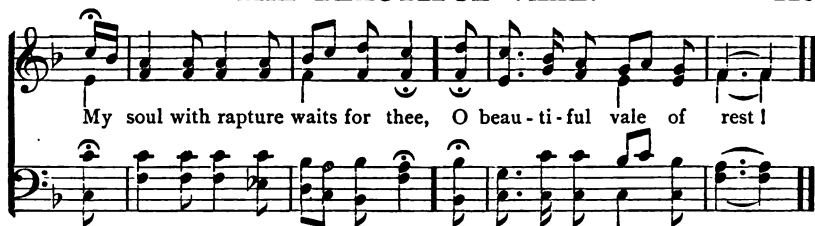
I long to sing thy pleas - ures o'er, The beau - ties of thy tranquil shore,
 Be - side the liv - ing stream that flows, The wea - ry heart that finds re - pose ;

TUTTI. A tempo.

Where pain and sor - row come no more, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest.
 Thy pearl - y gates shall nev - er close, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful vale of rest, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest,
 Beau - ti - ful vale of rest, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest,



3. The joys of earth, how soon they fade !
Beautiful vale of rest ;

Like morning dew or evening shade,
Beautiful vale of rest ;

Yet when we reach thy golden strand,
Our gentle Saviour's promised land,
We'll sing with all the ransomed band,—
Beautiful vale of rest.

4. O, who would dwell for ever here,
Beautiful vale of rest ;

With joy, unfading joy, so near ?
Beautiful vale of rest ;

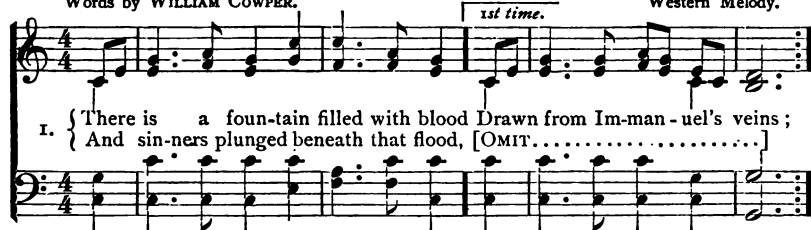
O, may I live, that I may wear
A starry crown for ever there,
And breathe thy sweet and balmy air,
Beautiful vale of rest.

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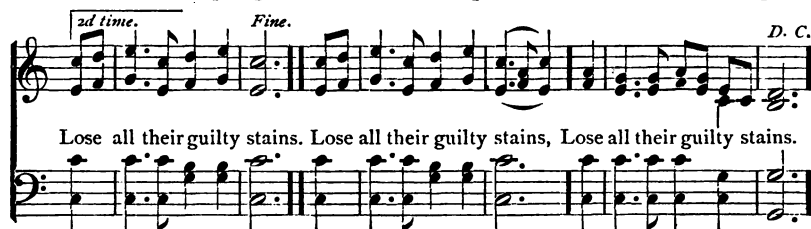
THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

Words by WILLIAM COWPER.

Western Melody.



D. C. And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, [OMIT.....]



Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

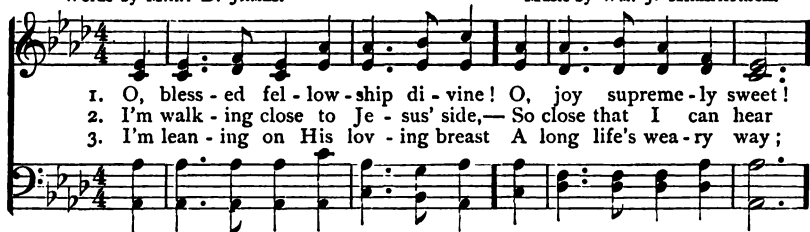
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

3 Dear dying Lamb ! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God,
Are saved, to sin no more.

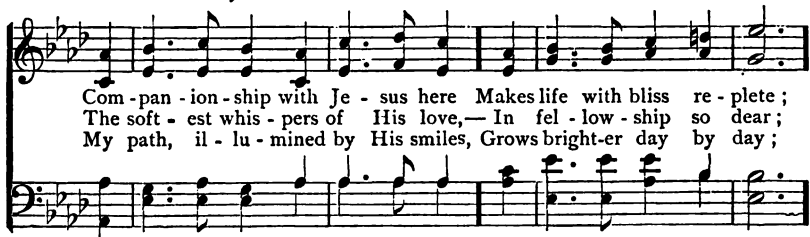
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue,

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

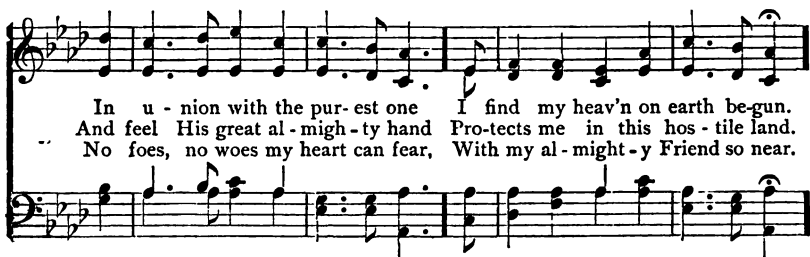
Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O, bless - ed fel - low - ship di - vine! O, joy supreme - ly sweet!
 2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side,— So close that I can hear
 3. I'm lean - ing on His lov - ing breast A long life's wea - ry way;

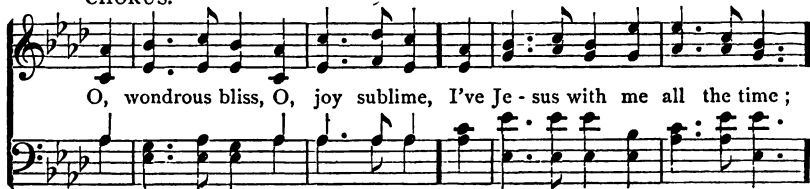


Com - pan - ion - ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete;
 The soft - est whis - pers of His love,— In fel - low - ship so dear;
 My path, il - lu - mined by His smiles, Grows bright - er day by day;

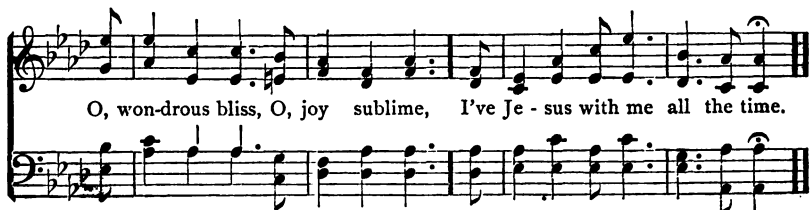


In u - nion with the pur - est one I find my heav'n on earth be - gun.
 And feel His great al - migh - ty hand Pro - tects me in this hos - tile land.
 No foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my al - migh - ty Friend so near.

CHORUS.



O, wondrous bliss, O, joy sublime, I've Je - sus with me all the time;



O, won - drous bliss, O, joy sublime, I've Je - sus with me all the time.

HE LEADETH ME.

117

Words by Rev. Jos. H. GILMORE.

Music by Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead - eth me ! O bless-ed thought, O, words of heav'nly comfort fraught ;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,

What - e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea, — Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.

CHORUS.

He lead - eth me ! He lead - eth me ! By His own hand He lead - eth me ;

His faith - ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

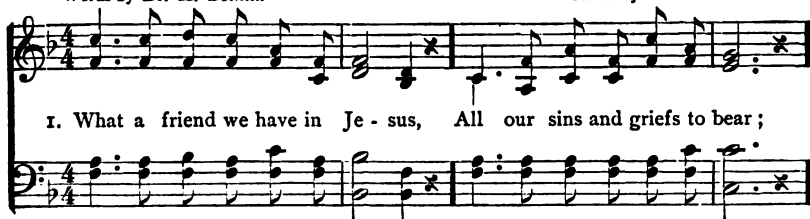
- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
Chorus.—He leadeth me, etc.
- 4 And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
Chorus.—He leadeth me, etc.

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118 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

Words by Dr. H. BONAR.

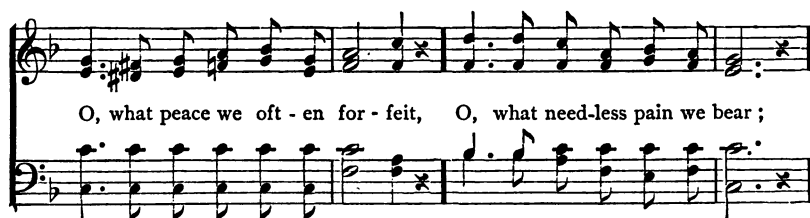
Music by C. C. CONVERSE.



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear ;



What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to Him in prayer.



O, what peace we oft-en for-feit, O, what need-less pain we bear ;



All be-cause we do not car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to Him in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations ?
Is there trouble anywhere ?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share ?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care,
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee,
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

REFUGE.

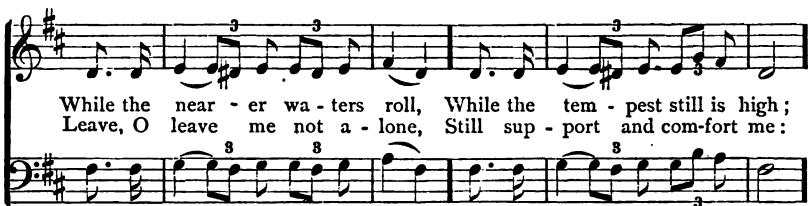
119

Words by C. WESLEY.
DUET.

Music by JOS. P. HOLBROOK. By per.



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me:

FULL CHORUS.



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

GIVE THANKS, ALL YE PEOPLE.

Words by Dr. MUHLENBURG.

Music by ASA HULL.

With Energy.

1. Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord, Al - le - lu - ias of
 2. For the sunshine and rainfall, en - rich - ing a - gain Our a - cres in

freedom with joyful accord : Let the East and the West, North and South roll along,
 myriads with treasures of grain ; For the Earth still unloading her manifold wealth

CHORUS.

Sea, mountain, and prairie, one thanksgiving song. Give thanks, all ye people, give
 For the Skies beaming vigor, the Winds breathing health.

thanks to the Lord, Al - le - lu - ias of free - dom with joy - ful ac - cord.

3 In the Domes of Messiah, ye worshipping throngs,
 Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs ;
 The Ruler of Nations beseeching to spare,
 And our Union to keep the Elect of His care.—*Chorus.*

4 Our guilt and transgressions remember no more ;
 Peace, Lord ! righteous Peace, as Thy gift we adore,
 And the Banner of Union, restored by Thy Hand,
 Be the Banner of Freedom o'er all in the Land.—*Chorus.*

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

121

Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.



1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod,
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;



With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God.
We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown,



CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beautiful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er;



Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.



- 4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
Cho.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river;
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Cho.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

Words by CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee I find;
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am, though toss'd about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

DENNIS.

Words by JOHN FAWCETT.

Arranged from NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.

Words by H. BONAR.

Music by ASA HULL.



1. { I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest :
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast." }



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad ;



I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.



2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water : thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till trav'ling days are done.

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CONCLUSION OF **DENNIS**, OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Words by WALTER SHIRLEY.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;

{ Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Triumph in re - deem - ing grace ; }
 { O, re - fresh us, O, re - fresh us, Trav'ling through this wilderness. }

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 :||: May Thy presence :||:
 With us evermore be found.

3 So, where'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 :||: May we ever :||:
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

OLIVET.

Words by RAY PALMER.

Music by L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav-iour Di-vine !
 2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire !

{ Now hear me while I pray ; } O, let me, from this day, Be whol - ly Thine !
 { Take all my guilt a - way ; }
 { As Thou hast died for me, } Pure, warm, and changeless be—A liv - ing fire !
 { O, may my love to Thee }

Words by JAMES ALLEN.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend ;

Fine.
Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend ;
D. s. Still in faith and hope a-bid-ing, Life de-riv-ing from His death.

D. S.
Love and grief my heart di-vid-ing, With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;

2 O, how blessed is the station,
Low before the cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from His gracious eye ;
Here I'll sit forever, viewing
Mercy streaming in His blood :
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love and praise :
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go,
Prove each day His blood more healing,
And Himself more deeply know.

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CONCLUSION OF OLIVET, OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour ! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul !

Words by Miss P. J. OWENS.

Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I'm not afraid to trust in Je - sus, For His blood was shed for me ;
2. I'm not afraid to trust in Je - sus, Tho' my sight is growing dim ;

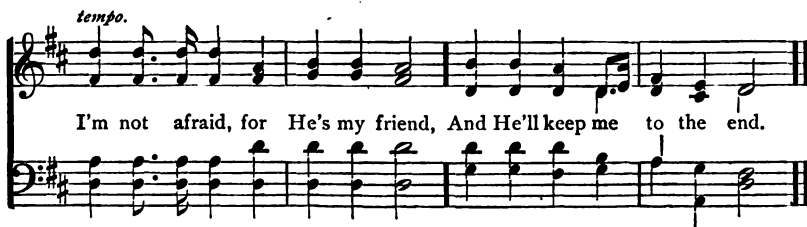


I cannot doubt His love and mercy When His wounded hands I see.
For He has made a full a - tonement, And I'll ven - ture all on Him.

CHORUS.



I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid to trust in Him ;

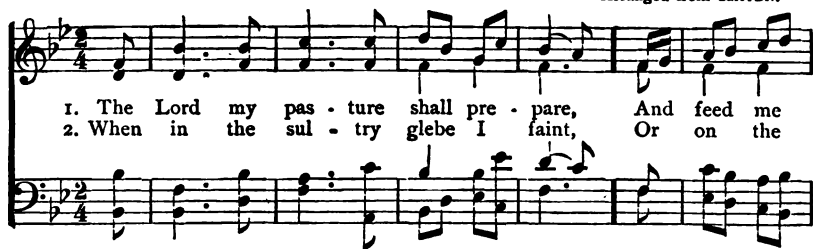


I'm not afraid, for He's my friend, And He'll keep me to the end.

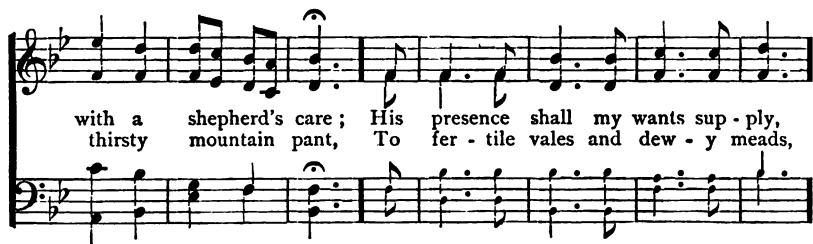
3 I'm not afraid to trust in Jesus,
On His word I can rely ;
He can save my feet from falling,
He can keep me till I die.
Chorus.—I'm not afraid, etc.

4 I'm not afraid to trust in Jesus,
Though the world should pass away ;
For He is faithful who hath promised,
He will keep me in that day.
Chorus.—I'm not afraid, etc.

Arranged from HAYDN.



1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me
2. When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the



with a shepherd's care ; His presence shall my wants sup - ply,
thirsty mountain pant, To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads,



And guard me with a watch - ful eye ; My noon - day
My wea - ry, wan - d'ring steps He leads, Where peace - ful



walks He shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.
riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant landscape flow.

- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Words arranged for this work.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. By faith the cleansing blood I see, That riv - en side was cleft for me ;
 2. Not in my - self—a - lone in Thee, My joy, my strength, my life shall be ;
 3. Dear Saviour, let me there a - bide, Close nestling to Thy wounded side,

From self and sin I'd quickly flee, Je - sus, to hide in Thee.
 For Thou art all in all to me While I am hid in Thee.
 So peaceful and so sat - is - fied, While I am hid in Thee.

REFRAIN.

To hide, to hide, to hide, to hide, Je - sus, to hide in Thee ;
 While I, while I, while I, while I, While I am hid in Thee ;
 While I, etc.

To hide, to hide, to hide,..... Je - sus, to hide in Thee....
 While I, to hide, while I, to hide, Je - sus, to hide, to hide in Thee.
 While I, while I, while I,..... While I am hid in Thee....
 while I, while I, while I, While I am hid, am hid in Thee.

- 4 Thus safely sheltered 'neath Thy wing,
 Of Christ, my righteousness, I'll sing,
 And fear no more death's bitter sting
 While I am hid in Thee.
 ¶: While I, while I,
 While I am hid in Thee. :||
- 5 And when I stand before the throne,
 Saviour, I know, Thy love will own,
 The soul for whom Thou didst atone,
 The soul that hides in Thee.
 ¶: The soul that hides,
 The soul that hides in Thee. :||

Words by R. ROBINSON.

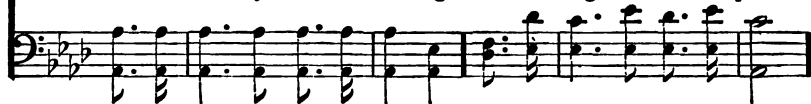
Spanish Melody.



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise :



Teach me some melodious son - net, Sung by flaming tongues a - bove :



Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.



2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer ;
 Hither, by Thy help I'll come ;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be !
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee :
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Here's my heart—oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Moderate.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Af - flic - tions though they seem se - vere, In mer - cy oft are sent,
 2. What have I gained by sin, he said, But hun - ger, shame and fear?
 3. I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down be - fore his face,

Ritard.

They stopp'd the prod - i - gal's ca - reer, And caus'd him to re - pent.
 My father's house abounds with bread, While I am starving here.
 Un - wor - thy to be called his son, I'll seek a servant's place.

CHORUS.

I'll die no more for bread, he cried, Nor starve in for - eign lands ;

Ritard.

My fa - ther's house has large sup - plies, And bounteous are his hands.

4 His father saw him coming back,
 He saw, and ran, and smiled,
 And threw his arms around the neck
 Of his rebellious child.

Chorus.—I'll die no more, etc.

5 Father, I've sinned, but O forgive !
 Enough ! the father said ;
 Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
 For whom I mourned as dead.

Chorus.—I'll die no more, etc.

6 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
 And spread the news around ;
 My son was dead, and lives again ;
 Was lost, but now is found.

Chorus.—I'll die no more, etc.

7 'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,
 To call poor sinners home ;
 More than a father's love He feels,
 And welcomes all that come.

Chorus.—I'll die no more, etc.

OVER THERE.

131

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. O, think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
2. O, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod,

O-ver there,

Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God.

Over there,

REFRAIN.

O - ver there, o - ver there, O, think of a home o - ver there ;
Over there, over there, O, think of the friends o-ver there ;

Over there,

O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, O, think of a home o - ver there.
Over there, o - ver there, O, think of the friends o-ver there.

3
My Saviour is now over there ;
There my kindred and friends are at rest :
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4
I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see ;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Go tell the great Redeemer's love, The Lamb of God, who died
 2. Go tell the restless slaves of sin That they may be set free;
 3. Go tell the wretched, starving poor, Of Christ, the liv - ing Bread;

That we might live in realms a - bove; Tell of the Cru - ci - fied.
 That Je - sus died their souls to win, And bought their lib - er - ty.
 And lead them to the o - pen door, Where famished ones are fed.

CHORUS.

Go and tell the wonders of sal - va - tion; Go and tell the riches of His grace;

Carry the tidings un - to ev - 'ry nation; Sound forth the great Redeemer's praise.

4 Go tell the weary, thirsting souls
 Of living streams that flow;
 Tell them salvation onward rolls,
 Go tell the tidings, go!
Chorus.—Go and tell, etc.

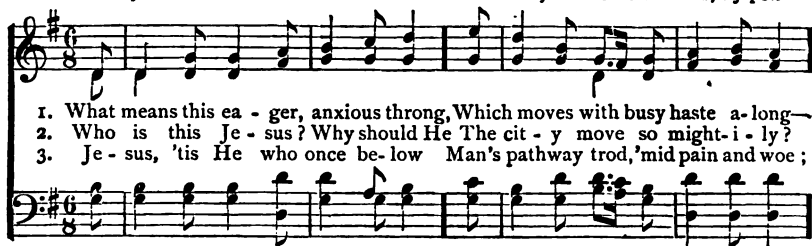
5 Tell how He took away thy sin,
 And how He gave thee rest;
 How full of joy thy life hath been,
 Since He hath made thee blest.
Chorus.—Go and tell, etc.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

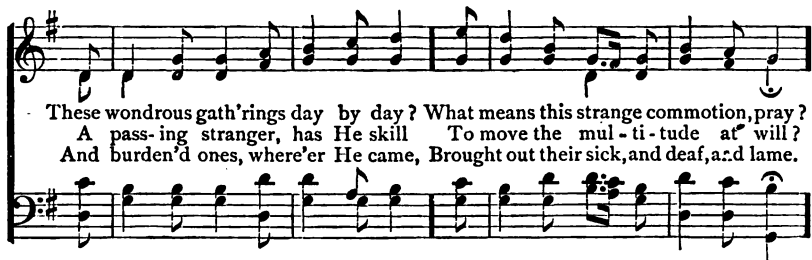
133

Words by MISS ETA CAMPBELL.

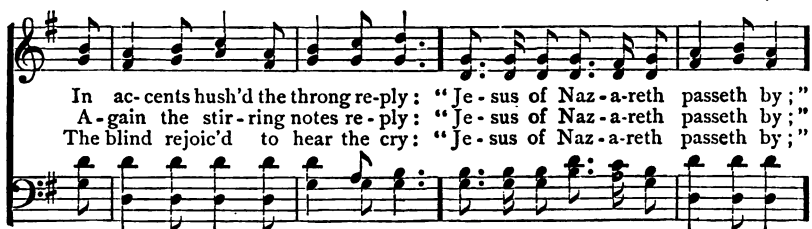
Music by THO. E. PERKINS, by per.



1. What means this ea - ger, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste a-long—
 2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should He The cit - y move so might-i - ly?
 3. Je - sus, 'tis He who once be-low Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;



These wondrous gath' rings day by day? What means this strange commotion, pray?
 A pass- ing stranger, has He skill To move the mul- ti- tude at will?
 And burden'd ones, where'er He came, Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.



In ac- cents hush'd the throng re- ply: "Je- sus of Naz- a- reth passeth by;"
 A- gain the stir- ring notes re- ply: "Je- sus of Naz- a- reth passeth by;"
 The blind rejoic'd to hear the cry: "Je- sus of Naz- a- reth passeth by;"




In ac- cents hush'd the throng re- ply: "Je- sus of Nazareth passeth by."
 A- gain the stirring notes re- ply: "Je- sus of Nazareth passeth by."
 The blind rejoic'd to hear the cry: "Je- sus of Nazareth passeth by."


4 Ho! all ye heavy-laden come!
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
 Ye wand'ers from a Father's face,
 Return, accept His proffer'd grace.
 !: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." !:

5 But if you still this call refuse,
 And all His wondrous love abuse,
 Soon will He sadly from you turn,
 Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
 !: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
 "Jesus of Nazareth has passed by." !:

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

- 
1. When ent'ring the portals of pearl I'll meet all the lov'd and the blest,
 2. A-way from these scenes of de-light, My eyes I shall hasten to turn
 3. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? No object, below or a-bove,
 4. To dwell in His presence on high, His own blessed image to bear,—



And gaze on the cit-y of gold, And see the bright mansions of rest.
 To Him who hath ransom'd my soul, To Je-sus, the Lamb on the throne.
 So precious as Je-sus to me, So wondrous, so boundless His love!
 This, this is the ful-ness of joy My spir-it is longing to share!


CHORUS.



O glo-ri-ous sight! transcendent delight! The King in His beauty to His



see;..... His im-age to bear, and His glo-ry to share, O, that will be
 beauty to see;




heaven for me, for me, O, that will be heaven for me.....
 for me.

THE WINGS OF FAITH.

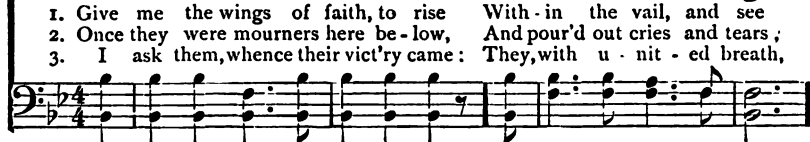

135

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

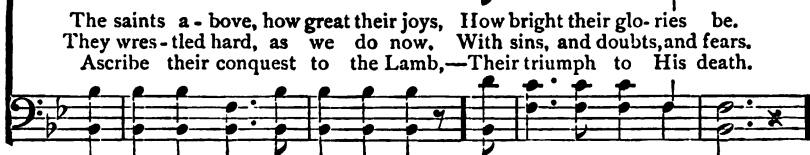
Arranged for this work.



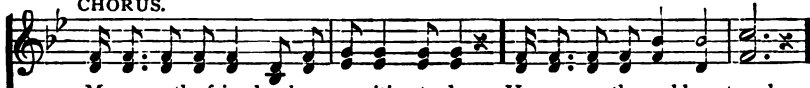
1. Give me the wings of faith, to rise With - in the vail, and see
2. Once they were mourners here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears ;
3. I ask them, whence their vict'ry came : They, with u - nit - ed breath,

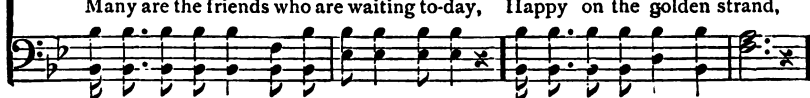

The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.
They wres - tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb, — Their triumph to His death.



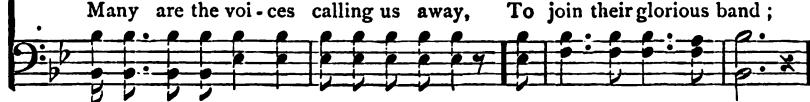

CHORUS.



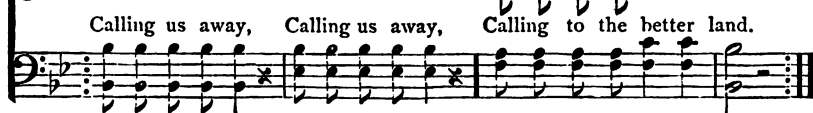
Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Happy on the golden strand,

Many are the voi - ces calling us away, To join their glorious band ;

Calling us away, Calling us away, Calling to the better land.



- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that He trod ; 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
His zeal inspired their breast ; For His own pattern given,
And, following their incarnate God, While the long cloud of witnesses
Possess the promised rest.—*Cho.* Show the same path to heav'n.—*Cho.*

Moderate.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS. By per.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 2. Christ, the blessed one, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life;
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the Gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Words of Life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en;
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er;

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful words, Won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life:

Beau - ti - ful words, Won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life.

TAKE ME AS I AM.

137

Arranged for this work.

Melody by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Unless Thou help me I must die ;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt

O, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am !
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am !

CHORUS.

Take me as I am, Take me as I am ;
I am, I am ;

O, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

3 No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for Thine own Name's sake,
And take me as I am !—Chorus.

5 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me too,
But take me as I am !—Chorus.

4 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove ;
But since to Thee I cannot move,
O, take me as I am !—Chorus.

6 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Lord, take me as I am !—Chorus.

Words by T. J. POTTER.

Music by ASA HULL.

mp

1. Brightly gleams our ban-ner Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward
 2. Je-sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts rejoic-ing

mp

To their homes on high; Journeying o'er the des-ert, Gladly thus we pray,
 See the chil-dren meet; Oft-en have we left Thee, Oft-en gone a-stray,

CHORUS.

mp

And with hearts u-nit-ed Take our heav'nward way. Brightly gleams our banner,
 Keep us, mighty Saviour, In the narrow way.

mp

Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their homes on high.

3 All our days direct us
 In the way we go;
 Lead us on victorious
 Over ev'ry foe;
 Bid Thine Angels shield us
 When the storm-clouds lower;
 Pardon Thou, and save us
 In the last dread hour.—*Chorus.*

4 Then with saints and Angels
 May we join above,
 Offering pray'rs and praises
 At Thy throne of love;
 When the toil is over,
 Then comes rest and peace,—
 Jesus in His beauty;
 Songs that never cease.—*Chorus.*

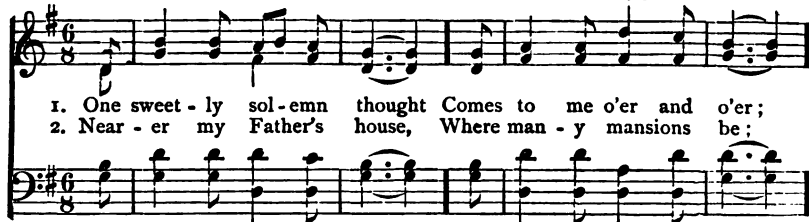
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I'M NEARER MY HOME.

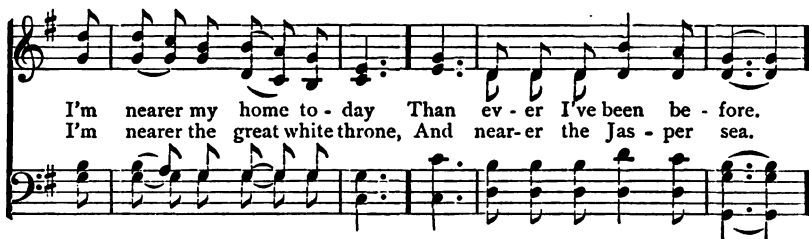
139

Words by PHOEBE CARY.

Music by JOHN M. EVANS.

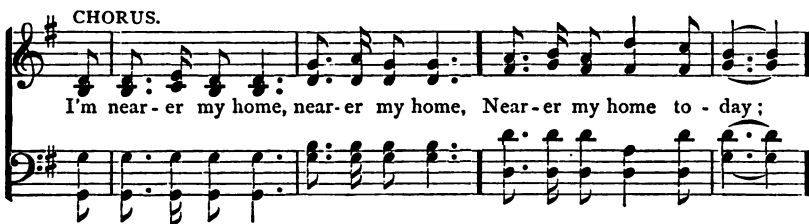


1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
2. Near - er my Father's house, Where man - y mansions be ;

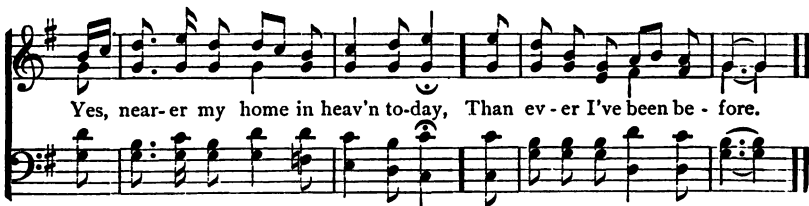


I'm nearer my home to - day Than ev - er I've been be - fore.
I'm nearer the great white throne, And near - er the Jas - per sea.

CHORUS.



I'm near - er my home, near - er my home, Near - er my home to - day ;



Yes, near - er my home in heav'n to - day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down ;
I'm nearer leaving the cross,
And nearer wearing the crown.
Chorus.—I'm nearer, etc.

4 But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
In silence that unknown stream
Is bearing us to the light.
Chorus.—I'm nearer, etc.

5 Perhaps my weary feet
Now tread upon its brink ;
And I may be nearer my home
Than even I now may think.
Chorus.—I'm nearer, etc.

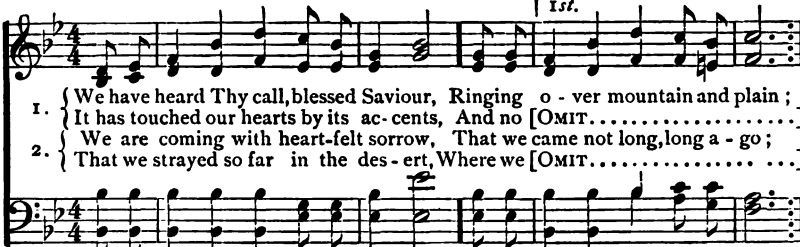
6 Father, perfect my trust ;
Strengthen my feeble faith ;
O, bear me triumphantly o'er,
Though crossing the river death.
Chorus.—I'm nearer, etc.

COMING TO THE SAVIOUR.

Words by E. D. MUND.

Music by T. FRANK ALLEN.

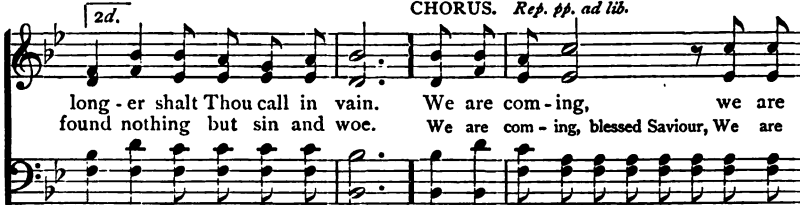
1st.



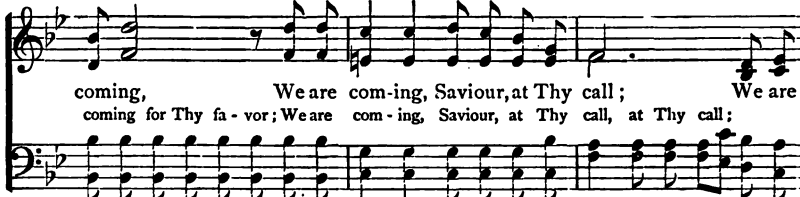
1. { We have heard Thy call, blessed Saviour, Ringing o - ver mountain and plain ;
It has touched our hearts by its ac - cents, And no [OMIT.....]

2. { We are coming with heart-felt sorrow, That we came not long, long a - go ;
That we strayed so far in the des - ert, Where we [OMIT.....]

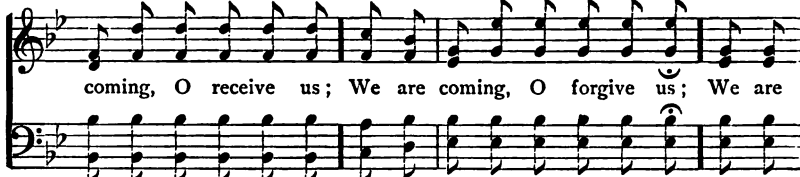
2d. CHORUS. *Rep. pp. ad lib.*



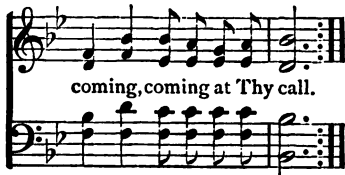
long - er shalt Thou call in vain. We are com - ing, we are
found nothing but sin and woe. We are com - ing, blessed Saviour, We are



coming, We are com - ing, Saviour, at Thy call ; We are
coming for Thy fa - vor ; We are com - ing, Saviour, at Thy call, at Thy call ;



coming, O receive us ; We are coming, O forgive us ; We are




3 We are coming, truly repentant ;
All our inmost thoughts Thou dost know ;
O forgive our long faithless wand'rings,
And Thy pardon graciously bestow.—*Cho.*


4 We are coming, O blessed Saviour,
On Thy promises would we rest ;
Trusting in Thy grace and Thy favor,
May our hearts now be supremely blest.—*Cho.*

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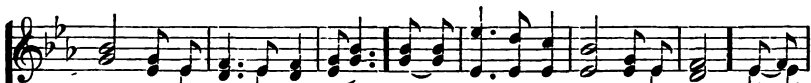
Arranged from PHILIP PHILLIPS.




1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far away
2. O, that home of the soul, in my vis - ions and dreams, Its bright jasper



home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the
walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil intervenes Be -



years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll ; Where no
tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me ; Till I



storms ev - er beat on the glittering strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - terven - es Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.

3.

That unchangeable home is for you and for
me,

Where Jesus of Nazareth stands ;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
[: And He holdeth our crowns in His
hands ; :]

The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His
hands.

4.

O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful
land,

So free from all sorrow and pain ;
With songs on our lips, and with harps in
our hands,

[: To meet one another again ; :]
With songs on our lips, and with harps in
our hands,

To meet one another again.

Words by Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

Music by H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. The prize is set before us, To win, His words implore us, The
 2. We'll fol - low where He lead - eth, We'll pasture where He feed - eth, We'll
 3. Our home is bright above us, No' tri - als dark to move us, But

eye of God is o'er us From on high ;..... His lov - ing tones are calling,
 yield to Him who pleadeth From on high ;... Then naught from Him shall sever,
 Je - sus dear to love us There on high ;.... We'll give Him best endeavor,

While sin is dark, appalling, 'Tis Jesus gently calling, He is nigh, He is nigh.
 Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never, He is nigh, He is nigh.
 And praise His name forever, His precious words can never, Never die, nev - er die.

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in

glo - ry, By and by ;..... By and by we shall meet Him, By and
 by and by ;

by we shall greet Him, And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by.

WATCHMAN.

Arranged by ASA HULL.

1. { Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn ? }
 { I have the signs that mark its coming Yet up - on my pathway shone ? }
 2. { Pilgrim, in that gold - en cit - y, Seat - ed on His jas - per throne, }
 { Zi - on's King, array'd in beau - ty, Reigns in peace from zone to zone ; }

Pilgrim, yes, a - rise, look round thee ! Light is breaking in the skies ;
 There, on ver - dant hills and mountains, Where the gold - en sunbeams play,

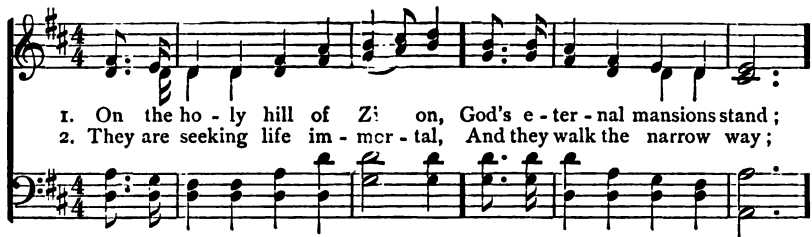
Spurn the un - be - lief that bound thee : Morning dawns, a - rise, a - rise !
 Purling streams and crystal fountains Sparkle in th'e - ter - nal day.

3 Pilgrim, see ! the light is beaming
 Brighter still upon thy way ;
 Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
 Omens of the coming day.
 When the last loud trumpet, sounding,
 Shall awake from earth and sea
 All the saints of God now sleeping,
 Clad in immortality.

4 Watchman, lo ! the land we're nearing,
 With its vernal fruits and flowers,
 On just yonder ; O, how cheering
 Bloom for ever Eden's bowers !
 Hark ! the choral strains there ringing,
 Wafted on the balmy air ;
 See the millions ! hear them singing !
 Soon the pilgrims will be there.

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

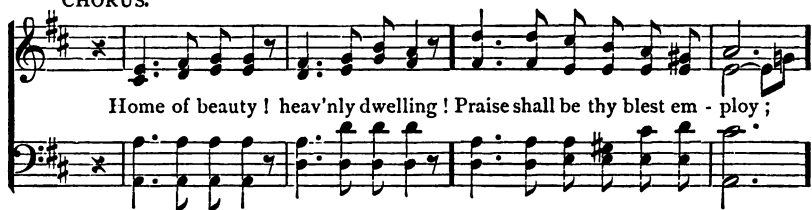


1. On the ho - ly hill of Zi - on, God's e - ter - nal mansions stand ;
2. They are seeking life im - mor - tal, And they walk the narrow way ;



Thither faithful pilgrims jour - ney From the shores of ev - 'ry land.
Thro' the pearly gates they'll en - ter, By the light of endless day.

CHORUS.



Home of beauty ! heav'nly dwelling ! Praise shall be thy blest em - ploy ;



Of those glorious heav'nly mansions, Je - sus is the light and joy.

3 Some are fainting from the roughness
Of the paths their feet have trod ;
There is rest, O weary pilgrim !
In the mansions of our God !

Chorus.—Home of beauty ! etc.

4 Others walk with faith unailing,
Heeding not the thorny road ;
Pressing onward, patient ever,
Till they reach their blest abode.

Chorus.—Home of beauty ! etc.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

145

Music by Professor C. S. HARRINGTON.

1. In some way or other The Lord will provide ; It may not be *my* way,
2. At some time or other The Lord will provide ; It may not be *my* time,

Repeat pp
It may not be *thy* way, And yet, in His *own* way, The Lord will provide.
It may not be *thy* time, And yet, in His *own* time, The Lord will provide.

3 Despond, then, no longer ;
The Lord will provide :
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
The Lord will provide.
It may not be *my* way, etc.

4 March on, then, right boldly ;
The sea shall divide ;
The pathway made glorious
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
The Lord will provide.
It may not be *my* way, etc.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

Words by T. HASTINGS.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wand'ers, come; O, ye benighted souls, Why longer roam ?
2. To-day the Saviour calls! For refuge fly ; The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.

3 To-day the Saviour calls !
O, hear Him now ;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4 The Spirit calls to-day :
Yield to His power ;
O, grieve Him not away,—
'Tis mercy's hour.

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Words and Music by ASA HULL.

1. There is a straight and narrow path That leads to joys a - bove ;
 2. A - mid earth's tu - mult and its strife, A - mid its toil and care,

Where free from sin, and fear, and wrath, The air is filled with love.
 How few will seek the path of life, And less do en - ter there.

CHORUS.

Show me the path of life, Show me the path of
 Show me the path, the path of life, the path of life, Show me the path, the path of

life ; Show me the path of life, That
 life, the path of life ; Show me the path, the path of life, the path of life,

I may walk therein ; Show me the path of life, That I may walk therein.
 That I may walk, may walk therein.

3 The eager throng is pressing on ;
 With breathless haste they fly
 From toy to toy, till life is gone,
 And then for mercy cry.—*Chorus.*

4 Help me, O Lord, the path to shun,
 That leads to endless woe ;
 Though broad the road that many run,
 The narrow way I'll go.—*Chorus.*

FEDERAL STREET.

147

Words by DAVID E. FORD.

Music by H. K. OLIVER.

1. How vain is all be - neath the skies ! How transient ev - 'ry earthly bliss !
2. The evening cloud, the morning dew, The with'ring grass, the fad-ing flow'r,

How slender all the fond-est ties That bind us to a world like this !
Of earthly hopes are emblems true— The glo-ry of a pass-ing hour.

- 3 But tho' earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares and chase our fears ;
If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,
Though passing thro' a vale of tears.

WARD.

Words by Mrs. A. L. BARBAULD.

Scotch Melody.

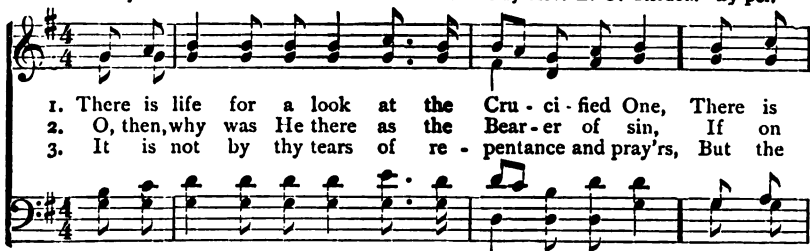
1. How blest the righteous when he dies, When sinks a wea - ry soul to rest,

How mildly beam the closing eyes, How gently heaves th' expiring breast.

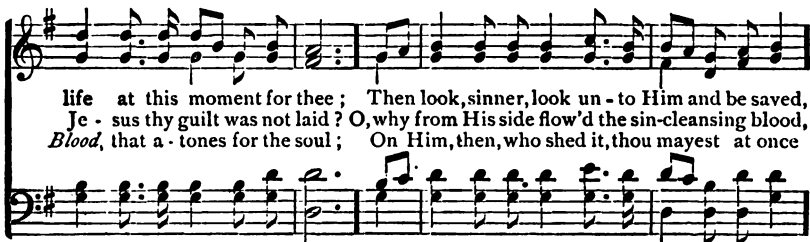
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
And naught disturbs the peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell ;
How bright th' unchanging happiness !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.
- 5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from the load, the spirit flies,
While heav'n and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies !

Words by AMELIA M. HULL.

Music by Rev. E. G. TAYLOR. By per.

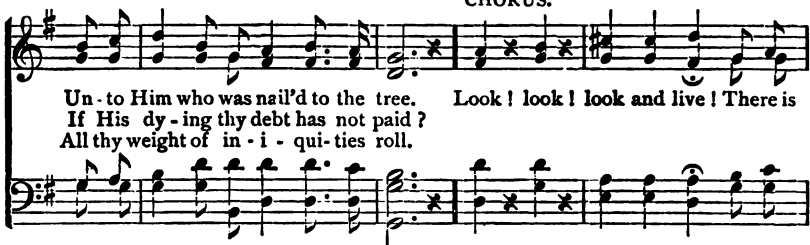


1. There is life for a look at the Cru - ci - fied One, There is
 2. O, then, why was He there as the Bear - er of sin, If on
 3. It is not by thy tears of re - pentance and pray'rs, But the

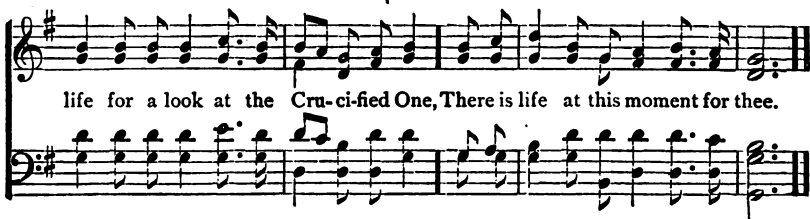


life at this moment for thee ; Then look, sinner, look un - to Him and be saved,
 Je - sus thy guilt was not laid ? O, why from His side flow'd the sin-cleansing blood,
 Blood, that a - tones for the soul ; On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once

CHORUS.



Un - to Him who was nail'd to the tree. Look ! look ! look and live ! There is
 If His dy - ing thy debt has not paid ?
 All thy weight of in - i - qui - ties roll.



life for a look at the Cru-ci-fied One, There is life at this moment for thee.

4 Sinner, doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
 There remaineth no more to be done ;
 That once in the end of the world He appeared,
 And completed the work He begun.—*Chorus.*

5 O, then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
 The life everlasting He gives ;
 And know with assurance thou never canst die
 Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.—*Chorus.*

MISSIONARY CHANT.

149

Music by CHAS. ZEUNER.

i. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim, Sal - vation in Im -manuel's name ;

To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sha-ron there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their furies cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors are all o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more,—
Meet, with the blood-bo't throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

RETREAT.

Words by HUGH STOWELL.
Moderato.

Music by Dr. T. HASTINGS.

i. From ev -'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev -'ry swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure retreat : 'Tis found beneath the mer - cy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus shed
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all besides more sweet ;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend :
Though Sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

5 There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more ;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

LET THY MERCY SHINE ON ME.

Music by W. T. GIFFE.

Moderato.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Saviour, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be ;
 2. Pass me not, O lov - ing Saviour, Let me live and cling to Thee ;
 3. Pass me not, O - mighty Saviour, Thou canst make the blind to see ;

Never leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy shine on me.
 For I'm long - ing for Thy fa - vor, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O, call me.
 Wit ness - es of Thy great mer - it, Speak some word of power to me.

CHORUS.

E - ven me, O bless - ed Sav - iour, Let Thy
 E - ven me, O bless - ed Sav - iour, e - ven me,

mer - - cy shine on me ; E - ven me, e - ven
 Let Thy mer - cy shine on me, e - ven me ; E - ven me,

me, Let Thy mer - - - cy shine on me.
 e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy shine on me, e - ven me.

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Music by Dr. L. MASON.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God ;

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.

- 3 See ! from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all !

SESSIONS.

Words by SAMUEL DAVIES.

Music by L. O. EMERSON.

1. Lord, I am Thine, en-tire-ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood divine ;

With full consent Thine would I be, And own Thy sov'- reign right in me.

- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace ;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live—Thine would I die ;
Be Thine through all eternity ;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood,
That bought my guilty soul for God,—
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.
- 5 Do Thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform ;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Words by W. H. CLARK.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!" No price nor money need be brought;
 2. How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!" Best news by mortal ev-er heard;
 3. How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!" To high and low, to rich and poor;

For sin-ner, lo, it comes to thee, By precious blood of Je-sus bought.
 Sent down to earth, as heav'n's decree, And sure as the e-ter-nal word.
 For who will His dis-ci-ple be, Shall find His word of promise sure.

CHORUS.

'Mercy's free!' "Mercy's free!" How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's
 "Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"

free!"..... 'Tis free for you,..... 'tis free for me,.....
 "Mercy's free!" "Tis free for you, "Tis free for me,

How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!"

4 How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!"
 And rebels pardon may obtain;
 Since Jesus died upon the tree,
 That sinners all might mercy gain.—*Cho.*

5 How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!"
 O joyful sound, O wondrous grace;
 To Jesus, then, at once we'll flee,
 And rest secure in His embrace.—*Cho.*

HAMBURG.

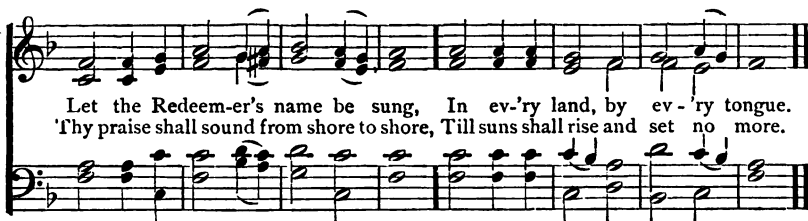
153

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Arranged by Dr. L. MASON.



1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise ;
2, E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord, E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word ;



Let the Redeem - er's name be sung, In ev - ry land, by ev - ry tongue.
'Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

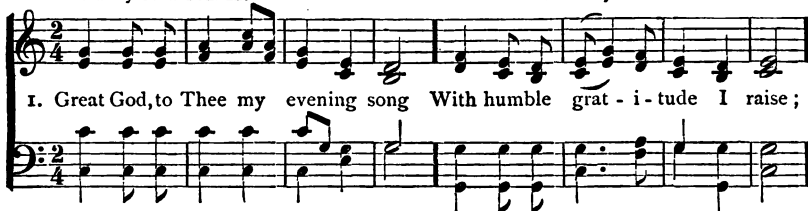
3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring !
In songs of praise divinely sing !
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song—
To every land the strains belong ;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

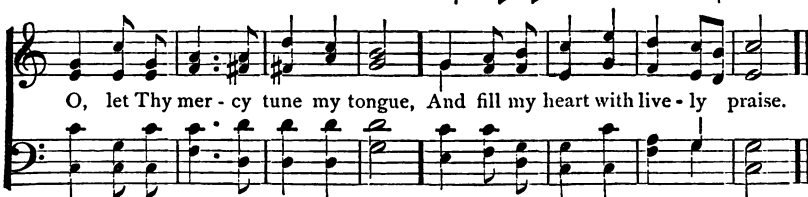
ZEPHYR.

Words by Mrs. STEELE.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Great God, to Thee my evening song With humble grat - i - tude I raise ;



O, let Thy mer - cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live - ly praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And ev'ry gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and pow'r.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus ; His dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of 'Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And fond of trifles, vainly rove.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close ;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in 'Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy name i

Words by ISAAC WATTS.—Arranged.

Arranged.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
Cho.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;

Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye sur - round His throne.
 Sal - va - tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God,
 But servants of the heav'nly King
 May speak His praise abroad.—*Cho.*
- 3 There we shall see His face,
 And never, never sin;
 There, from the rivers of His grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.—*Cho.*
- 4 Yea, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
- The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.—*Cho.*
- 5 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below:
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.—*Cho.*
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.—*Cho.*

EVEN ME.

Words by Mrs. E. CODNER.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
 Show'rs the thirs-ty land re-fresh-ing;— Let some droppings fall on me,— }

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.

Words by DODDRIDGE.

English Melody.

1. { O hap-py day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God ! }
 { Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }

CHORUS.

Fine.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way !

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray; And live re-joic-ing ev-ery day;

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love !
 Let sacred anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
Chorus.—Happy day, etc.

3 'Tis done ! the great transaction's done !
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine :
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
Chorus.—Happy day, etc.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
 Fix'd on this blissful center, rest ;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart :
 With Him, of ev'ry good possess'd.
Chorus.—Happy day, etc.

5 High Heav'n that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.
Chorus.—Happy day, etc.

CONCLUSION OF **EVEN ME**, OPPOSITE PAGE.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
 Let me live and cling to Thee ;
 Fain I'm longing for Thy favor ;
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me ;
 Even me, even me,
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me.


3 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou canst make the blind to see ;
 Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
 Speak some word of pow'r to me ;
 Even me, even me,
 Speak some word of pow'r to me.

4 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;
 Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
 Magnify it all in me ;
 Even me, even me,
 Magnify it all in me.

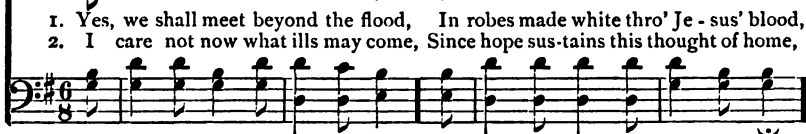

5 Pass me not, the lost one bringing,
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee ;
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, O bless me ;
 Even me, even me,
 Blessing others, O bless me.

Words by A. E. CHILDS.

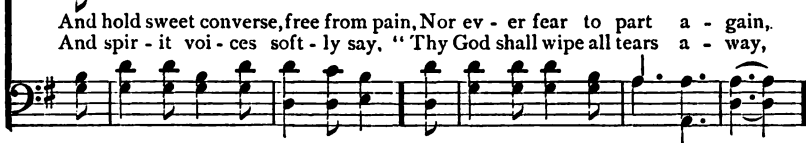
Music by J. H. TENNEY.



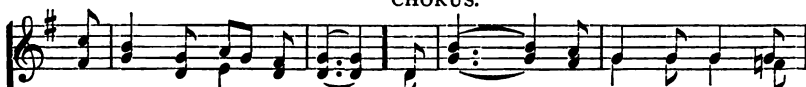
1. Yes, we shall meet beyond the flood, In robes made white thro' Je - sus' blood,
2. I care not now what ills may come, Since hope sus-tains this thought of home,

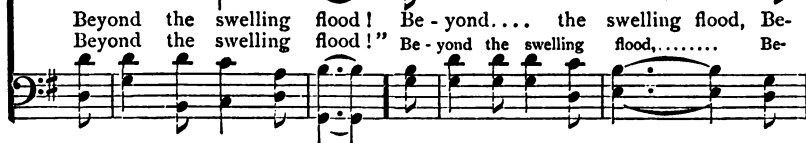

And hold sweet converse, free from pain, Nor ev - er fear to part a - gain,
And spir - it voi - ces soft - ly say, " Thy God shall wipe all tears a - way,



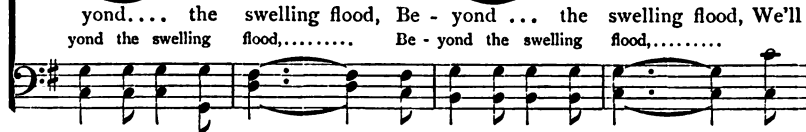

CHORUS.



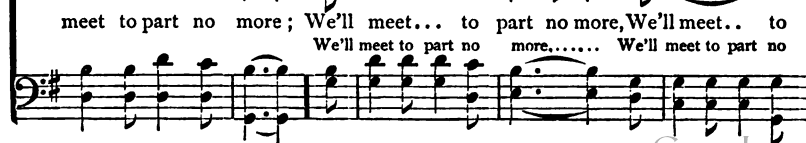
Beyond the swelling flood! Be - yond... the swelling flood, Be -
Beyond the swelling flood!" Be - yond the swelling flood,..... Be -

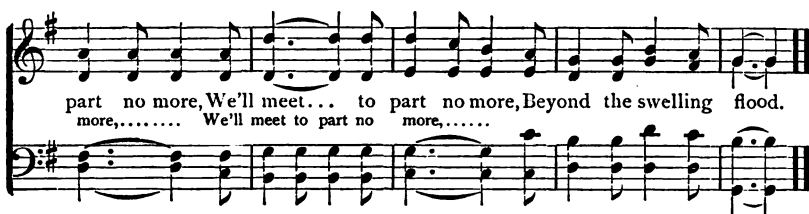



yond... the swelling flood, Be - yond ... the swelling flood, We'll
yond the swelling flood,..... Be - yond the swelling flood,.....

meet to part no more; We'll meet... to part no more, We'll meet.. to
We'll meet to part no more..... We'll meet to part no



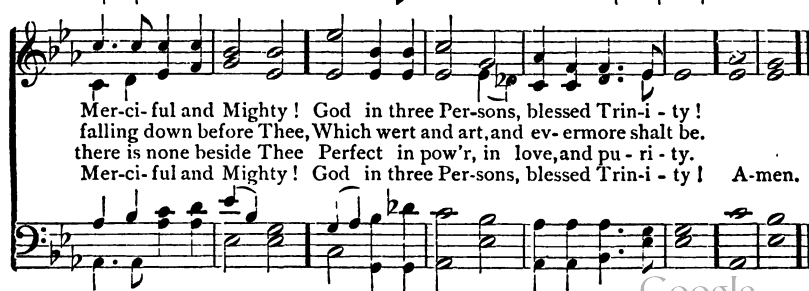
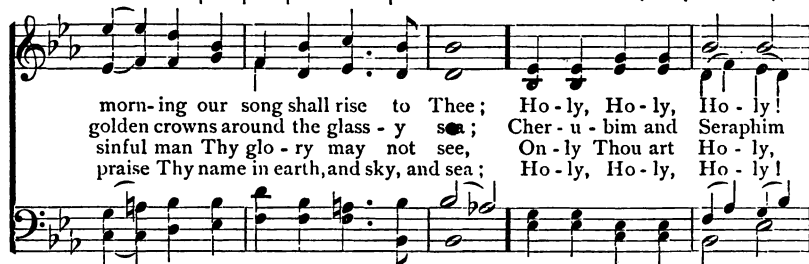
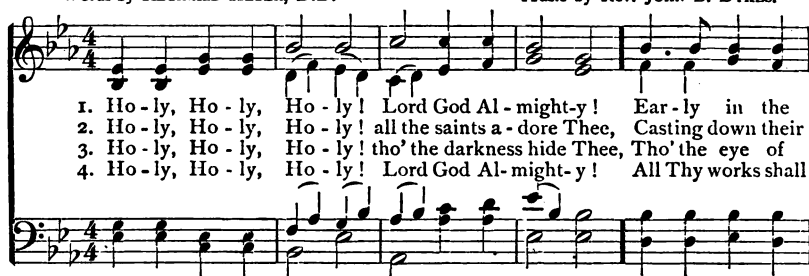


- 3 That meeting, O how sweetly dear!
What sounds shall greet the list'ning ear!
What thrills of rapture wake the soul
As back those golden gates shall roll,
Beyond the swelling flood!—*Chorus.*
- 4 Dear Saviour, guide my willing feet,
That I may have that joy complete;
And live to praise through endless day
The love that dries all tears away,
Beyond the swelling flood!—*Chorus.*

HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

Words by REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

Music by Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

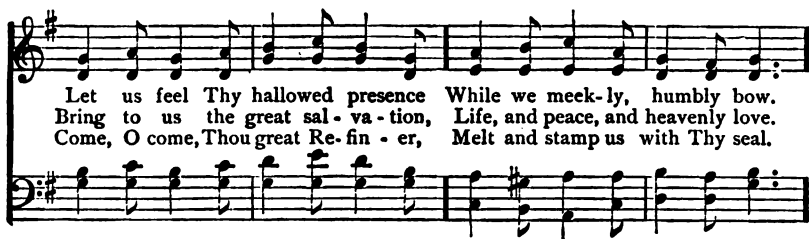


Words by MARY D. JAMES.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

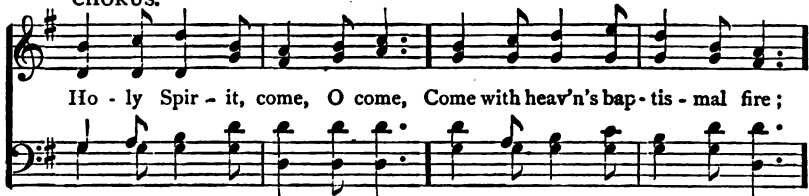


1. Come, Thou bless-ed Ho - ly Spir - it, O, descend up - on us now !
 2. Come, O sa - cred In - spi - ra - tion ! Come, Thou dear ce - les - tial Dove,
 3. Come, di - vine Il - lu - mi - na - tor, God in Christ to us re - veal ;



Let us feel Thy hallowed presence While we meek - ly, humbly bow.
 Bring to us the great sal - va - tion, Life, and peace, and heavenly love.
 Come, O come, Thou great Re - fin - er, Melt and stamp us with Thy seal.

CHORUS.



Ho - ly Spir - it, come, O come, Come with heav'n's bap - tis - mal fire ;



Now in might - y power descend, Our wait - ing hearts in - spire.

4 Come, Thou blessed Sanctifier,
 Wash our souls from ev'ry sin ;
 Now apply the blood that cleanseth,
 Now set up Thy throne within.
Chorus.—Holy Spirit, etc.

5 Come in Pentecostal glory,
 Come with all Thy wondrous grace ;
 Now with all Thy wealth of blessing,
 Come and fill this sacred place.
Chorus.—Holy Spirit, etc.

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DUKE STREET.

159

Words by TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Music by J. HATTON.

1. While life prolongs its pre-cious light, Mercy is found, and peace is given ;

But soon, ah, soon, ap-proaching night Shall blot out ev-ry hope of heav'n.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 While God invites, how blest the day ! How sweet the gospel's charming Come, sinner, haste, O haste away, [sound ! While yet a pard'ning God is found.</p> <p>3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing, Shall death command you to the grave, Before His bar your spirits bring, And none be found to hear or save.</p> | <p>4 In that lone land of deep despair, No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise, No God regard your bitter prayer, No Saviour call you to the skies.</p> <p>5 Now God invites ; how blest the day ! How sweet the gospel's charming Come, sinner, haste, O haste away, [sound ! While yet a pard'ning God is found.</p> |
|---|--|

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

ROCKINGHAM.

Music by Dr. L. MASON.

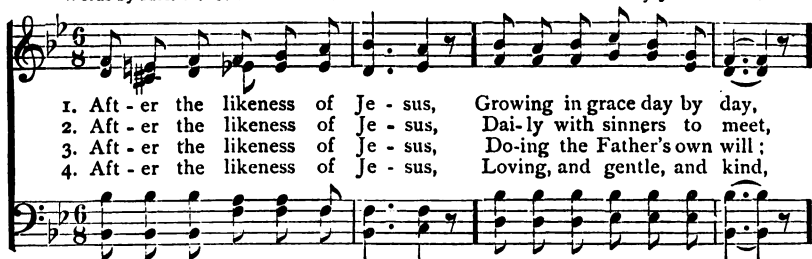
1. Lord, how se-cure and blest are they Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin ;

Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heav'n and peace within.


- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads, Made up of innocence and love ; And soft, and silent as the shades, Their nightly minutes gently move.</p> <p>3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come But fly not half so swift away ; [on, Their souls are ever bright as noon, And calm as summer evenings be.</p> | <p>4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills, Where groves of living pleasures grow ; And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles, Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.</p> <p>5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys, But spend the day, and share the night, In numb'ring o'er the richer joys That heav'n prepares for their delight.</p> |
|---|---|

Words by Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.



1. Aft - er the likeness of Je - sus, Growing in grace day by day,
 2. Aft - er the likeness of Je - sus, Dai - ly with sinners to meet,
 3. Aft - er the likeness of Je - sus, Do - ing the Father's own will ;
 4. Aft - er the likeness of Je - sus, Loving, and gentle, and kind,



Ev - er in - creas - ing in stat - ure, Till we His image por - tray.
 Ne'er with a stain on the garments, Full of a pur - i - ty sweet.
 Seek - ing to know of His wis - dom, Law of our God to ful - fil.
 Strong in re - sist - ing the e - vil, Firmness and sweetness combined.

CHORUS.



Sing of that won - der - ful Je - sus ! Sing of that beau - ty di - vine !



Sing of the brightest and fair - est ! Sing for His grace may be thine !

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DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

A. C. HULSE.

Tune.—"After His Likeness."

AFTER the blackness of midnight,
 Cometh the dawning of day ;
 After the cloud and the tempest,
 Sunshine drives darkness away.

Cho.—Joy is the fruit of the morning,
 Gloom is the offspring of night ;
 Faith is the noblest adorning,
 Patiently waiting for light.

2 After the sadness of doubting,
 Doubting and walking by sight,
 Cometh the sweetness of trusting,
 Trusting that all will be right.—*Chorus.*
 3 After the heart has been troubled,
 Torn by some deep hidden grief ;
 Cometh the calm and the sunshine
 Bringing a welcome relief.—*Chorus.*

Words by JOSEPH HART.

Music by Dr. L. MASON.

1. Pray'r is ap-point-ed to convey The blessings God de-signs to give ;
2. If pain af-flict, or wrongs oppress, If cares distract, or fears dismay ;

Long as they live should Christians pray ; They learn to pray when first they live,
If guilt de-ject, if sin distress, In ev-'ry case, still watch and pray.

- 3 'Tis pray'r supports the soul that's weak, 4 Depend on Him—thou canst not fail ;
Tho' tho't be broken, language lame ; Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak, Fear not, His merits must prevail ;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name. Ask but in faith—it shall be done.

EVENING.

Words by W. H. BATHURST.

Music by E. L. WHITE.

1. How sweet the hour of closing day, When all is peaceful and se-rene ;

And when the sun, with cloudless ray, Sheds mellow lus-tre o'er the scene.

- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour ;
So peacefully he sinks to rest ; [pow'r,
When faith, endued from heaven with
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.
- 3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek ;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.
- 4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road ;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.
- 5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to
To sink into that soft repose, [bless ?
Then wake to perfect happiness ?

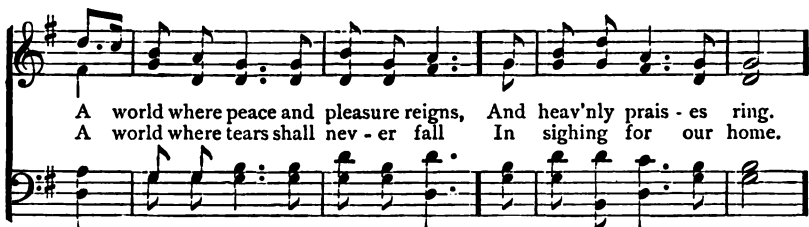
THE WORLD OF LIGHT.

Moderato.

Words and Music by O. SNOW. Arranged.

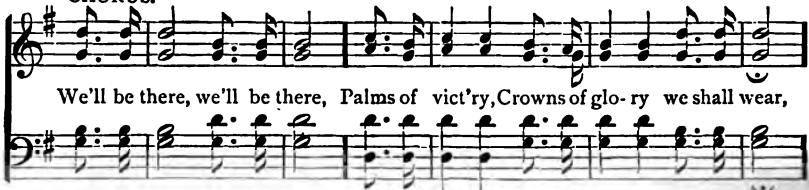


1. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where saints and an - gels sing ;
2. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where sor - row nev - er comes ;



A world where peace and pleasure reigns, And heav'nly prais - es ring.
A world where tears shall nev - er fall In sighing for our home.

CHORUS.



We'll be there, we'll be there, Palms of vict'ry, Crowns of glo - ry we shall wear,



Ritard.
In that beau - ti - ful world on high.

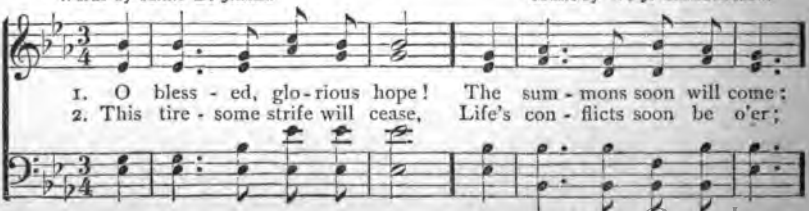
3 There is a beautiful world,
Unseen to mortal sight,
And darkness never enters there ;
That home is fair and bright.—*Cho.*

4 There is a beautiful world
Of harmony and love ;
O, may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above.—*Cho.*

REST, BLESSED REST.

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O bless - ed, glo - rious hope ! The sum - mons soon will come ;
2. This tire - some strife will cease, Life's con - flicts soon be o'er ;

“ My child, thy toils are o’er ; come up, And rest in thy sweet home ! ”
 The wea - ry ones shall rest in peace On the E - ly - sian shore.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

O rest, blessed rest, in the home of the blest ;
 sweet rest, blessed rest, blest, blessed rest ;

O rest, blessed rest, in the home of the blest,
 sweet rest, blessed rest, blessed rest,

Where no sor - row can come, and the pilgrim at home Shall rest, sweetly

rest ev - er - more, more
 blessed rest, ev - er - more.

3 Look up, poor pilgrims, see
 That city bright and fair,
 Where many lovely mansions be—
 We'll find our rest up there !
Chorus.—O rest, blessed rest, etc.

4 Within those pearly gates
 Our loved and lost we'll find ;
 What untold bliss our souls awaits
 When with our dear ones joined !
Chorus.—O rest, blessed rest, etc.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY.

Music by S. J. VAIL.

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me ;
 2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure, Not for fame my pray'r shall be ;
 3. Lead me through the vale of shadows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea ;

All a - long my pilgrim jour - ney, Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
 Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee ;
 Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee ;
 Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee ;

All a - long my pilgrim journey, Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
 Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

PARK STREET.

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Music by VENUA.

1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone, Let my re - lig - ious hours a - lone ;
 2. O warm my heart with ho - ly fire, And kindle there a pure de - sire ;



Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see ; I wait a vis - it, Lord, from Thee.
Come, sa - cred Spir - it, from a - bove, And fill my soul with heav'nly love,




I wait a vis - it, Lord, from Thee.
And fill my soul with heav'nly love.

- 3 Bless Saviour, what delicious fare !
How sweet Thine entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
In Thee thy Father's glories shine ;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And ev'ry tongue confess Thee Lord.


ROTHWELL.

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

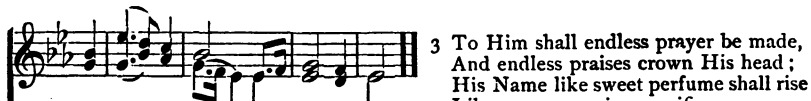
Music by W.-TANSUR.



1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive journeys run ;
2. From north to south the princes meet, To pay their homage at His feet ;



His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more,
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes at - tend His word,



Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
And savage tribes at - tend His word.

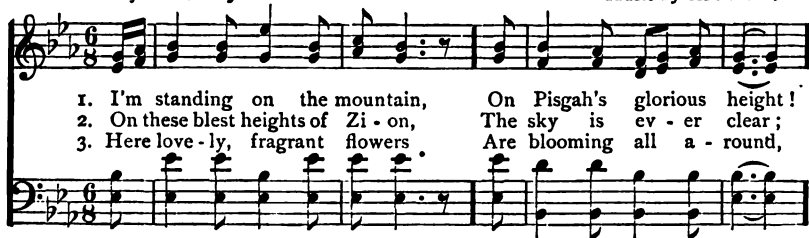
3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head ;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
Like every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

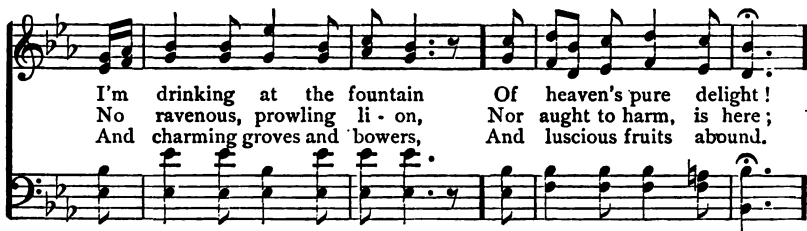
AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

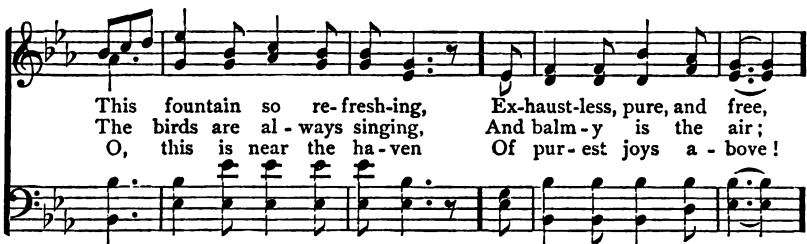
Music by ASA HULL.



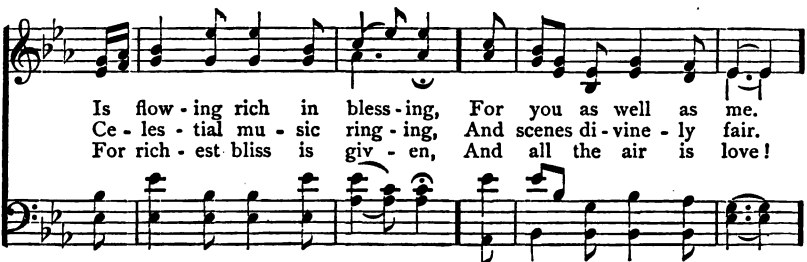
1. I'm standing on the mountain, On Pisgah's glorious height !
 2. On these blest heights of Zi - on, The sky is ev - er clear ;
 3. Here love - ly, fragrant flowers Are blooming all a - round,



I'm drinking at the fountain Of heaven's pure delight !
 No ravenous, prowling li - on, Nor aught to harm, is here ;
 And charming groves and 'bowers, And luscious fruits abound.

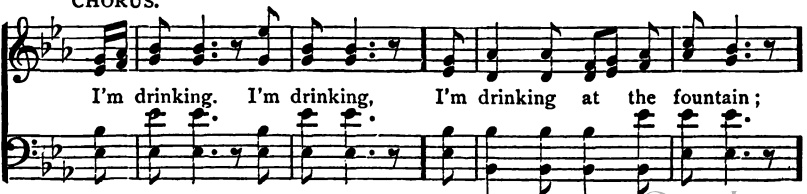


This fountain so re - fresh - ing, Ex -haust - less, pure, and free,
 The birds are al - ways singing, And balm - y is the air ;
 O, this is near the ha - ven Of pur - est joys a - bove !

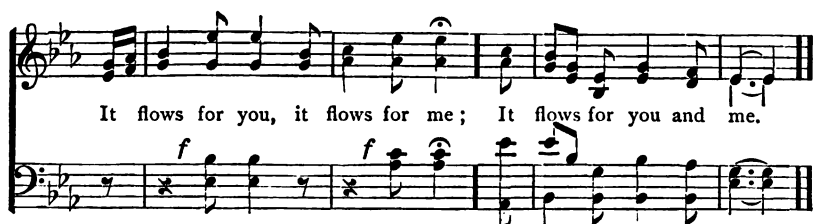


Is flow - ing rich in bless - ing, For you as well as me,
 Ce - les - tial mu - sic ring - ing, And scenes di - vine - ly fair.
 For rich - est bliss is giv - en, And all the air is love !

CHORUS.



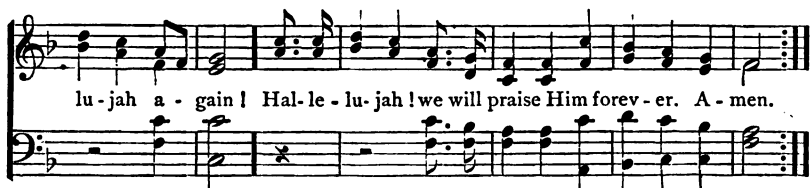
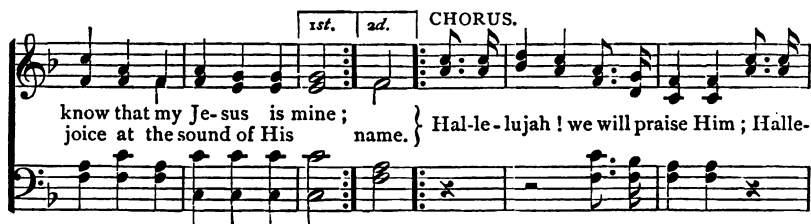
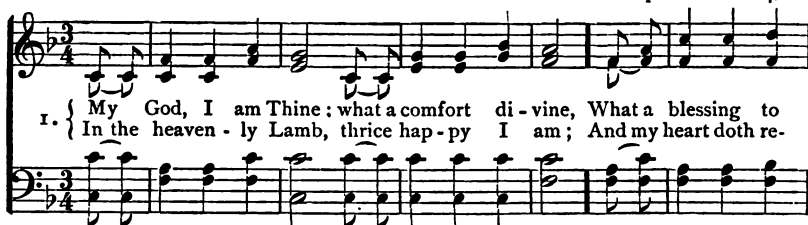
I'm drinking. I'm drinking, I'm drinking at the fountain ;



Copyright, 1874, by ASA HULL.

THE HEAVENLY FEAST.

As published in 1864.



2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found;
My Redeemer to know, to feel His blood flow,—
This is life everlasting; 'tis heaven below.—*Chorus*,

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That indeed is the fulness, but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens, in Jesus' love.—*Chorus*.

Words by Rev. F. BOTTOME.

Music arranged for this work.

1. { O, bliss of the pu - ri - fied ! bliss of the free ! I plunge in the
O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the
2. { O, bliss of the pu - ri - fied Je - sus is mine ; No long - er in
In conscious sal - va - tion I sing of His grace, Who lift - eth up -

CHORUS.

crim - son tide opened for me, } O, sing of His might - y love,
print of the nails in His hand. }
dread con-dem - na - tion I pine : } O, sing of His might - y love,
on me the smiles of His face ! }

Sing of His mighty love, Sing of His mighty love, Mighty to save !

3 O, bliss of the purified ! bliss of the pure !
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure ;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears—but may dry them on Jesus' breast,—*Chorus.*

4 O, Jesus the crucified ! Thee will I sing !
My blessed Redeemer ! my God, and my King !
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the mighty to save !—*Chorus.*

JESUS IS MINE.

Words by Dr. H. BONAR.

Music by ASA HULL. Arranged.

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine ! Break ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way ; Je - sus is mine ! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine ! Lost in this

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness;
 ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
 dawn - ing bright,, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried

Earth has no resting place; Je - sus a - lone can bless; Je - sus is mine!
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way; Je - sus is mine!
 Left but a dis - mal void; Je - sus has sat - is - fied; Je - sus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
 Jesus is mine!
 Welcome, eternity,
 Jesus is mine!

Welcome, O loved and blest;
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
 Jesus is mine.

NAOMI.

Words by Miss ANNE STEELE.


Music by Dr. L. MASON.

1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sov'reign will de - nies;
 Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:

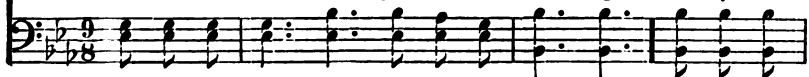

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,
 And let me live to Thee.

3 O, let the hope that Thou art mine,
 My life and death attend;
 Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

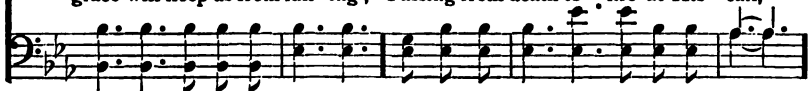
Words and Music by P. P. Bliss. By per.




1. Free from the law, O hap - py con - di - tion, Je - sus hath
 2. Now are we free—there's no con-dem - na - tion, Je - sus pro-
 3. "Children of God," O glo - ri - ous call - ing, Sure - ly His

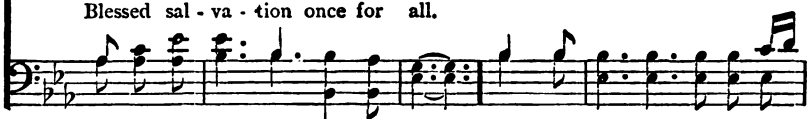

bled, and *there* is re - mis - sion ; Curs'd by the law, and bruis'd by the fall,
 vides a perfect sal - va - tion ; "Come un-to Me," O hear His sweet call,
 grace will keep us from fall - ing ; Passing from death to life at His call,




CHORUS.



Grace hath redeemed us once for all. Once for all, O sinner, re-
 Come, and He saves us once for all.
 Blessed sal - va - tion once for all.

ceive it, Once for all, O brother, be - lieve it ; Cling to the




Cross, the burden will fall, Christ hath redeemed us once for all.



CROSS AND CROWN.

171

Words by THOMAS SHEPHERD.

Music by GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
No! there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home, my crown to wear;
For there's a crown for me.

AZMON.

Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

Arranged from GLASER.

1. O, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,—
A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak:
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart—
Thy new, best name of love.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

173

Music by GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
 2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
 3. Go, then, ev - er weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

Sowing in the noontide and the dew - y eyes: Waiting for the harvest,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest,
 Tho' the loss sustain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o - ver,

and the time of reaping, We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
 and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
 He will bid us welcome, We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

{ Bring - ing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re -
 Bring - ing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re -

joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves,
 joic - ing, [OMIT.....] bring - ing in the sheaves.

1st. *Rep. pp.* *2d.*

Words by Rev. H. F. LYTE.

Music by W. H. MONK.

1. A - bid with me ! Fast falls the e - ven - tide ; The darkness deep - ens ;
 2. Not a brief glance I beg, — a part - ing word ; But as Thou dwell'st with
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour : What but Thy grace can

Lord, with me a - bid ! When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the
 Thy dis - cip - les, Lord, Fa - miliar, con - de - scending, patient, free, Come not to
 foil the tempter's pow'r ? Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ? Thro' cloud and

helpless, O, abide with me !
 sojourn, but abide with me !
 sunshine, O, abide with me !

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
 Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
 skies ; [flee ;
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

THE INVITATION.

Fine.

1. { Sin - ner, go, will you go To the high lands of heaven ? }
 { Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long summer's giv - en ? }
 D.C. And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez - es are flit - ting.

Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit - ting.

THE ROYAL WAY.

175

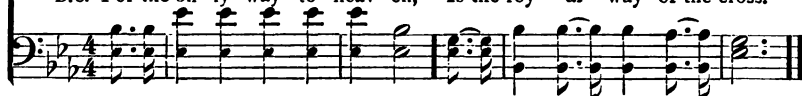
Music by ASA HULL.

Allegretto.

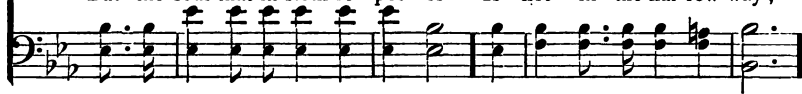
Fine.



I. We may spread our couch with roses, And sleep thro' the snmmer day ;
D.C. For the on - ly way to heav - en, Is the roy - al way of the cross.

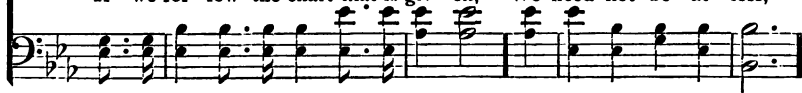


But the soul that in sloth re - pos - es Is not in the nar - row way ;



D.C.

If we fol - low the chart that is giv - en, We need not be at loss,



2 Unto those who live in splendor,
The cross is a heavy load ;
And the feet that are soft and tender,
Will shrink from the thorny road ;
But the chains of the soul must be riven,
And wealth must be as dross ;
For the only way to heaven,
Is the royal way of the cross.

3 We may say we'll walk to-morrow,
The path we refuse to-day ;
And still, with our lukewarm sorrow
We shrink from the narrow way.
What heeded the chosen eleven,
How fortune life might toss,
As they followed their Lord to heaven,
By the royal way of the Cross.

CONCLUSION OF THE INVITATION, OPPOSITE PAGE.

2 Where the rich golden fruit
In bright clusters are pending,
And the deep-laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending,
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasingly flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing.

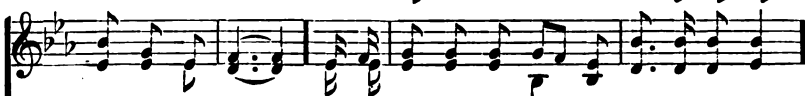
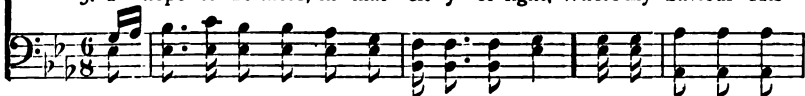
3 Where the saints, robed in white,
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright,
Shall inhabit the mountain ;

Where no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Shall be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

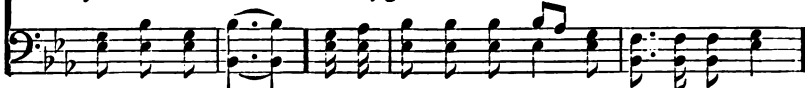
4 He's prepared thee a home ;
Sinner, canst thou believe it ?
And invites thee to come ;
Sinner, wilt thou receive it ?
O, come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon
And for ever cease pleading.



1. O, have you not heard of that cit-y of light, Where they need not the
 2. O, have you not heard of that cit-y so bright, That our Saviour has
 3. I hope to be there, in that cit-y of light, Where my Saviour His



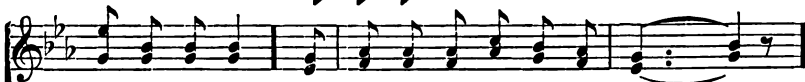
light of the sun ; And the lov'd ones so dear, with Je - sus are there,
 gone to pre - pare ; There no gloom ev - er comes, nor darkness of night,
 jew - els shall take ; With my garments wash'd in His blood and made white,



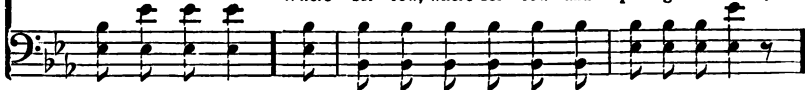
CHORUS.



And they worship the glo - ri - fied One ? Je - sus is there, yes !
 And the saved of the Lord are all there ?
 In His likeness I there shall a - wake.—



Je - sus is there, Where sor - row and partings ne'er come ; ...
 Where sor - row, where sor - row and partings ne'er come ;



Je - sus, my Saviour, is there, ... And I long to be with Him at home.
 there, o-ver there,



Words by HARRIET AUBER.

Music by GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. With state-ly tow'rs and bulwarks strong, Un - ri - vall'd and a - lone,
2. Thus fair was Zi - on's chosen seat, The glo - ry of all lands;

Lov'd theme of many a sa - cred song, God's ho - ly cit - y shone.
Yet fair - er, and in strength complete, The Christian tem - ple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious Church compose;
Built on a Rock, with idle rage
The threat'ning tempest blows.

4 Fear not; though hostile bands alarm,
Thy God is thy defence;
And weak and powerless every arm
Against Omnipotence.

WOODLAND.

Words by MRS. PHOEBE H. BROWN.

Music by N. D. GOULD.

1. I love to steal awhile away, From ev'ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of

setting day, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful pray'r.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

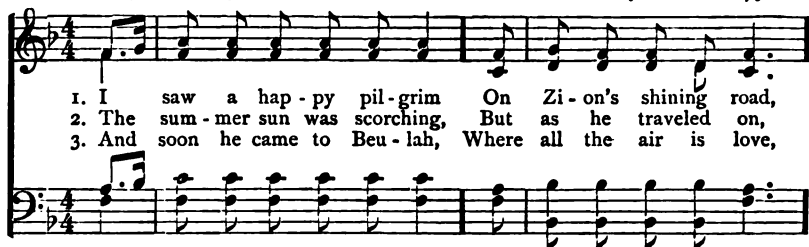
4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven:
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempest driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

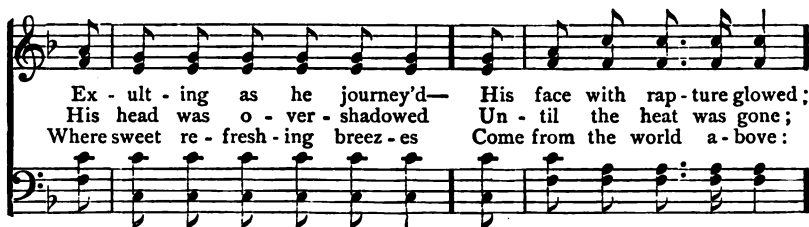
THE HAPPY PILGRIM.

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

Music by W. CHURCH, Jr.



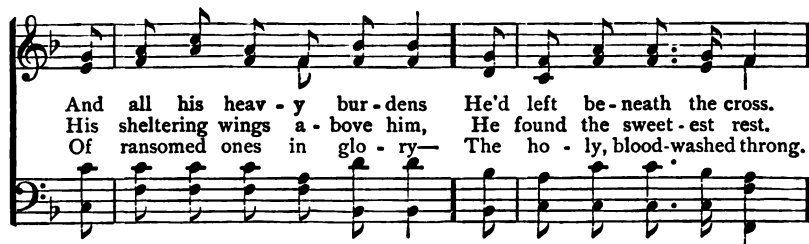
1. I saw a hap - py pil - grim On Zi - on's shining road,
 2. The sum - mer sun was scorching, But as he traveled on,
 3. And soon he came to Beu - lah, Where all the air is love,



Ex - ult - ing as he journey'd— His face with rap - ture glow'd ;
 His head was o - ver - shadowed Un - til the heat was gone ;
 Where sweet re - fresh - ing breez - es Come from the world a - bove :

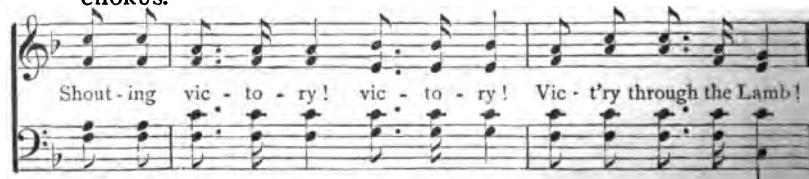


He'd passed thro' fi - 'ry tri - als But on - ly lost the dross,
 He walked and talked with Je - sus, And lean - ing on His breast,
 He heard ce - les - tial mu - sic— The grand tri - umph - ant song



And all his heav - y bur - dens He'd left be - neath the cross.
 His sheltering wings a - bove him, He found the sweet - est rest.
 Of ransomed ones in glo - ry— The ho - ly, blood-washed throng.

CHORUS.



Shout - ing vic - to - ry ! vic - to - ry ! Vic - t'ry through the Lamb !

Rep. pp.



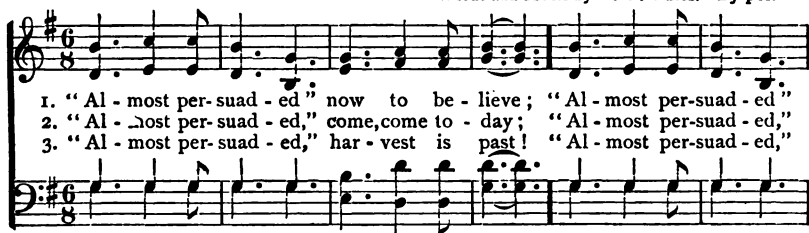
Shouting vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! All glo - ry to His name.

1 I saw him in the valley
 Death's shadow drawing nigh,
 And still he sang exulting,
 For it "is gain to die;"
 And when to Jordan's river
 The pilgrim's feet had come,
 'Twas but a step to cross it,
 And he was safe at home.—*Cho.*

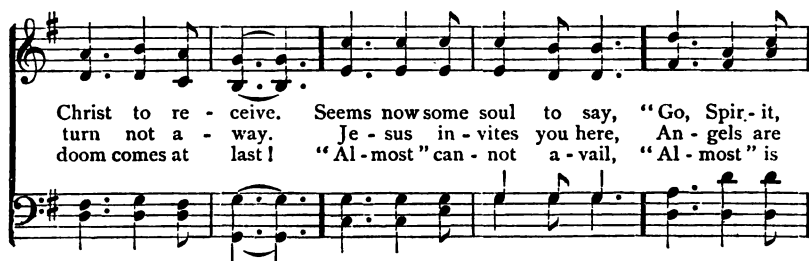
5 Then, at the pearly portals
 I saw the white-robed band
 Greet him with shouts of welcome
 Into the glory-land!
 O, then, what rapture thrilled him
 To look on Jesus' face,
 And cast his crown before Him,
 Who saved him by His grace.—*Cho.*

ALMOST PERSUADED.

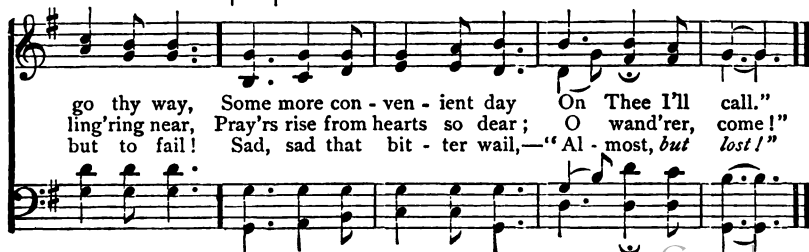
Words and Music by P. P. BLISS. By per.



1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
 3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"



Christ to re - ceive. Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way. Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail, "Al - most" is

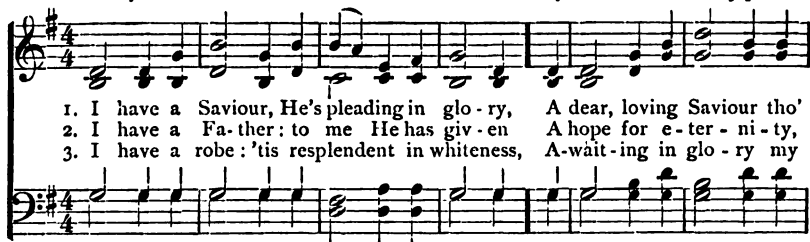


go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
 ling'ring near, Pray'r's rise from hearts so dear; O wand'r'er, come!"
 but to fail! Sad, sad that bit - ter wail,—"Al - most, but lost!"

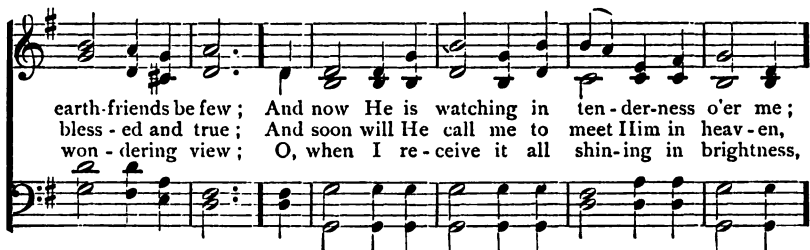
I AM PRAYING FOR YOU.

Words by S. O'MALLEY CLUFF.

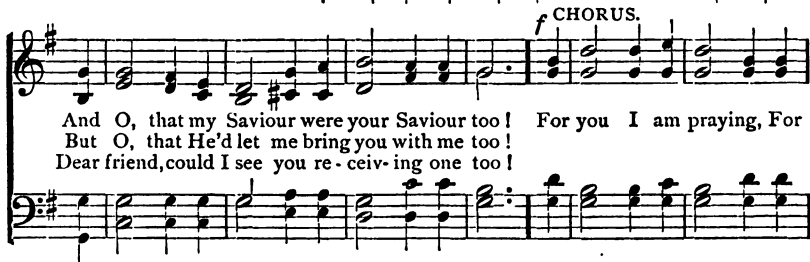
Music by IRA D. SANKEY. By per.



1. I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glo-ry, A dear, loving Saviour tho'
 2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv-en A hope for e-ter-ni-ty,
 3. I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness, A-wait-ing in glo-ry my



earth-friends be few; And now He is watching in ten-der-ness o'er me;
 bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in heav-en,
 won-dering view; O, when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in brightness,



f CHORUS.
 And O, that my Saviour were your Saviour too! For you I am praying, For
 But O, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
 Dear friend, could I see you re-ceiving one too!



p **f** *pp* *rall.*
 you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

- 4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
 A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
 My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
 And O, could I know it was given to you.
- 5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
 That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
 Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
 And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

1. Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, I love to hear of Thee ; No mu - sic
2. O, may I ev - er hear Thy voice In mer - cy to me speak ! In Thee, my

like Thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be, Nor half so sweet can be.
Priest, will I rejoice, And Thy sal - va - tion seek, And Thy sal - va - tion seek.

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While on this earth I stay,
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all His favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud
And Christ shall be my song.

Words by DODDRIDGE.

MERTON.

Music by H. K. OLIVER.

1. Ye gold - en lamps of heav'n ! fare - well, With all your fee - ble light ;
2. And thou re - ful - gent orb of day, In bright - er flames ar - ray'd ;

Farewell, thou ev - er - changing moon, Pale em - press of the night !
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode ;
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief,
Shall swell into my eyes ;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

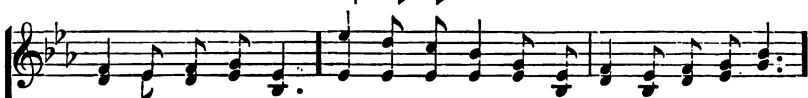
6 There all the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight.

Words by E. RINEHART.

Music by ASA HULL.



1. Haste, brother, haste ! for the Master is calling, Wait not till night shades a-
2. Go in the strength of the Lord, who hath spoken ; His word of promise was
3. Haste, brother, haste ! for the moments are fleeting, Go join the harvesters,



round thee are fall - ing ; Go while the sun in his beauty is shining ;
 nev - er yet bro - ken ; Go while the morning-bells sweetly are chiming,
 share in their greeting ; Soon will the shout of the reapers be ringing,



CHORUS.



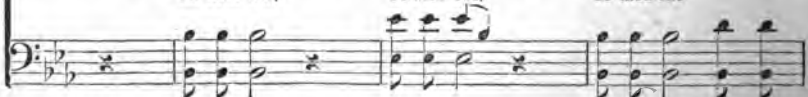
Go to the vineyard and cease your re - pin - ing, Haste, brother, haste ! a-
 Go where the reapers are golden sheaves binding.
 As they're re - turning, some precious sheaves bringing.



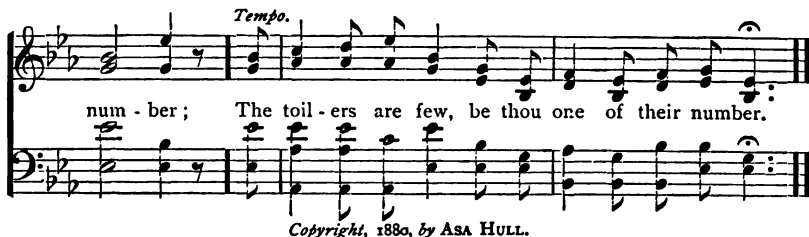
rise from thy slumber, The toil - ers are few, be thou one of their number.

CODA *ad lib.*

Be thou one, . . . be thou one, . . . be thou one, . . . of their
 Be thou one, be thou one, be thou one



Tempo.



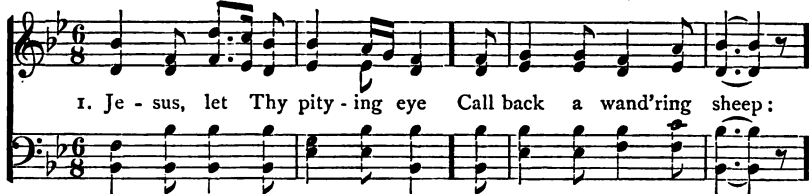
num - ber ; The toil - ers are few, be thou one of their number.

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PENITENCE.

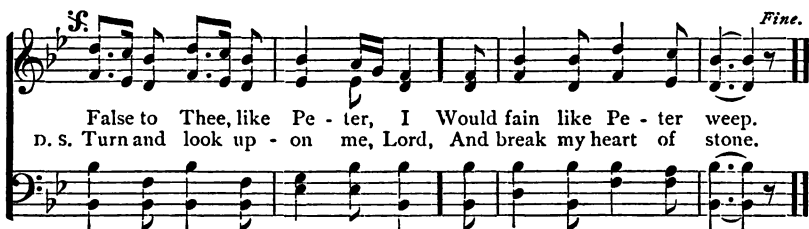
Words by C. WESLEY.

Music arranged from W. H. OAKLEY.



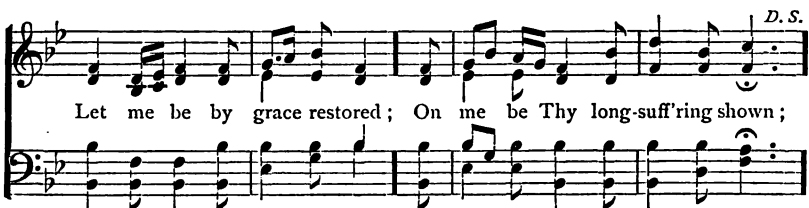
1. Je - sus, let Thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep :

S. *Fine.*



False to Thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.
D. S. Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

D. S.



Let me be by grace restored ; On me be Thy long-suff'ring shown ;

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart :
Give what I have long implored, —
A portion of Thy grief unknown ;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For Thine own compassion's sake
The gracious wonder show ;
Cast my sins behind Thy back,
And wash me white as snow :
If Thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

1. { Sowing the seed of truth, Pa-tient-ly on we go,
 Sowing it here and there, Knowing not which will grow ;
 2. { Sowing at ear - ly dawn, Sowing in noontide ray,
 Scat-ter - ing still at eve, Aft - er the bu - sy day ;
 3. { Sowing from year to year, Ev - er till life is past ;
 Knowing that we shall reap Glo - ri - ous fruit at last ; }

Je - sus beholds it fall, He will the work re - cord ;
 Sowing the Word of life In the im - mor - tal soul,
 Je - sus beholds it fall, He will our work re - ward ;

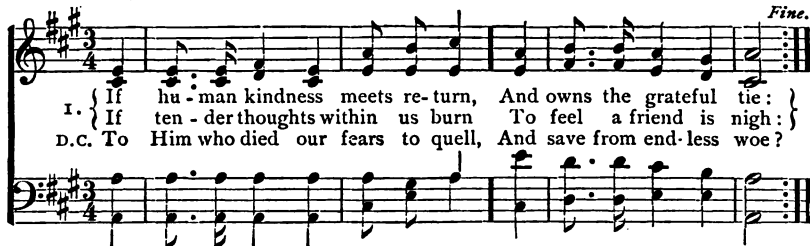
Pa-tient-ly sow the seed, Leaving it with the Lord.
 Wholly by sin un - done, Free-ly by grace made whole.
 Pa-tient-ly sow the seed, Leaving it with the Lord.

CHORUS.

Sow - - ing the precious seed, Pa - - tient-ly on we go,
 Sowing and watching, Pa-tient-ly, lov - ing - ly,

Sowing it here, sowing it there, Knowing not which will grow.

Fine.



1. { If hu - man kindness meets re - turn, And owns the grateful tie : }
 { If ten - der thoughts within us burn To feel a friend is nigh : }
 D.C. To Him who died our fears to quell, And save from end - less woe ?

D.C.



2. O, shall not warmer accents tell The grat - i - tude we owe,

- 3 While yet in anguish he surveyed Those pangs He would not flee,
 What love His latest words display'd ! Meet and remember me.
- 4 Remember Thee ! Thy death, Thy shame,
 The griefs which Thou didst bear !
 O mem'ry, leave no other name
 So deeply graven there.

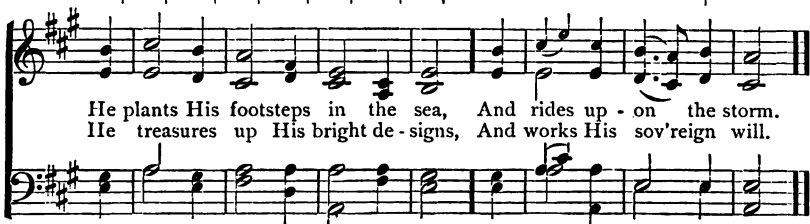
Words by W. COWPER.

BALERMA.

Scottish Melody.



1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His wonders to perform ;
 2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill,



He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
 He treasures up His bright de - signs, And works His sov'reign will.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain ;
 God is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL.

Words by W. SHIRLEY.
SOLO OR DUET.

Music by J. MAZZINGHI.

1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plain - tive moan Hath taught... these
2. Come, free - ly come, by sin op - press'd, Un - bur - - den

rocks the notes of woe; Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
here thy weight - y load; Here find thy ref - uge and thy rest,

FULL CHORUS.

And let..... thy tears for - get to flow; Be - hold the precious
And trust..... the mer - cy of thy God; Thy God's thy Saviour—

balm is found, To lull..... thy pain, to heal thy wound.
glo - rious word! For ev - - er love and praise the Lord.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Arranged from HANDEL.

1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove,
2. Come, let us bow be - fore His feet, And venture near the Lord.

And smile to see our Fa - ther there, Up - on a throne of love,
No fi - ry cherub guards His seat, Nor dou - ble - flaming sword,

Up - on a throne of love.
Nor dou - ble - flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4 To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high ;
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays His anger by.

Words by EDMUND JONES.

ORTONVILLE.

Music by T. HASTINGS.

1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re - volve,
2. I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin Like mountains round me close ;
3. Prostrate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con - fess :

Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re - solve,
I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose,
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un - done, With - out His sovereign grace,

And make this last re - solve.
What - ev - er may op - pose.
With - out His sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish, if I go ;
I am resolv'd to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

Words by J. M. NEALE.

Music by Rev. H. L. JENNER.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest ;
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.

I know not, O! I know not What joys a - wait me there ;
 There is the throng of Da - vid, And there from toil re - leased,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.

3 And they who with their Leader
 Have conquer'd in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.
 O lane that seest no sorrow !
 O state that fear'st no strife !
 O royal land of flowers !
 O realms of home and life !

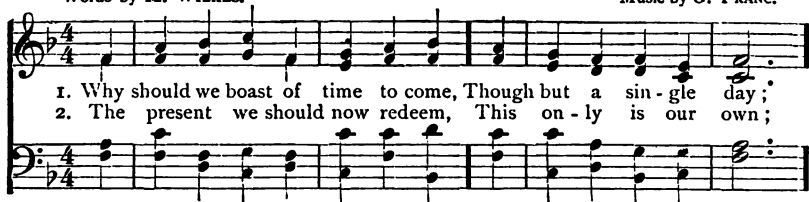
4 O sweet and blessed country
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect !
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest ;
 Who art, with God the Father
 And Spirit, ever blest.

DUNDEE.

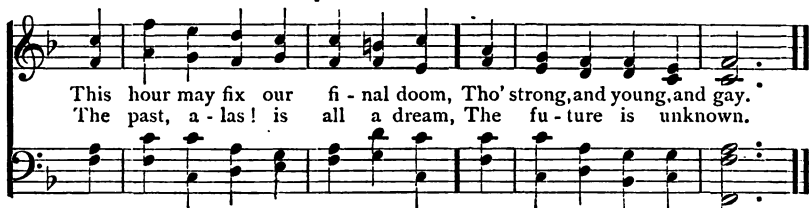
189

Words by M. WILKES.

Music by G. FRANC.



1. Why should we boast of time to come, Though but a sin - gle day ;
2. The present we should now redeem, This on - ly is our own ;



This hour may fix our fi - nal doom, Tho' strong, and young, and gay.
The past, a - las ! is all a dream, The fu - ture is unknown.

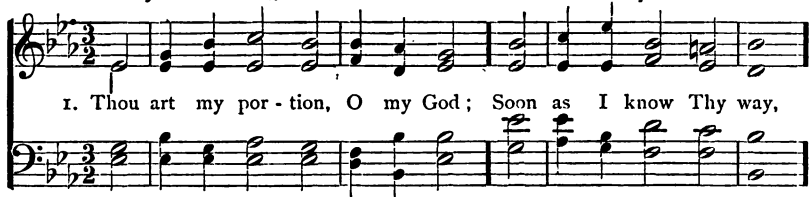
3 O, think what vast concerns depend
Upon a moment's space ;
When life and all its cares shall end
In vengeance or in grace.

4 O, for that pow'r which melts the heart,
And lifts the soul on high,
Where sin, and grief, and death depart,
And pleasures never die.

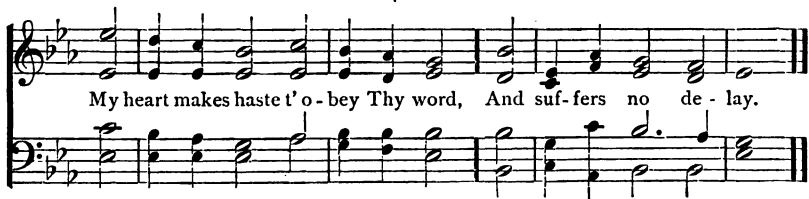
DOWN'S.

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Music by Dr. L. MASON.



1. Thou art my por - tion, O my God ; Soon as I know Thy way,



My heart makes haste t' o - bey Thy word, And suf - fers no de - lay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice ;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

4 If I once wander from Thy path,
I think upon my ways ;
Then turn my feet to Thy commands,
And trust Thy pardoning grace.

3 The testimonies of Thy grace
I set before mine eyes ;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

5 Now I am Thine—forever Thine—
O, save Thy servant, Lord !
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place ;
My hope is in Thy word.

Words by W. W. WALFORD.

Music by Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r ! That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known.
D.S. And oft escap'd the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.

In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

- 2 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r ! Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless ;
And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my ev'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
- 3 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r ! May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height I view my home, and take my flight :
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

DEPTH OF MERCY.

Arranged by ASA HULL.

1. { Depth of mer - cy ! can there be Mer - cy still reserv'd for me ? }
Can my God His wrath for - bear ? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare ? }

CHORUS.

Rep. Cho. pp.

God is love ! I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps and loves me still ; } Je - sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still

2 I have long withstood His grace ;
Long provoked Him to His face ;
Would not hearken to His calls ;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.—*Cho.*

4 Kindled His relentings are ;
Me, He now delights to spare ,
Cries, How shall I give thee up ?—
Lest the lifted thunder drop.—*Cho.*

3 Now incline me to repent ;
Let me now my sins lament ;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.—*Cho.*

5 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His
God is love ! I know, I feel, [hands ;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.—*Cho.*

TURN TO THE LORD.

Fine.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore ; }
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r. }
D.C. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion ; Sound the praise of His dear name

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,—
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.—*Cho.*

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.—*Cho.*

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.—*Cho.*

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold Him ;
Hear Him cry before He dies.—*Cho.*

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

Words by WILLIE WILDER.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Thro' heav'n's clear arch the echoes rang, As morning stars to-gether sang;
2. From star to star the watchword flies; Each shouts it on-ward thro' the skies:

And na-ture fresh from cha-os woke, When on her ear the chorus broke,
From out the cha-os grim and black It speeds a-long its shining track,

As her Al-might-y Maker spoke, "Let there be light!".... "Let there be
Till earth the ech-o answers back, "Let there be light!"

light!"..... "Let there be light!"..... "LET THERE BE LIGHT!"
"Let there be light!" "Let there be light!" * AND THERE WAS LIGHT.

* For second verse.

- 3 The sons of morn with lasting song,
Will ever pass the word along;
And waking men with rapture thrill,
For, breaking o'er each eastern hill,
The early dawn is shouting still,
"Let there be light!"
- 4 The soul may feel the heavy blight
Of deepest ignorance and night;
Yet may the densest cloud be riven,
And back the darkness may be driven
By that command which God has given,
"Let there be light!"

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MY TITLE CLEAR.

193

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Arranged by T. C. O'KANE.

I. { When I can read my title clear, my title clear, When I can read my title clear, my title clear,
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, to ev'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, to ev'ry fear,

When I can read my ti - tle clear,... To mansions in the skies, }
I'll bid farewell to ev - 'ry fear,... And wipe my weeping eyes. }

CHORUS.

We will stand the storm, We will anchor by and by, by and by;
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be very long, We will anchor by and by, We will anchor by and by;

We will stand the storm, We will anchor by and by.
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be very long, We will an - chor by and by, by and by.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.—*Chorus.*
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.—*Chorus.*
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,

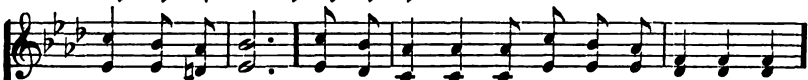
194 ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

By permission.

Words and Music by Rev. E. A. HOFFMANN.



1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walking dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the



blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour?
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied?
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the mansions bright,
 blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,



CHORUS.



Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

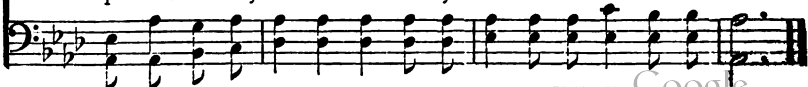
Are you washed



blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments
 in the blood of the Lamb?



spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

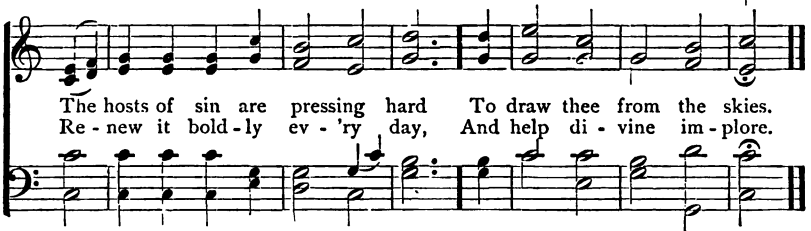


Words by GEORGE HEATH.

Music by L. MASON.



1. My soul be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise;
2. O, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;



The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.

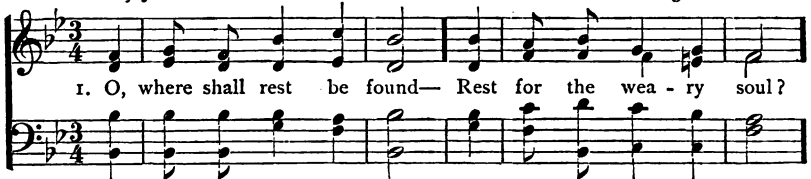
3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain a crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

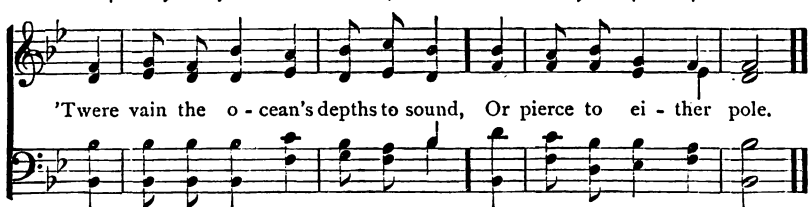
OLMUTZ.

Words by JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Gregorian Chant.



1. O, where shall rest be found— Rest for the wea - ry soul?



'Twere vain the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

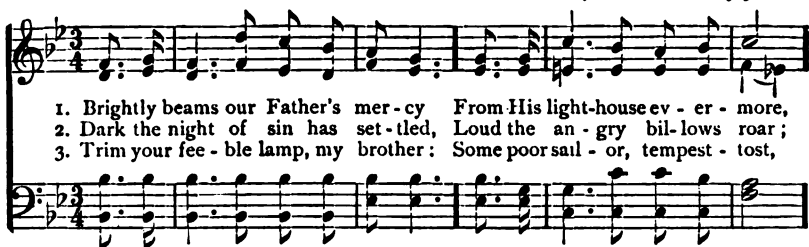
2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

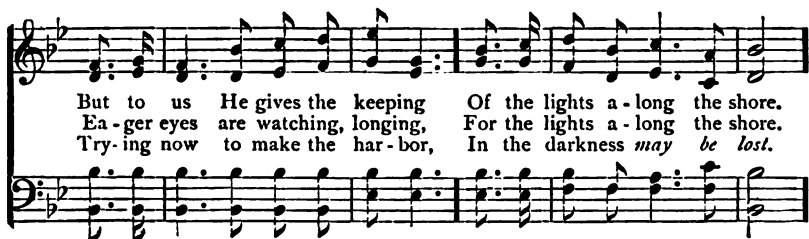
3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

5 Thou God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
For evermore undone.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss. By per.

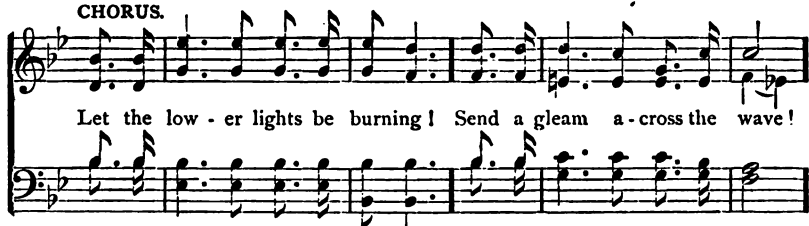


1. Brightly beams our Father's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er more,
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
 3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail-or, tempest-tost,

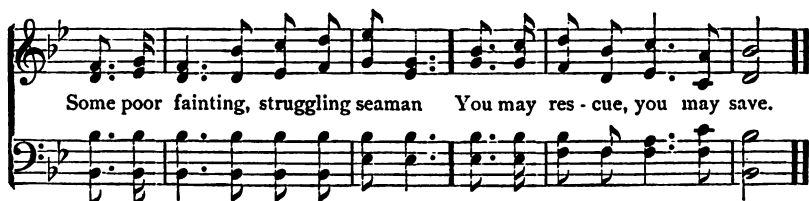


But to us He gives the keeping Of the lights a-long the shore.
 Ea-ger eyes are watching, longing, For the lights a-long the shore.
 Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the darkness may be lost.

CHORUS.



Let the low-er lights be burning! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!



Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save.

4.

May our light be always burning,
 And our loins be girded round,
 Waiting for our Lord's returning,—
 Longing for the welcome sound;
Chorus.—Let the lower, etc.

5.

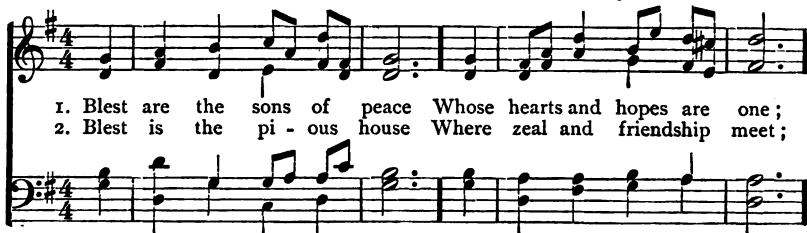
Thus the Christian life adorning,
 Never need we be afraid,
 Should He come at night or morning,
 Early dawn, or evening shade.
Chorus.—Let the lower, etc.

SHIRLAND.

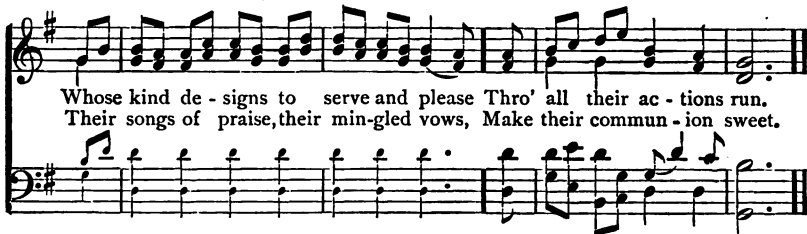
197

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Music by SAMUEL STANLEY.



1. Blest are the sons of peace Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
2. Blest is the pi - ous house Where zeal and friendship meet ;



Whose kind de - signs to serve and please Thro' all their ac - tions run.
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Make their commun - ion sweet.

3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above ;
There joy, like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love.

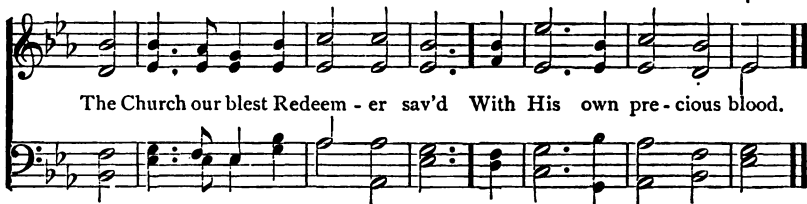
OLNEY.

Words by TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Music by L. MASON.



1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, —



The Church our blest Redeem - er sav'd With His own pre - cious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God !
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

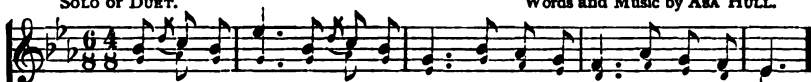
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways ;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

3 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield.
And brighter bliss of heaven.

SOLO OR DUET.

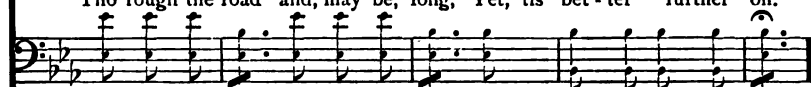
Words and Music by ASA HULL.



1. A gen-tle breeze from Eden's land, Wafts o'er the stream a heavenly song ;
2. I hear the soft, the glad refrain, I catch the sound and then 'tis gone ;
3. By faith I look across the main, Where lov'd ones have al-ready gone,
4. Hope ev-er sings the self-same song, To cheer the pilgrim, worn and wan,



They're singing on the shining strand, That it's bet-ter further on.
 They're singing o'er and o'er a - gain, "It is bet-ter further on."
 Lo! they have caught the sweet re - frain, "It is bet-ter further on."
 Tho' rough the road and, may be, long, Yet, 'tis bet-ter further on.



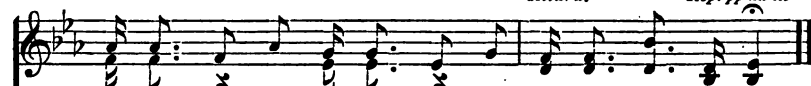
REFRAIN.



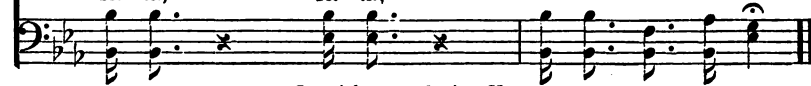
"It is bet-ter,..... it is bet-ter,..... it is bet-ter, it is
 Further on, fur-ther on, fur-ther on,



bet-ter,..... It is bet-ter,..... it is bet-ter,..... it is
 fur-ther on, fur-ther on, fur-ther on,

*Ritard.**Rep. pp ad lib.*

bet-ter, it is bet-ter, It is bet-ter fur-ther on."
 bet-ter, bet-ter,



PASSING MOMENTS.

199

Moderato.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. An - oth - er day is past, The hours for - ev - er fled,

And time is bear - ing us a - way, To min - gle with the dead.

2 Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For Thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On Thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

SEIR.

Words by MRS. STEELE.

Music by L. MASON.

1. Ye wretched, starv - ing poor, Be - hold a roy - al feast!

Where mer - cy spreads her bounteous store For ev - 'ry hum - ble guest.

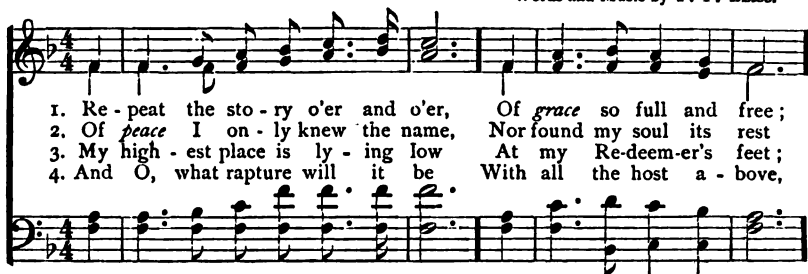
2 See, Christ, with open arms,
Invites, and bids you come;
O stay not back, though fear alarms;
For yet there still is room.

3 O come, and with us taste
The blessings of His love:
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

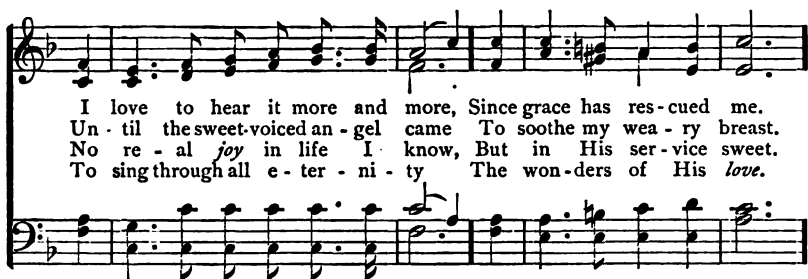
4 There, with united voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.

5 Ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach,—there yet is room.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

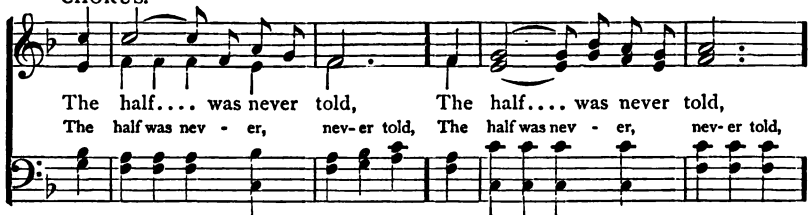


1. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of *grace* so full and free ;
 2. Of *peace* I on - ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest
 3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re-deem-er's feet ;
 4. And O, what rapture will it be With all the host a - bove,



I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res-cued me.
 Un - til the sweet-voiced an - gel came To soothe my wea - ry breast.
 No re - al joy in life I know, But in His ser - vice sweet.
 To sing through all e - ter - ni - ty The won - ders of His *love*.

CHORUS.



The half... was never told, The half... was never told,
 The half was nev - er, nev - er told, The half was nev - er, nev - er told,



1. Of grace di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half... was never told.
 2. Of peace di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half... was never told.
 3. Of joy di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half... was never told.
 4. Of love di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half... was never told.
 The half was nev - er, nev - er told.

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SAINT THOMAS.

201

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Music by A. WILLIAMS.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise ;
2. The King Himself comes near, And feasts His saints to - day ;

Welcome to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes !
Here we may sit, and see Him here, And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place,
Where Thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

GERAR.

Words by JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Music by L. MASON.

1. While thro' this world we roam, From in - fan - cy to age, Heav'n

is the Chris - tian pil - grim's home, His rest at ev - 'ry stage.

2 Thither his soul ascends,
Eternal joys to share ;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.

4 There we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found ;
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

3 His freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies, —
Where all is perfect love.

5 Henceforth our converse be
With Christ before the throne ;
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Words by Miss P. J. OWENS.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. From dis-tant lands ap-peal-ing, There comes a cry for aid;
 2. God's lightnings cleave the o-cean To bear His words of cheer,
 3. God's fin-ger points thee on-ward, Fear not the tempest's frown,

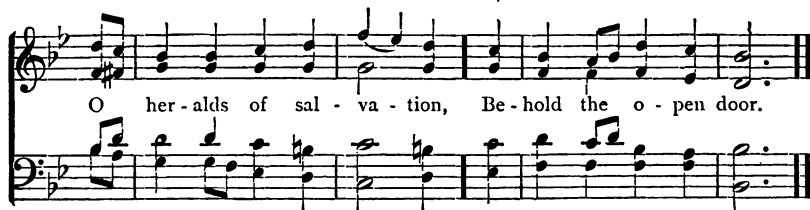
The day of Christ's re-veal-ing Breaks from the midnight shade;
 He guides the storm's com-mo-tion To draw the lands more near;
 The world is roll-ing sun-ward, The Cross shines out a Crown;

While each ex-pect-ant na-tion Stands wait-ing on the shore,
 He breaks their bars a-sun-der, They melt His love be-fore,
 Ye, to whom much is giv-en, O love and la-bor more;

O her-alds of sal-va-tion, Be-hold the o-pen door.
 And men cry out in won-der, "Be-hold the o-pen door."
 Then sweet the voice from heav-en, "Be-hold the o-pen door."

CHORUS.

Be-hold the o-pen door, Be-hold the o-pen door,
 Be-hold, be-hold the o-pen door, Be-hold, be-hold the o-pen door,

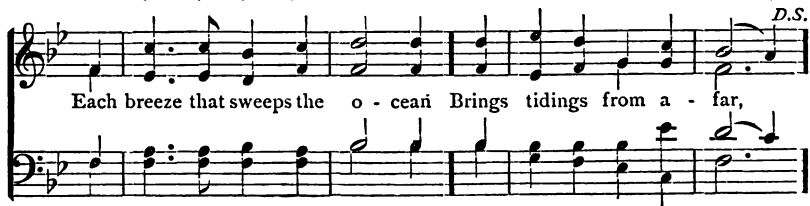
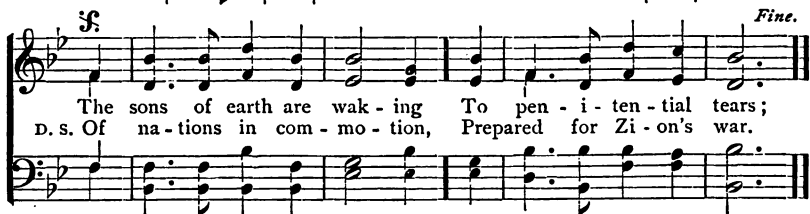
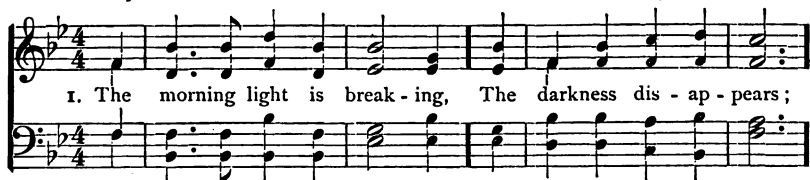


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GOODWIN.

Words by S. F. SMITH.

Music by G. J. WEBB.



- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour ;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.
- 3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above :

While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel-call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

- 4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way ;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay :
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home ;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, " The Lord is come."

Words by FANNY CROSBY, 1871.

Music by HUBERT P. MAIN. By per.



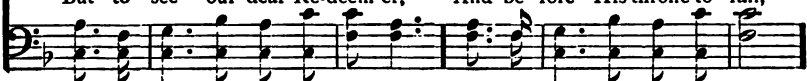
1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gath-er O'er the Christian's na - tal skies,
 2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin - ger, Ere we reach our journey's end;
 3. O the bliss of life e - ter - nal! O the long un - bro - ken rest!



Distant beams, like floods of glo - ry, Fill the soul with glad surprise;
 Yet a lit - tle while to la - bor, Ere the evening shades descend;
 In the gold - en fields of pleasure, In the re - gion of the blest;



And we al - most hear the ech - o Of the pure and ho - ly throng,
 Then we'll lay us down to slumber, But the night will soon be o'er;
 But to see our dear Re-deem-er, And be - fore His throne to fall,



In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, In the summer - land of song.
 In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, We shall wake, to sleep no more.
 There to hear His gracious welcome— Will be sweeter far than all.



CHORUS.



On the banks beyond the riv - er, We shall meet, no more to sev - er;



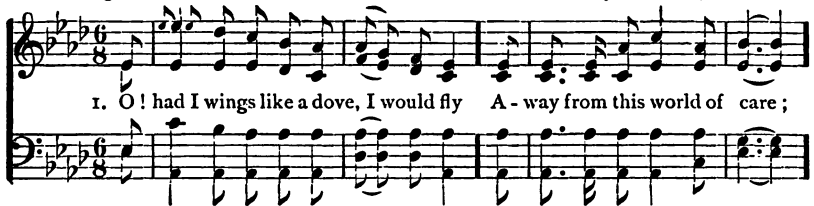


In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, In the summer - land of song.

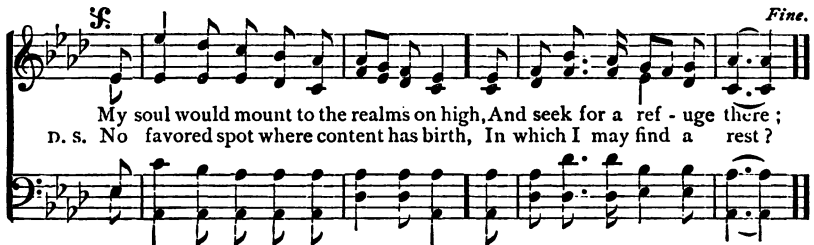
WORDS OF PROMISE.

Arranged for this work.

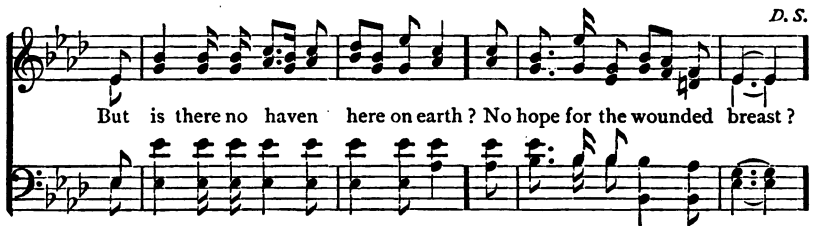
Words and Music by CHARLES JEFFREYS.



1. O! had I wings like a dove, I would fly A - way from this world of care ;



My soul would mount to the realms on high, And seek for a ref - uge there ;
D. S. No favored spot where content has birth, In which I may find a rest ?



But is there no haven here on earth ? No hope for the wounded breast ?

2.

3.

O, is it not written, Believe and live ?
The heart by bright hope allured
Shall find the comfort these words can give,
And be by its faith assured ; [frown,
Then why should we fear the cold world's
When truth to the heart has given
The light of religion to guide us on
In joy to the paths of heaven.

There is, there is in Thy holy word—
Thy word which can ne'er depart—
There is a promise of mercy stored
For the lowly and meek of heart :
“ My yoke is easy, My burden light,
Then come unto Me for rest ; ”—
These, these are the words of promise stored
For the wounded and wearied breast.

RUNNING THE RACE.

Words by MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

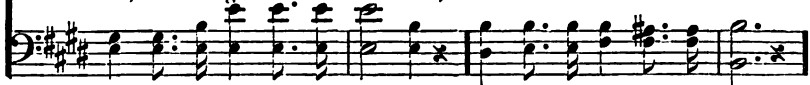
Music by J. H. TENNEY.



1. On, tho' thy way may be drea - ry, On, tho' thou see not the end;
 2. On, tho' thy feet may be wea - ry, Yonder remaineth a rest;
 3. On, for thy time quickly pass - eth, Day is with thee on the wane;



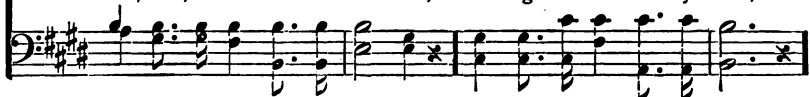
On, and O, look not be - hind thee, Joy shall thy steps soon at - tend.
 Sit thou not down, nor yet loit - er, On, and thy soul shall be blest.
 On, lest the night should o'ertake thee, Ere the reward thou ob - tain.



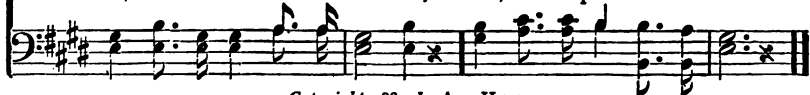
CHORUS.



Run, then, the race set be - fore thee, Casting aside ev - 'ry sin;



O, for the bliss set be - fore thee, Run, and the prize thou shalt win.



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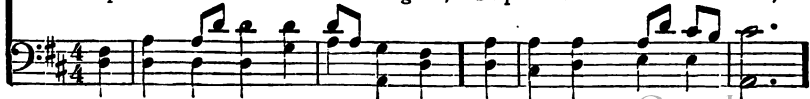
Words by ISAAC WATTS.

WARWICK.

Music by S. STANLEY.



1. Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;
 2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all His saints,





To Thee will I di-rect my pray'r, To Thee lift up mine eye.
Pre-sent-ing at the Father's throne Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 O, may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness ;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

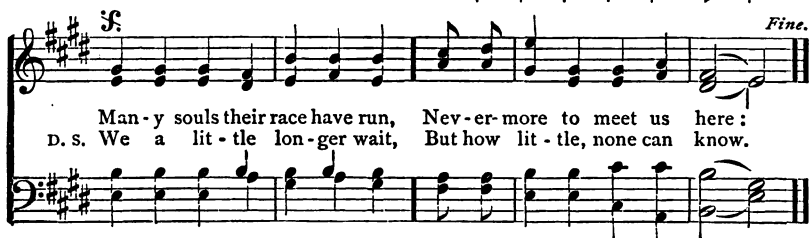
BENEVENTO.

Words by JOHN NEWTON.

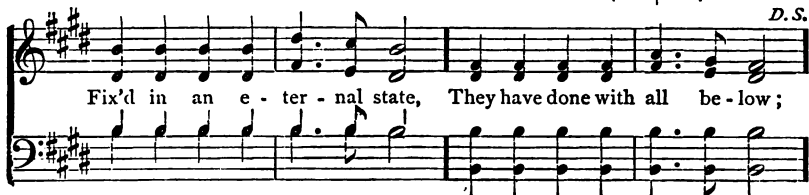
Music by S. WEBBE.



I. While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted thro' the for-mer year,



Man-y souls their race have run, Nev-er-more to meet us here :
D. S. We a lit-tle lon-ger wait, But how lit-tle, none can know.




Fix'd in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low ;

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.

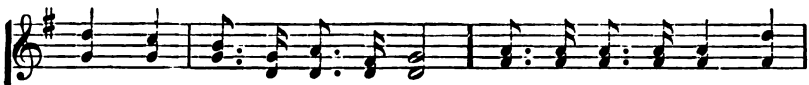
3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view :
Bless Thy word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we reign with Thee above.

Words by HORACE E. KIMBALL.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.



1. Onward, Christian sol-dier, Onward to the fight, Hold the ban-ner
2. Je-sus Christ, your Sav-iour, Says that you must win, If ye do His




firm-ly, Bat-tle for the right! Hold the cross for Je-sus,
bid-ding, Look for strength to Him: Clad in heav'nly ar-mor,




As your banner high, Nev-er must you fal-ter, Nev-er must you fly.
You'll o'ercome the foe, Triumph o'er the tempt-er, Je-sus tells you so.

CHORUS.



On-ward, Christian sol-dier, Onward to the fight, Hold the ban-ner



firm-ly, Bat-tle for the right; Hold the banner firm-ly, Hold the ban-ner

firm - ly. Hold the ban - ner firm - ly, Bat - tle for the right.

3 Then when warfare's over,
When the fight is done,
When the foes are vanquish'd,
When the victory's won,

Laying down your armor,
Clad in snowy white,
You shall reign with Jesus
In eternal light.

THE JOYOUS MORNING.

Words by E. RINEHART.

Music arranged from the German.

1. Ear - ly dawn ! ear - ly dawn ! Ushering in a brighter morn ;
2. Morning bright ! morning bright ! With its flood of gold - en light ;

While the an - gels stand and won - der, Jesus breaks the bonds a - sun - der ;
Je - sus lives, O wondrous sto - ry, Lives the King of life and glo - ry,

Weeping hearts no longer mourn.
He has ris - en in His might.

3 Morning light ! morning light !
Scatter far the shades of night ;
Mary's heart, so full of sadness,
Now is filled with joy and gladness,
Jesus thrilled her hearts with delight.

4 Morning joy ! morning joy !
It shall be my blest employ ;
Telling of the sweet surprising
Of the loved ones at His rising,
Filling all their hearts with joy.

Adagio e Legato.



mp 1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home ; } Danger and sorrow stand
 { Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home ; }
 2. { What tho' the tempest rage ? Heav'n is my home ; } Time's cold and wintry blast
 { Short is my pil-grimage, Heav'n is my home ; }

p Round me on ev-'ry hand ; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.
 Soon will be o-ver-past ; I shall reach home at last ; Heav'n is my home.

p 3 Peace ! O my troubled soul,
 Heav'n is my home ;
 I soon shall reach the goal ;
 Heav'n is my home ;
 Swiftly the race I'll run,
 Yield up my crown to none ;
 Forward ! the prize is won ;
 Heav'n is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heav'n is my home ;
 I shall be glorified ;
 Heav'n is my home ;
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I lov'd most and best ;
 There, too, I soon shall rest ;
 Heav'n is my home.

MERIBAH.

Words by C. WESLEY.

Music by Dr. L. MASON.



1. Come on, my partners in dis-tress, My comrades thro' the wilder-ness,
 2. Be-yond the bounds of time and space, Look forward to that heav'nly place,

Who still your bod-ies feel, A-while for-get your griefs and fears,
 The saints' se-cure a-bode ; On faith's strong ea-gle-pin-ions rise,

And look beyond this vale of tears, To that ce - les - tial hill,
And force your pas - sage to the skies, And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflict here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

LISCHER.

Words by HAYWARD.

From the German, by L. MASON.

1. { Welcome, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest! }
I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest: }

From low de - lights, and mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im -

mor - tal joys, I soar.. to reach im - mor - tal joys.
I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

Words by B. M. ADAMS.

Music arranged from E. T. COFFIN.

1. Sad and wea-ry with my long-ing, Fill'd with shame because of sin ;
 2. O, the joy of knowing Je - sus, It is dawning on my soul ;
 3. O re-fine me by Thy Spir - it, Make my earthly life sublime ;

As I am in conscious weakness, Here I would sal - va - tion win.
 I am find-ing His sal - va - tion, And the pow'r that makes me whole.
 With my heart a home for Je - sus, Till I'm done with earth and time.

CHORUS.

All I have I leave for Je - sus, I am counting it but

dross ; I am coming to the Mas - ter, I am clinging

to the cross ; Clinging, clinging, clinging to the cross.

HOLLEY.

213

Words by G. W. DOANE.

Music by GEORGE HEWS.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way ;
 2. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for ev - er pass a - way ;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

3 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Naught escapes without, within,
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault, and secret sin.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
 All of man's infirmity ;
 Then from Thine eternal throne,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

HORTON.

Words by A. L. BARBAULD.

Music by VON WARTENSEE.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice
 2. Thou who, homeless and forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,

I will guide you to your home ; Wea - ry pilgrims, hith - er come.
 Long hast roamed the bar - ren waste, Wea - ry wand'rer, hith - er haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain,
 Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
 In remorse for guilt who mourn,—

4 Hither come ; for here is found
 Balm for ev'ry bleeding wound,
 Peace which ever shall endure,
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Words by Rev. S. B. GOULD.

Arranged from HAYDN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

Going on be - fore : Christ, the Royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe ;

CHORUS.

Forward in-to bat - tle, See His banner go. Onward, Christian soldiers,

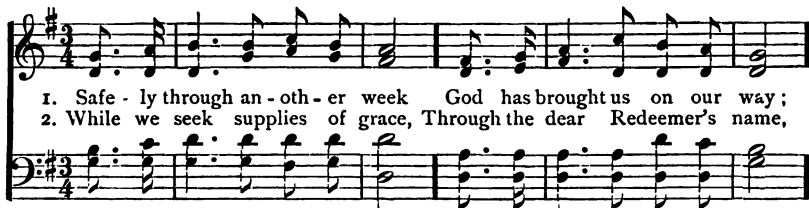
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on be - fore.

2 Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God ;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod,
 We are not divided :
 All one body we :
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.

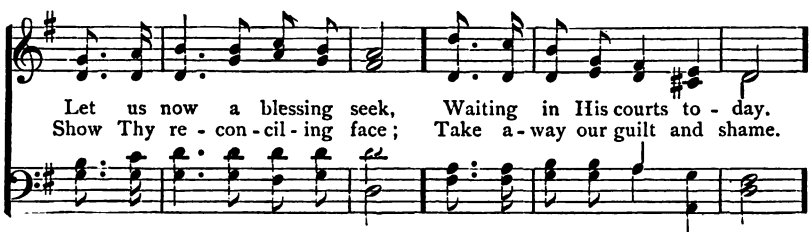
3 Crowns and thorns may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane ;
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain.
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that church prevail ;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.

Words by JOHN NEWTON.

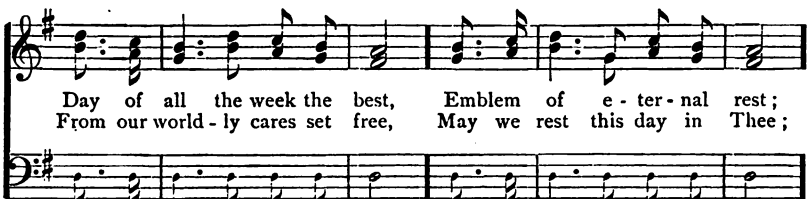
Music by Dr. L. MASON.



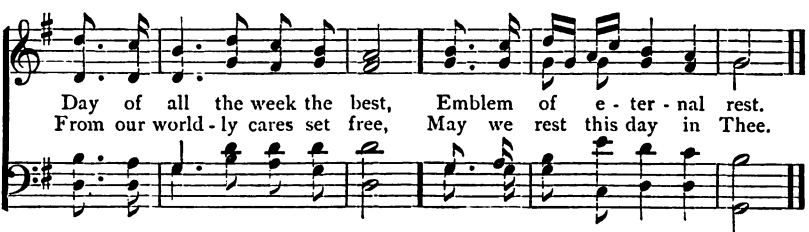
1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way ;
 2. While we seek supplies of grace, Through the dear Redeemer's name,



Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in His courts to - day.
 Show Thy re - con - cil - ing face ; Take a - way our guilt and shame.



Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest ;
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee ;



Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise ;
 Let us feel Thy presence near :
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear :
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast ;
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief from all complaints ;
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above ;
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

Fine.

1. { Hail, Thou once des - pis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - i - le - an King! }
 { Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring. }
 D.C. By Thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' Thy name.

D.C.

Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Saviour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side;
 There for sinners Thou art pleading;
 There Thou dost our place prepare:
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

ZION.

Words by THOMAS OLIVERS.

Music by Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. { O Thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Redeemer from all sin, } I will
 { Moved by Thy di - vine com - pas - sion, Who hast died my heart to win, }
 2. { Though unseen, I love the Saviour; He hath brought salvation near; } Soul and
 { Man - i - fests His pard'ning fa - vor; And when Je - sus doth ap - pear, }

[begin ?
 praise Thee: Where shall I Thy praise begin? I will praise Thee: Where shall I Thy praise
 body Shall His glorious image bear; Soul and body Shall His glorious image bear.

JESUS WAITS FOR THEE.

217

Allegretto.

Words and Music by C. H. GABRIEL.

1. I heard the blessed Saviour say, "Poor, wea-ry child of grief,
 2. I hearkened to His ten-der cry, And trembling-ly o-beyed;
 3. O, what sweet comfort I have found; How calm and sweet my rest;

Come un-to me with all your woes, And I will give re-lief.
 He whispered in my list'ning ear, "Thy ran-som has been paid."
 How free-ly I con-fide my all, And lean on Je-sus' breast.

CHORUS.

He calls..... and waits,.... He calls..... and waits,....
 He calls and waits for thee, He calls and waits for thee,

O wea-ry one He calls and waits for thee.....
 thee, for thee.

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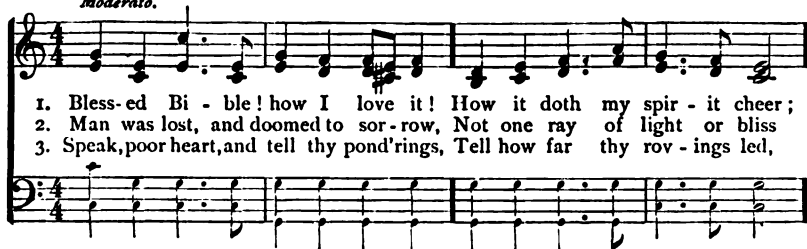
CONCLUSION OF ZION, OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
 Glory to the great I AM,
 I with them will still be vying—
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!
 ¶: O, how precious
 Is the sound of Jesus' name! :|

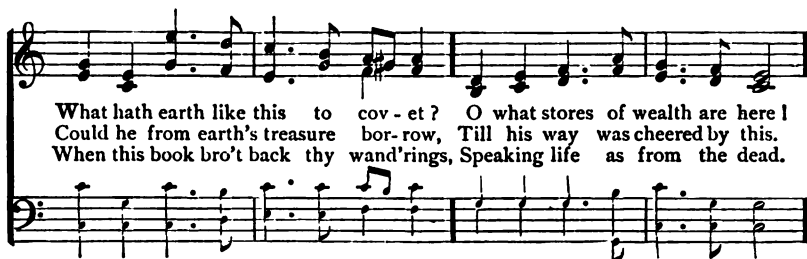
4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
 Unperceived amid the throng;
 Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
 Glad to join the holy song;
 ¶: Hallelujah!
 Love and praise to Christ belong. :|

Words by MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

Music by ASA HULL.

Moderato.


1. Bless-ed Bi - ble! how I love it! How it doth my spir - it cheer;
 2. Man was lost, and doomed to sor-row, Not one ray of light or bliss
 3. Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings, Tell how far thy rov - ings led,



What hath earth like this to cov - et? O what stores of wealth are here!
 Could he from earth's treasure bor-row, Till his way was cheered by this.
 When this book bro't back thy wand'rings, Speaking life as from the dead.

CHORUS, *a little faster.*


Blessed Bi - ble! Blessed Bi - ble! God's own book to mortals giv'n;



Precious tidings of sal - va - tion, Glorious chart and guide to heav'n.

4 Blessed Bible! I will hide thee
 Deep—yes! deeper in my heart!

Thou through all my life shalt guide me,
 And in death we will not part.

Chorus.—Blessed Bible! etc.

5 Part in death? No, never! never!

Through death's vale I'll lean on thee,
 Then in worlds above forever
 Sweeter still thy truths shalt be.

Chorus.—Blessed Bible! etc.

Allegretto.

Music from I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Lis-ten to the gentle promptings Of the Spir-it's warning voice ;
2. Sweetly call - ing on the err - ing, Pardons of - fered without price ;

Will you heed His solemn warnings? Can ye slight His wondrous love ?
Come, and 'round the al - tar kneeling, O, receive the of - fered grace.

3 Joy and hope the troubled conscience
Will allay with soothing peace ;
Press ye, then, to realms of glory ;
Run with joy the offered race.

4 Hesitate no longer, sinner,
Lest the Spirit, sad and grieved,
Should forsake thee now and ever,
Never more to be deceived.

CHRIST OUR FRIEND.

Words by REV. THOS. L. POULSON.

Music by J. G. ROBINSON.

1. Though the night o'erhang our dwelling, And the tempests round us rave ;

And the win - try blasts are swelling, Till we fear there's none to save :

2 Still the gospel streamlets flowing
To the hearts of all mankind,
And the heavenly breezes blowing,
Cheer the waiting, trusting mind.

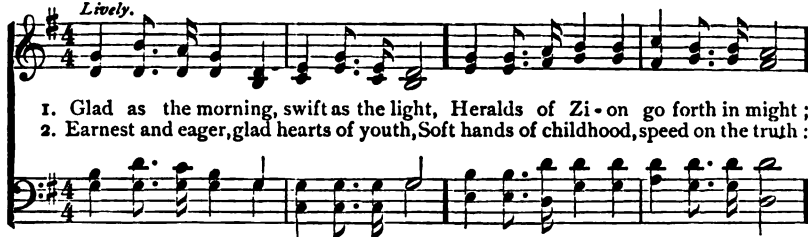
3 In the cause of God engaged,
Wrongs of Satan to redress,
When the battle hottest raged,
We have always won success.

4 With the Christian's banner o'er us,
As to duty we attend ;
In the wide world spread before us
Christ shall ever be our friend.

5 In the morning of His coming,
When the warfare all is past,
We'll be counted in the morning
Of His jewels at the last.

Words by Miss P. J. OWENS.

Music by ASA HULL.

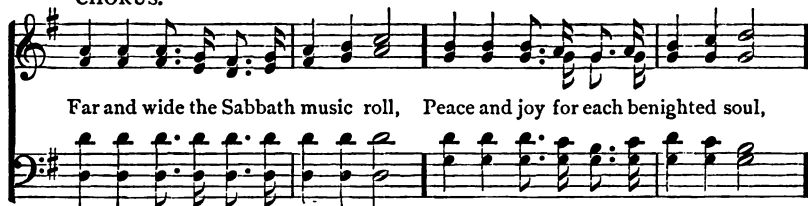
Lively.


1. Glad as the morning, swift as the light, Heralds of Zi-on go forth in might ;
2. Earnest and eager, glad hearts of youth, Soft hands of childhood, speed on the truth :

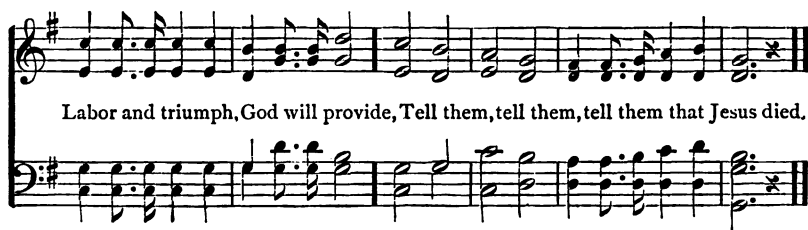


O - ver the mountain, o - ver the deep, Go where the heathen weep.
List to the chil - dren o - ver the sea, Cry - ing for help from thee.

CHORUS.



Far and wide the Sabbath music roll, Peace and joy for each benighted soul,



Labor and triumph, God will provide, Tell them, tell them, tell them that Jesus died.

3.

Free as the sunshine, wide as its ray,
Tidings of gladness, haste on your way,
Healing the sorrow, loosing the chain,
Teaching that Christ shall reign.

Chorus.—Far and wide, etc.

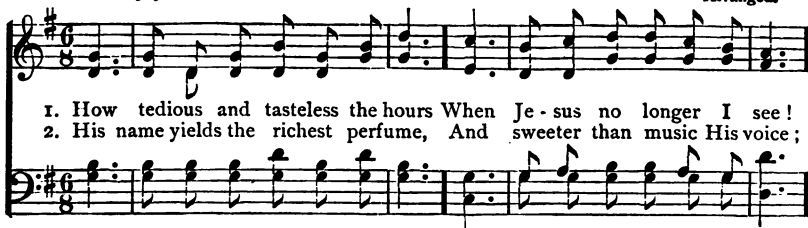
4.

Clothed with salvation, shielded with might,
Heralds of Zion, bear on the light,
Over the desert, waiting for thee,
See how the shadows flee.

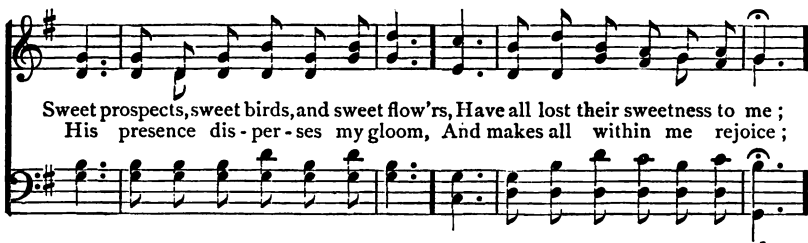
Chorus.—Far and wide, etc.

Words by JOHN NEWTON.

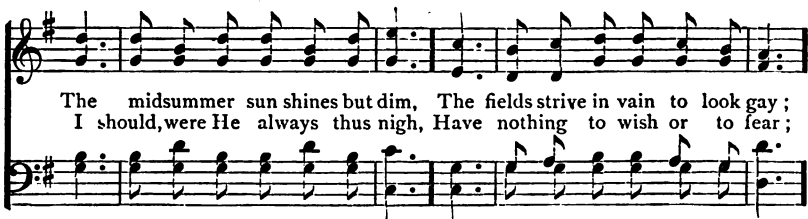
Arranged.



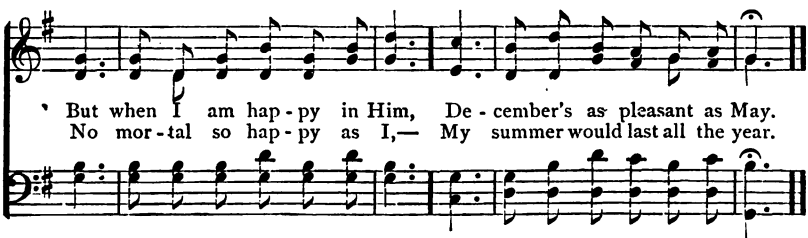
1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Je - sus no longer I see !
2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music His voice ;



Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me ;
His presence dis - per - ses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice ;



The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
I should, were He always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear ;



But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cember's as pleasant as May.
No mor - tal so hap - py as I, — My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind :
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my Sun and my Song,
Say, why do I languish and pine ?
And why are my winters so long ?
O drive those dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

SECRET PRAYER.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Go, when the morning shin - eth, Go, when the moon is bright,
2. Re - mem - ber all who love thee, All who are lov'd by thee;

Go, when the eve de - clin - eth, Go, in the hush of night;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If an - y such there be;

Go, with pure mind and feel - ing, Fling earth - ly care a - way,
Then for thy - self, in meekness, A bless - ing humbly claim,

And, in thy clos - et kneel - ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.
And blend with each pe - ti - tion Thy great Re - deem - er's name.

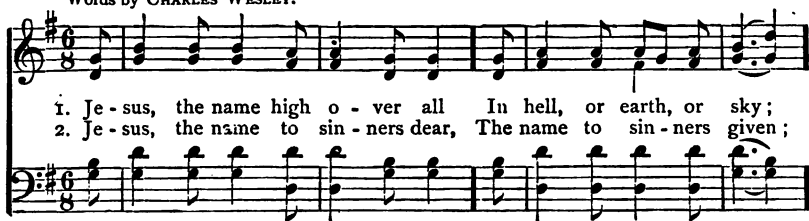
3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way;
E'en then, the silent breathing
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

4 O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,—
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer;
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love, who gave thee all.

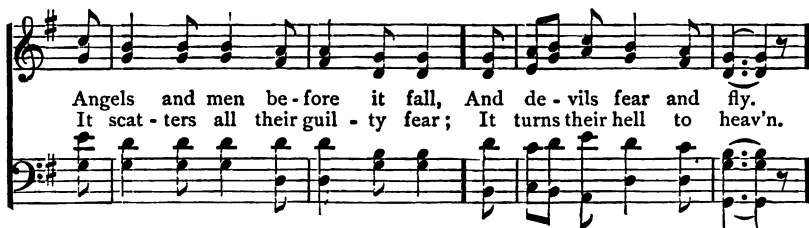
O, HOW I LOVE JESUS.

223

Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

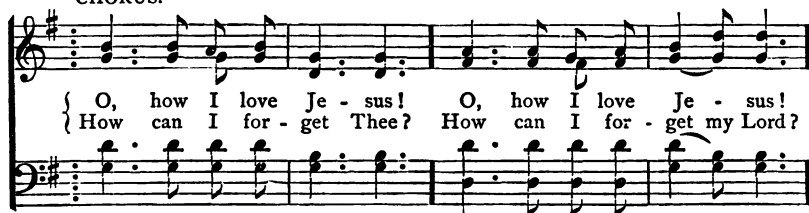


1. Je - sus, the name high o - ver all In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je - sus, the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners given;



Angels and men be - fore it fall, And de - vils fear and fly.
It scat - ters all their guil - ty fear; It turns their hell to heav'n.

CHORUS.



{ O, how I love Je - sus! O, how I love Je - sus!
{ How can I for - get Thee? How can I for - get my Lord?



O, how I love Je - sus! Be - cause He first lov'd me.
How can I for - get Thee? Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Pow'r into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead.—*Chorus.*

5 His only righteousness I show;
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business, here below,
To cry, Behold the Lamb!—*Chorus.*

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace;
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.—*Chorus.*

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry, in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!—*Chorus.*

Words by H. F. LYTE.

Music arranged from MOZART.

I. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee ;

Nak - ed, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be !
D. S. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own !

Per - ish, ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
O, while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest !
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me ;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure !
Come disaster, scorn, and pain !
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father
I have stayed my heart on Thee !
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

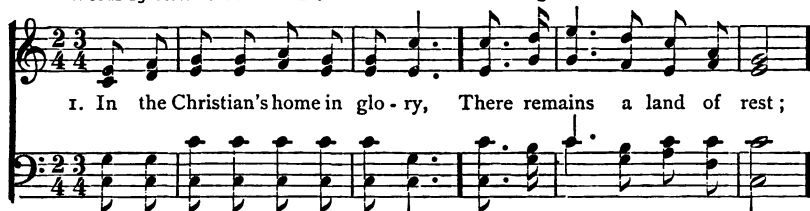
5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r !
Heav'n's eternal day before thee ;
God's own hand shall guide thee there :
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

225

Words by Rev. S. G. HARMER.

Arranged from Rev. W. M'DONALD.

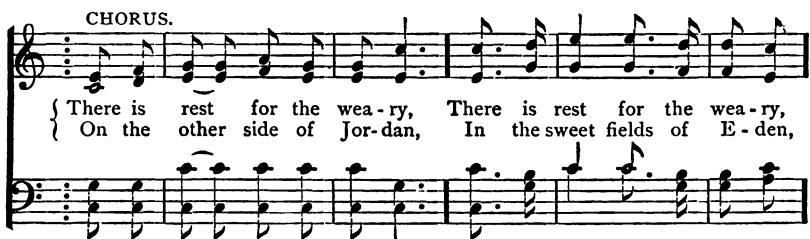


I. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest ;

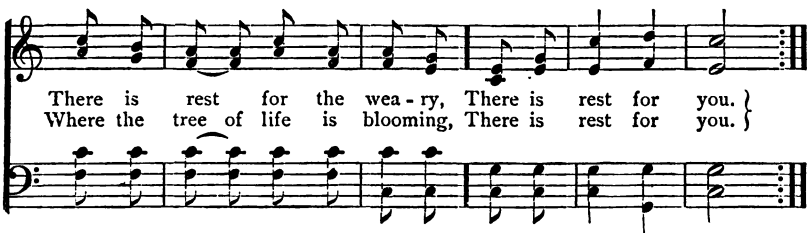


There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.

CHORUS.



{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,
On the other side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,



There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you. }
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. }

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,—
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.—*Cho.*

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share ;
But in that celestial center
I a crown of life shall wear.—*Cho.*

4 Death itself shall then be vanquish'd,
And his sting shall be withdrawn ;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed ;
Hail with joy the rising morn.—*Cho.*

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go !
Zion's gates shall open for you ;
You shall find an entrance thro'.—*Cho.*

Words by C. WESLEY.

Music by L. EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise ; Shake off thy guilty fears ; The bleeding Sac - ri -

fice In my be - half ap - pears : Be - fore the throne my Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be -

Surety stands, Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands. fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - - ten on His hands.

- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede ;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead ;
[: His blood atoned for all our race, :]
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary ;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me :—
[: Forgive him, O forgive, they cry, :]
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

- 4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One :
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son :
[: His Spirit answers to the blood, :]
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled :
His pard'ning voice I hear :
He owns me for His child ;
I can no longer fear :
[: With confidence I now draw nigh, :]
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

C. WESLEY.

Tune—Lenox.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
[: The year of jubilee is come ; :]
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
[: The year of jubilee is come ; :]
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in His blood,
Throughout the world proclaim :
[: The year of jubilee is come ; :]
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
[: The year of jubilee is come ; :]
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

GREENVILLE.

227

Words by JOSEPH HART.

Music by J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Fine.

I. { Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore ; }
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power : }
 D.C. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will-ing ; doubt no more.

D.C.

He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will-ing ; doubt no more ;

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Now, ye needy, come, and welcome ; God's free bounty glorify ; True belief and true repentance,— Every grace that brings you nigh,— : Without money, Come to Jesus Christ, and buy. : </p> <p>3 Let not conscience make you linger ; Nor of fitness fondly dream : All the fitness he requireth Is to feel your need of Him : : This He gives you,— 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam. : </p> <p>4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall, If you tarry till you're better You will never come at all ; : Not the righteous,— Sinners Jesus came to call. : </p> | <p>5 Agonizing in the garden Your Redeemer prostrate lies ; On the bloody tree behold Him ! Hear Him cry, before He dies, : It is finished !— Sinners, will not this suffice ? : </p> <p>6 Lo ! th' incarnate God, ascending, Pleads the merit of His blood : Venture on Him, venture freely ; Let no other trust intrude : : None but Jesus Can do helpless sinners good. : </p> <p>7 Saints and angels, joined in concert, Sing the praises of the Lamb ; While the blissful seats of heaven Sweetly echo with His name : : Hallelujah ! Sinners here may do the same. : </p> |
|---|---|

FAR FROM MORTAL CARES.

J. TAYLOR.

Tune—*Greenville.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 FAR from mortal cares retreating, Sordid hopes and vain desires, Here our willing footsteps meeting, Ev'ry heart to heav'n aspires. From the fount of glory beaming, Light celestial cheers our eyes : Mercy from above proclaiming, Peace and pardon from the skies.</p> | <p>2 Who may share this great salvation ? Ev'ry pure and humble mind, Ev'ry kindred, tongue, and nation, From the stains of guilt refined. Blessings all around bestowing, God withholds His care from none, Grace and mercy ever flowing From the fountain of His throne.</p> |
|---|---|

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. Wea-ry wand'rer o'er the main, Seeking for thy home a-gain,

Thro' the gath'ring mists that rise, Veil-ing thy na-tal skies;

Look be-yond, there's light for thee, Streaming o'er the tur-bid sea:

Soft-ly it smiles, tho' dis-tant far, The beau-ti-ful po-lar star.

2 Stranger on a rocky strand,
Longing for thy fatherland,
Thro' the gath'ring clouds that rise,
Veiling thy natal skies;
Look beyond, there's hope for thee,
Dawning o'er a tranquil sea:
Softly it smiles, though distant far,
The beautiful polar star.

3 Lonely watcher, pale with grief,
Thou shalt find a sweet relief,
Though thy tears unheeded fall,
Jesus will count them all;
Look beyond, there's joy for thee,
Breaking o'er a troubled sea;
Softly it smiles, though distant far,
The beautiful polar star.

CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY.

229

Words by CHAS. WESLEY.

Music by CHAS. ZEUNER.



1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say;
2. Love's re - deem'ing work is done,—Fought the fight, the bat - tle won;



Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heav'n's,—and earth, re-ply.
Lo! the sun's e - clipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more.



- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

From "Palm Leaves."

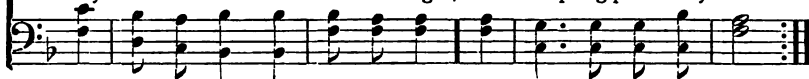
Words and Music by ASA HULL.



1. Whence came the ar - mies of the sky, John saw in visions bright?
Cho.—They looked like men in u - ni-form, They looked like men of war;



Whence came their crowns, their robes, their palms, Too pure for mor - tal sight?
They all were clad in ar - mor bright, And conq'ring palms they bore.



- 2 Were these tried soldiers of the cross
Victorious in the fight?
Were these the trophies they had won,
Reserved in worlds of light?—*Cho.*
- 3 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.—*Cho.*
- 4 They saw the star of Bethlehem
Arise in splendor bright;
They followed long its guiding ray,
Till beamed a clearer light.—*Cho.*
- 5 From desert waste and cities full,
From dungeons dark they've come,
And now they claim their mansions fair;
They've found their long-sought home.

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NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Moderato.

Music by SILAS J. VAIL. By per.

1. Nothing but leaves ! The Spir - it grieves O'er years of wast - ed life ;
 2. Nothing but leaves ! No gathered sheaves Of life's fair ripening grain :

O'er sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and promis - es unkept,
 We sow our seeds ; lo ! tares and weeds, — Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds —

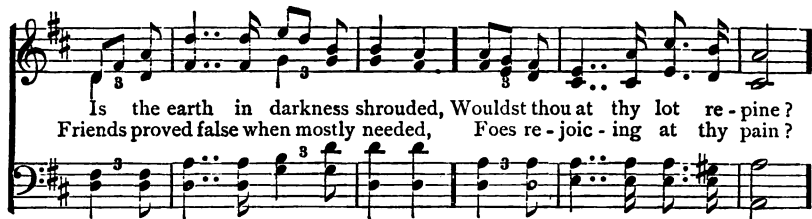
And reap from years of strife — Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !
 Then reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !

- 3 Nothing but leaves ! Sad mem'ry weaves No veil to hide the past :
 And as we trace our weary way,
 And count each lost and misspent day
 We sadly find at last —
 Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !
- 4 Ah ! who shall thus the Master meet,
 And bring but withered leaves ?
 Ah ! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
 Before the awful judgment-seat
 Lay down for golden sheaves,
 Nothing but leaves ? nothing but leaves ?

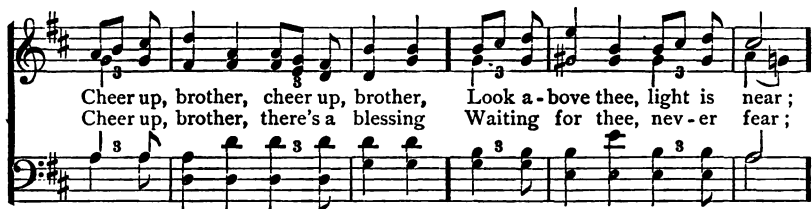
PERSEVERANCE AND TRUST.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Brother, is life's morning clouded ? Has thy sun-light ceased to shine ?
 2. Brother, has life's hopes re - ced - ed, Hast thou sought its joys in vain ?



Is the earth in darkness shrouded, Wouldst thou at thy lot re-pine?
Friends proved false when mostly needed, Foes re-joic-ing at thy pain?



Cheer up, brother, cheer up, brother, Look a-bove thee, light is near;
Cheer up, brother, there's a blessing Waiting for thee, nev-er fear;



Soon will come the next tran-si-tion, "Trust in God, and per-se-vere."
Foes for-giv-ing, sins con-fess-ing, "Trust in God, and per-se-vere."

CHORUS.



Trust in God,..... Trust in God,..... Trust in
and per-se-vere, and per-se-vere,



God, and per-se-vere.
Trust in God, and perse-vere.

3.
Brother, all things round are calling,
With united voice, "be strong;"
Though the wrongs of earth be gall-ing,
They must loose their force ere long.
Yes, my brother, though life's troubles
Drive thee near to dark despair,
Soon 'twill vanish like a bubble,
"Trust in God, and persevere."

SO WILL I COMFORT THEE.

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

Music by J. W. KIRKPATRICK.

1. So will I comfort thee, Poor sorrowing child of care; Thy heav-y
2. So will I comfort thee, Thro' all life's drea-ry way; I'll be thy

load of woe, Up-on my heart I bear. I know thy pains, and griefs, and fears,
constant guide, I'll keep thee night and day; No foes, no per-ils need'st thou fear,

I hear thy sighs, and count thy tears: So will I com-fort, comfort thee.
For I, thy God, am al-ways near: So will I com-fort, comfort thee.

3 So will I comfort thee,
E'en I, the *mighty God*;
Unchanging is My love,
Unfailing is My word.
No mother's love can equal Mine,
No arms so strong as arms Divine;
So will I comfort thee.

4 So will I comfort thee;
From every stormy blast,
I'll hide thee with My wings,
"Till all life's storms are past,"
Then bear thee to the heavenly shore,
Where sorrow's tears shall fall no more:
So will I comfort thee.

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THE BREAD OF LIFE.

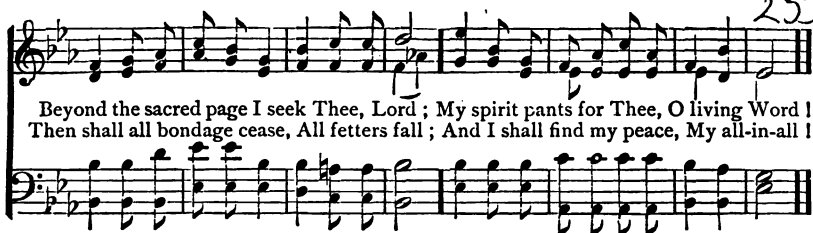
Words by M. A. LATHBURY.

Music by WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Galilee;

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

233

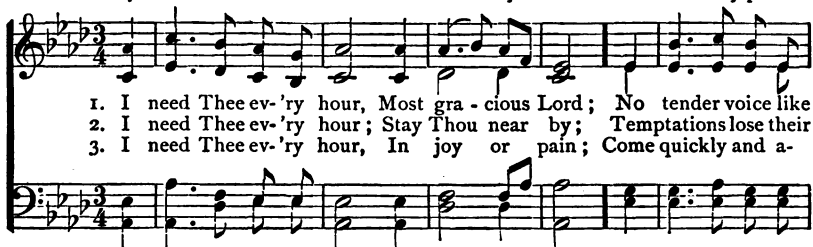


Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord ; My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word !
Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall ; And I shall find my peace, My all-in-all !

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

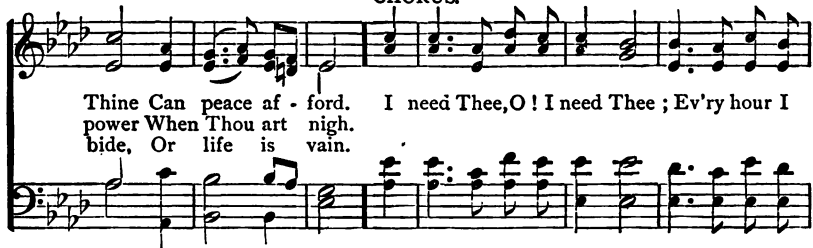
Words by MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

Music by REV. ROBERT LOWRY. By per.



1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord ; No tender voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour ; Stay Thou near by ; Temptations lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain ; Come quickly and a-

CHORUS.



Thine Can peace af - ford. I need Thee, O ! I need Thee ; Ev'ry hour I
power When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain.



need Thee ; O bless me now, my Saviour ! I come to Thee.

- 4 I need Thee ev'ry hour ;
Teach me Thy will ;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
Chorus.—I need Thee, etc.

- 5 I need Thee ev'ry hour,
Most Holy One,
O, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.
Chorus.—I need Thee, etc.

STRANGER VOICES.

Words by Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. Stran - ger voi - ces oft I hear, Call - ing, soft - ly call - ing;
 2. Strange the forms I sometimes see At the por - tal knocking;
 3. Earth - ly good my soul has tried, Oft with plea - sure 'lur - ing,

Earth - ly mu - sic on my ear Fall - ing, sweet - ly fall - ing;
 They my guests would glad - ly be, — I my heart un - lock - ing;
 If I'll on - ly turn a - side, There my all se - cur - ing;

Sweet - er far those ac - cents mild, Fraught with Je - sus' bless - ing,
 But the Fair - est of the fair Fills my low - ly dwell - ing;
 But I seek a cit - y fair, Home and rest ex - pect - ing,

When He owns me for His child, Peace my soul pos - sess - ing.
 In His love I dai - ly share, Joy my bo - som swell - ing.
 When its glo - ries I shall share, And its grace re - flect - ing.

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HIS GUIDING HAND.

Words by E. P. LELAND.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. He leadeth me, He leadeth me; How sweet to know that Jesus' hand
 2. He leadeth me, He leadeth me; How calm the weary heart doth grow

CHORUS.



Leds me thro' the wildness In - to the promised land. He leadeth
When He leads; and O, what rest The burden'd soul may know!



me, He leadeth me, Like a ten-der shepherd, He leadeth me.



3 He leadeth me, He leadeth me;
And knows the paths must thorny be,
Trav'ling up to heav'nly life,
By way of Calvary.—*Chorus.*

4 He leadeth me, He leadeth me;
It is enough; I'll joyful be,
For I know it is in love
That thus He leadeth me.—*Chorus.*

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O HOW HE LOVES!

From "Wreath of Praise."

Music by ASA HULL, 1868.



1. { I know that my Redeemer lives; O how He loves!
What joy the blest assurance gives; [OMIT.....] O how He loves!
2. { He lives, He lives who once was dead! O how He loves!
He lives, my ev - er-lasting Head; [OMIT.....] O how He loves!

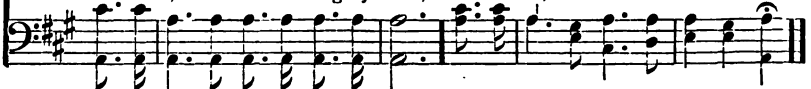


CHORUS.

Rep. pp ad lib.



O'tis love, that moves the mighty God; O'twas love, 'twas love that found out me.



3 He lives to bless me with His love;
He lives to plead for me above.—*Cho.*

4 He lives my hungry soul to feed;
He lives to help in time of need.—*Cho.*

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JESUS, OUR FRIEND.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Sweet 'tis to sing of Thee, Je - sus, our heav'nly Friend ; Praising Thy
 2. When Thou wert here be - low, Je - sus, our heav'nly Friend ; Thou didst our
 3. By Thy re - deem - ing grace, Je - sus, our heav'nly Friend ; We hope to

love so free, Je - sus, our Friend. O, for a heart to praise,
 sor - rows know, Je - sus, our Friend. Grant to each heart to feel,
 see Thy face, Je - sus, our Friend. Then will we joy - ful praise,

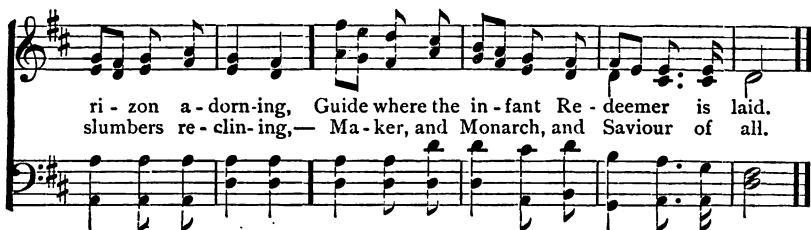
Through all our earthly days, Thy wondrous works and ways, Je - sus, our Friend.
 That Thou hast pow'r to heal, And O, Thyself re - veal, Je - sus, our Friend.
 Throughout e - ter - nal days, Thy wondrous works and ways, Je - sus, our Friend.

FOLSOM.

Music from MOZART.

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our
 2. Cold, on His cra - dle, the dew-drops are shin - ing ; Low lies His

dark - ness, and lend us thine aid ; Star of the East, the ho -
 head with the beasts of the stall ; An - gels a - dore Him, in

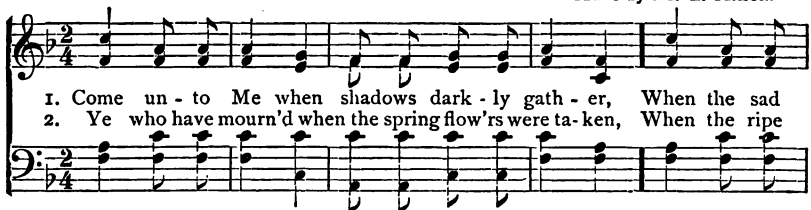


ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where the in - fant Re - deemer is laid.
slumbers re - clin - ing, — Ma - ker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

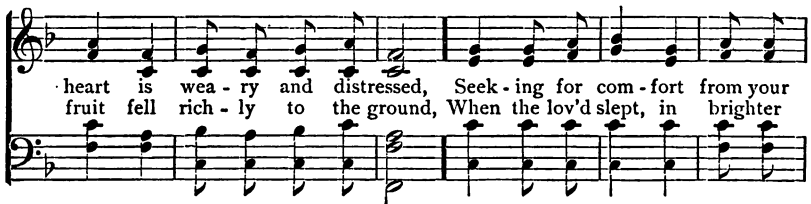
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion, 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Odors of Edom and off'rings divine? Vainly with gifts would His favor
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the secure;
ocean, Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine? Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

HENLEY.

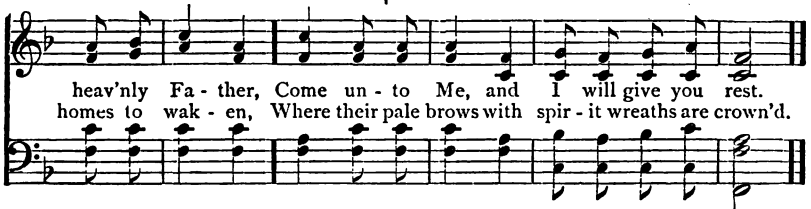
Music by Dr. L. MASON.



1. Come un - to Me when shadows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad
2. Ye who have mourn'd when the spring flow'rs were ta - ken, When the ripe



heart is wea - ry and distressed, Seek - ing for com - fort from your
fruit fell rich - ly to the ground, When the lov'd slept, in brighter



heav'nly Fa - ther, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest.
homes to wak - en, Where their pale brows with spir - it wreaths are crown'd.

- 3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling;
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling;
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
- 4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!

FADING, STILL FADING.

Arranged.

DUET.

1. Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining; Father in heaven, the
 2. Father in heaven, oh, hear when we call, Hear for Christ's sake, who is

QUARTETTE.

day is declining; Safety and in - nocence fly with the light; Temptation and
 Saviour of all; Feeble and fainting, we trust in Thy might; In doubting and

DUET.

danger walk forth in the night; From the fall of the shade till the morning bells
 darkness, Thy love be our light; Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night-taper

FULL CHORUS.

chime, Shield us from danger and save us from crime. Father, have mercy,
 burns, Wake in Thine arms when the morning returns.

Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

239

Words by MARY P. GRIFFIN.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Tho' the mist hang o'er the riv - er, And its billows loud - ly roar,
Cho.—We are wait - ing by the riv - er, We are watching on the shore,—

Yet we hear the song of an - gels, Wafted from the oth - er shore.
 On - ly waiting for the an - gels; Soon they'll come to bear us o'er.

2 And the bright celestial city,
 We have caught such radiant gleams
 Of its tow'rs, like dazzling sunlight,
 With its sweet and peaceful streams.
Chorus.—We are waiting, etc.

4 When we've passed that vale of shadows,
 With its dark and chilling tide,
 In that bright celestial city
 We shall evermore abide.
Chorus.—We are waiting, etc.

3 He has called for many a lov'd one;
 We have seen them leave our side;
 With our Saviour we shall meet them,
 When we too have crossed the tide.
Chorus.—We are waiting, etc.

5 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter;
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 But in that celestial center
 I a crown of life shall wear.
Chorus.—We are waiting, etc.

MEET AGAIN.

Slow, and with expression.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Meet a - gain! when life is o'er; Meet a - gain! to part no more;

How it cheers the drooping heart When from friends we're called to part.

2 Meet again! where endless joy
 We shall taste without alloy;
 Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old,
 Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.

3 Meet again! how passing sweet,
 Friends long lost again to meet;
 Careworn souls by tempest driven,
 O, how sweet to meet in heaven.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY.

Music by JOHN FOX.

1. By our Fa - ther called to la - bor In the cause to us so dear;
2. Sound a - loud the trump of Zi - on, Let its joy - ful tones be heard;

Take, O take our warmest greeting,—Faithful Pas - tor, welcome here.
Full sal - va - tion, grace un - bounded, Free to all thro' Christ the Lord.

We are gathered where the glo - ry Of the Lord so oft has shone;
Warn the care - less, win the err - ing, Cheer the mourner, help the weak;

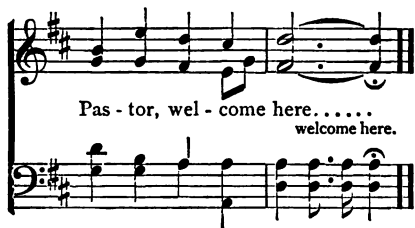
While around this sa - cred al - tar Precious sea - sons we have known.
Preach the word of God with boldness, He will tell thee what to speak.

CHORUS.

Welcome here, . . . thrice welcome here, Faithful Pas - - tor, welcome
Welcome here, Welcome here, Faithful Pas - tor, welcome



here, Sent of God our hearts to cheer, Faithful
here, welcome here; Sent of God, our hearts to cheer,

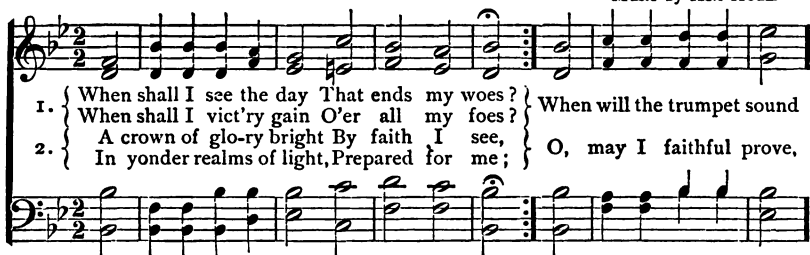


Pas - tor, wel - come here
welcome here.

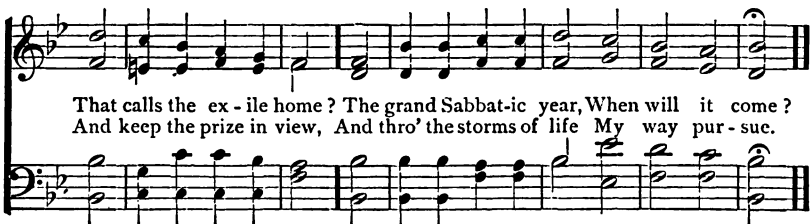
3
Fear thou not though duties press thee,
As thy day thy strength shall be;
Sow the seed and wait with patience,
There's a harvest time for thee.
When thy work of love is ended,
Be it thine a crown to wear,
With the souls thy God will give thee.
Set like fadeless jewels there.—*Cho.*

THE SABBATIC YEAR.

Music by ASA HULL



1. { When shall I see the day That ends my woes? } When will the trumpet sound
When shall I vict'ry gain O'er all my foes? }
2. { A crown of glo-ry bright By faith I see, } O, may I faithful prove,
In yonder realms of light, Prepared for me; }



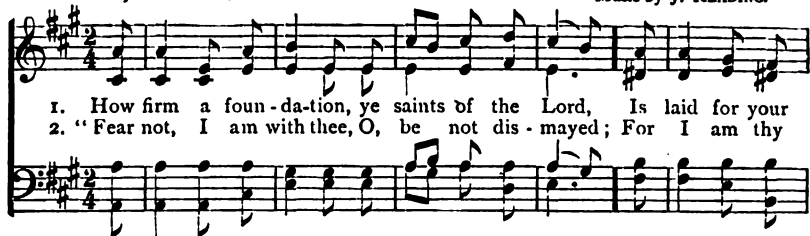
That calls the ex - ile home? The grand Sabbat-ic year, When will it come?
And keep the prize in view, And thro' the storms of life My way pur - sue.

3 Jesus, be Thou my Guide!
My steps attend;
O, keep me near Thy side;
Be Thou my Friend:
Be Thou my Shield and Sun,
My Saviour and my Guard,
And, when my work is done,
My great Reward.

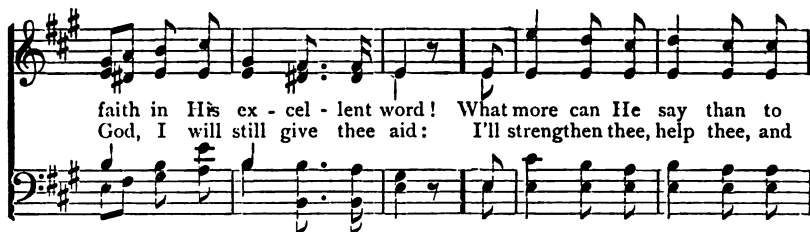
4 O, how I long to see
That happy day,
When sorrow, sin, and pain
Shall flee away;
When all the heavenly tribes
Shall find their long-sought home;
The jubilee of heaven,—
When will it come?

Words by G. KEITH.

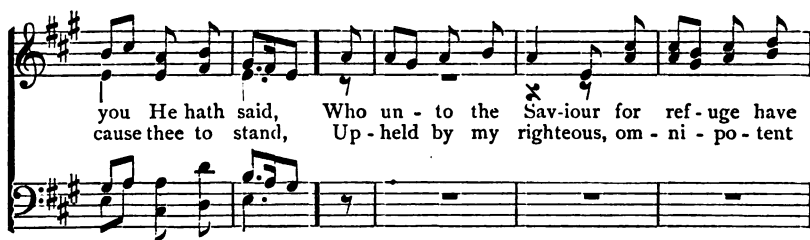
Music by J. READING.



1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. " Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dis - mayed; For I am thy



faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
God, I will still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and



you He hath said, Who un - to the Sav-iour for ref - uge have
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om - ni - po - tent



fled, Who un - to the Saviour for ref - uge have fled :—
hand, Up - held by my righteous, om - ni - po - tent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
: And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress. :|

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
: I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake !" :|

THE SAINT'S HOME.

243

Words by DAVID DENHAM.

Music from a German Melody.

1st. 2d.

1. { 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is com-[OMIT.....] munion with saints !

1st. 2d.

{ To find at the banquet of mer-cy there's room,
{ And feel in the presence of [OMIT.....] Je-sus at home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home ! Pre-pare me, dear Saviour, for glo-ry, my home !

- 2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away ;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay ;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.—*Chorus.*
- 3 Allure me no longer, ye false-glowing charms !
The Saviour invites me—I'll go to His arms ;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room ;
O ! there may I feast with His children at home.—*Chorus.*

HOME, SWEET HOME.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Tune—*The Saint's Home.*

- 1 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Chorus.—Home, home—sweet, sweet home—
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
- 2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain ;
O ! give me my lowly thatched cottage again ;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,—
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.—*Chorus.*
- 3 I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,
And feel that my parents now think of their child ;
They look on that moon from their own cottage door,
Thro' woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.—*Chorus.*

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

Words by W. E. HICKSON.

Music from the German.

DUET.

f *mp*

1. { Now to heav'n our pray'r's ascending, God speed the right ; } Be our zeal in
 In a no - ble cause contending, God speed the right ; }
 2. { Be that pray'r a - gain repeat - ed, God speed the right ; } Like the good and
 Ne'er despair-ing though defeat - ed, God speed the right ; }

ff *p dim.*

heav'n re - cord - ed, With success on earth rewarded, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 great in sto - ry, If we fail, we fail with glory, God speed the right, God speed the right.

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
 God speed the right ;
 Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
 God speed the right ;
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 And in heav'n's own time succeeding,
 [: God speed the right. :]

4 Still our onward course pursuing,
 God speed the right ;
 Ev'ry foe at length subduing,
 God speed the right ;
 Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
 There's no power on earth can stay it ;
 [: God speed the right. :]

BE IN EARNEST.

Moderato.

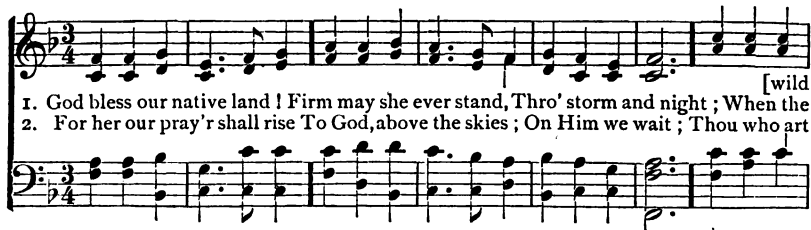
Music by ASA HULL.

1. Time is ear - nest, passing by : Death is ear - nest, drawing nigh.
 2. Life is ear - nest ; when 'tis o'er Thou re - turn - est nev - er more.

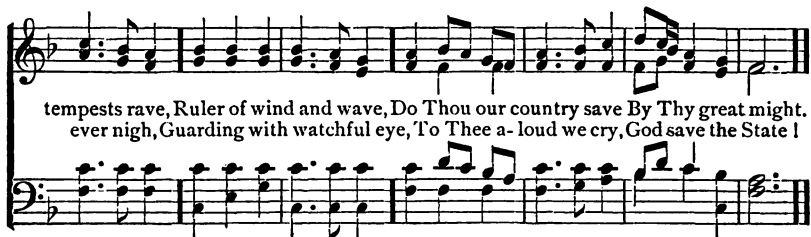
Sin - ner ! wilt thou trifling be ? Time and death ap - peal to thee.
 Soon to meet e - ter - ni - ty, Wilt thou nev - er se - rious be ?

Words by JOHN S. DWIGHT.

Music by HENRY CAREY.



1. God bless our native land ! Firm may she ever stand, Thro' storm and night ; When the [wild
2. For her our pray'r shall rise To God, above the skies ; On Him we wait ; Thou who art



tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave, Do Thou our country save By Thy great might.
ever nigh, Guarding with watchful eye, To Thee a-loud we cry, God save the State !

NATIONAL HYMN.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Tune—*America.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 MY country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing ; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.</p> | <p>3 Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song ! Let mortal tongues awake ; Let all that breathe partake ; Let rocks their silence break ; The sound prolong !</p> |
| <p>2 My native country ! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love ; I love thy rocks and hills, Thy woods and templed hills ; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.</p> | <p>4 Our father's God ! to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing : Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light ; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King !</p> |

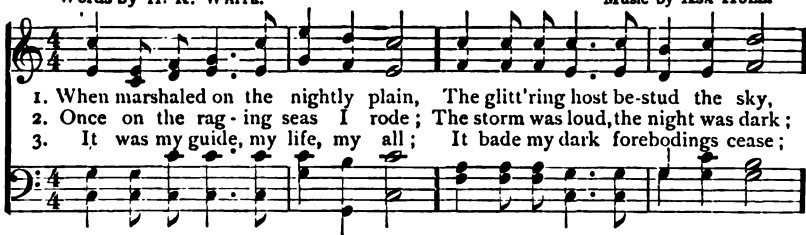
CONCLUSION OF **BE IN EARNEST**, OPPOSITE PAGE.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Heaven is earnest ; solemnly Float its voices down to thee. O, thou mortal ! art thou gay, Sporting through thine earthly day ?</p> | <p>5 Christ is earnest ; bids thee come ! Paid thy spirit's priceless sum. Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love, Pleading with thee from above ?</p> |
| <p>4 God is earnest ; kneel and pray, Ere thy season pass away ; Ere be set His judgment throne— Vengeance ready, mercy gone !</p> | <p>6 Thou refusest, wretched one ! Thou despisest God's dear Son ! Madness ! dying sinner, turn. Lest His wrath within thee burn.</p> |

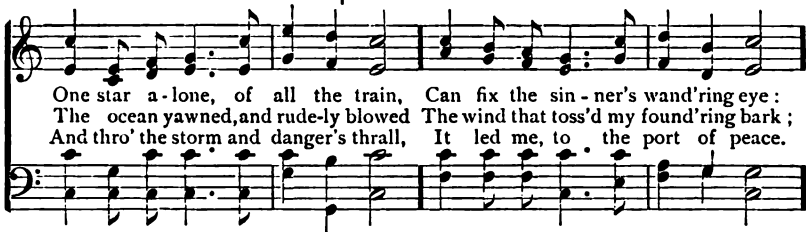
BETHLEHEM'S STAR.

Words by H. K. WHITE.

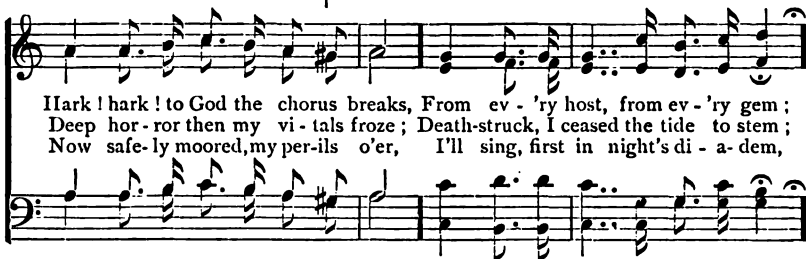
Music by ASA HULL.




1. When marshaled on the nightly plain, The glitt'ring host be-stud the sky,
 2. Once on the rag-ing seas I rode; The storm was loud, the night was dark;
 3. It was my guide, my life, my all; It bade my dark forebodings cease;



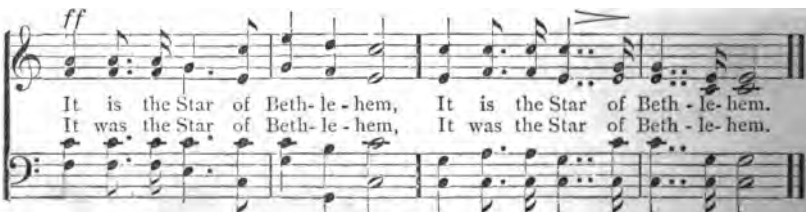
One star a-lone, of all the train, Can fix the sin-ner's wand'ring eye:
 The ocean yawned, and rude-ly blowed The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark;
 And thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me, to the port of peace.



Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From ev-'ry host, from ev-'ry gem;
 Deep hor-ror then my vi-tals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
 Now safe-ly moored, my per-ils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di-a-dem,



SOLI. But one alone, the Saviour, speaks; *Tutti.* It is the Star, it is the Star,
 When sud-den-ly a star a-rose; *Cres.* It was the Star, it was the Star,
 For ev-er and for ev-er-more, It was the Star, etc.



ff It is the Star of Beth-le-hem, It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.
 It was the Star of Beth-le-hem, It was the Star of Beth-le-hem.

1. Hark ! what mean those holy voi - ces, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies ?

Lo ! th'an-gel - ic host re - joi - ces ; Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.

Listen to Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy :—

Glo - ry in the highest, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high !

- 2 Peace on earth, good will from heaven, 3 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him ;
 Reaching far as man is found ; Learn His name, and taste His joy,
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven ! Till in heaven ye sing before Him,—
 Loud our golden harps shall sound. Glory be to God on high !
 Christ is born, the great Anointed ; Praise the God of our salvation ;
 Heaven and earth His praises sing ; Hosts on high His power proclaim ;
 Oh, receive whom God appointed Heaven and earth and all creation,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King. Laud and magnify His name.

PRAISE THE LORD.—Anthem.

FULL CHORUS. *Allegretto.*

Words arranged and Music by ASA HULL.

ff 1. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, *mp* Praise the Lord.... in the
 2. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.... in a
 Praise the Lord,

beau - - - ty of ho - - - li - ness; Praise Him
 new..... and a joy - - - ful song; Praise Him
 Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

with.... the lute and harp, Praise Him in the voice of mel - o - dy.
 for..... His mighty acts, Praise Him in the sound of har - mo - ny.
 Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

QUARTETTE. *Moderato.*

mp For His mer - cy en - dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er, For His
mp mer - cy en - dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er,

mer - - cy en - dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er, For His
 mer - cy en - dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er,

mer - cy en - dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er, For His mer - cy en -
mer - cy en - dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er, mer - cy, etc.

Return to 2d verse. *1st.* *2d.* **FULL CHORUS.**

dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er, ev - er. *ff* For His mer - cy en -
ff

dur - eth, en - dur - eth, en - dur - eth, For His mer - cy en -

Accelerando.

dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er, For - ev - er and for - ev - er and

Slow.

ev - er. A - men. For - ev - er and for - ev - er and ev - er. A - men.

INDEX OF TUNES.

A.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| After His likeness..... | 160 |
| All for Jesus..... | 70 |
| All to Christ I owe..... | 59 |
| Almost persuaded..... | 179 |
| America..... | 245 |
| Anywhere with Jesus..... | 40 |
| Are you washed in the blood?..... | 194 |
| At the Fountain..... | 166 |
| Autumn..... | 129 |
| Azmon..... | 171 |

B.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| Balerna..... | 185 |
| Baptismal Fire..... | 158 |
| Beautiful River..... | 121 |
| Beautiful Star, shine on..... | 6 |
| Be in earnest..... | 244 |
| Believing and Trusting..... | 126 |
| Benevento..... | 207 |
| Bethany..... | 77 |
| Bethlehem's Star..... | 246 |
| Better further on..... | 198 |
| Beulah Land..... | 111 |
| Beyond the swelling Flood..... | 156 |
| Boundless Love..... | 13 |
| Boylston..... | 113 |
| Breezes from Land..... | 78 |
| Bringing in the Sheaves..... | 173 |
| Burning the Chaff..... | 84 |

C.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| Christian Warfare..... | 208 |
| Christ is all in all..... | 57 |
| Christ is Risen to-day..... | 229 |
| Christ our Friend..... | 210 |
| Christmas..... | 186 |
| Clinging to the Cross..... | 212 |
| Clinging to the Saviour..... | 113 |
| Closer to Thee..... | 11 |
| Close to Thee..... | 164 |
| Coming to the Saviour (I am)..... | 53 |
| Coming to the Saviour (We are)..... | 140 |
| Come, O come to Jesus..... | 4 |
| Come, ye disconsolate..... | 31 |
| Companionship with Jesus..... | 116 |
| Coronation..... | 73 |
| Creation..... | 127 |
| Cross and Crown..... | 171 |

D.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| Depth of Mercy..... | 190 |
| Dear Lord, remember me..... | 69 |
| Dennis..... | 122 |
| Downs..... | 189 |
| Duke Street..... | 159 |
| Dundee..... | 189 |

E.

| | |
|--------------|-----|
| Elim..... | 185 |
| Emmons..... | 181 |
| Evening..... | 161 |
| Even me..... | 154 |

F.

| | |
|----------------------------|-----|
| Fading, still fading..... | 238 |
| Far from Mortal Cares..... | 227 |
| Federal Street..... | 147 |
| Flee to your mountain..... | 86 |
| Folsom..... | 236 |
| For you and me..... | 55 |
| Frederick..... | 43 |
| Freeport..... | 21 |

G.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| Gerar..... | 201 |
| Give thanks, all ye people..... | 120 |
| Go and tell it..... | 132 |
| God's Eternal Mansions..... | 144 |
| God speed the right..... | 244 |
| Goodwin..... | 203 |
| Greenville..... | 227 |

H.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| Hamburg..... | 153 |
| Happy Day..... | 155 |
| Heavenly Hallelujahs..... | 247 |
| Heaven is my home..... | 210 |
| Heber..... | 177 |
| Hebron..... | 161 |
| He doeth all things well..... | 15 |
| He leadeth me..... | 117 |
| Henley..... | 237 |
| Heralds of Zion..... | 220 |
| His Guiding Hand..... | 234 |
| Holley..... | 213 |
| Holy! Lord God Almighty..... | 157 |
| Home! Sweet Home..... | 243 |
| Horton..... | 213 |
| Hursley..... | 95 |

I.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| I am coming, Lord..... | 91 |
| I am praying for you..... | 180 |
| I love to tell the story..... | 52 |
| I'm nearer my home..... | 139 |
| I'm nearing home..... | 44 |
| I need Thee every hour..... | 233 |
| I rest in Thy love..... | 76 |
| Is it True?..... | 42 |
| Italian Hymn..... | 41 |
| I will knock at the door..... | 98 |

J.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Jerusalem the Beautiful..... | 33 |
| Jerusalem the Golden..... | 188 |
| Jesus died for me..... | 27 |
| Jesus died for you..... | 39 |
| Jesus is calling for thee..... | 96 |
| Jesus is mine..... | 168 |
| Jesus is there..... | 176 |
| Jesus, I my cross have taken..... | 224 |
| Jesus of Nazareth..... | 133 |
| Jesus our Friend..... | 236 |
| Jesus waits for thee..... | 217 |
| Jesus, the sure foundation..... | 107 |
| Joy to the world..... | 93 |
| Just as I am..... | 122 |

L.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| Laban..... | 195 |
| Lenox..... | 226 |
| Let the lower lights be burning..... | 196 |
| Let there be light..... | 192 |
| Let Thy mercy shine on me..... | 150 |
| Like the nine..... | 67 |
| Lischer..... | 211 |
| Live nearer to Jesus..... | 112 |
| Look and Live..... | 148 |
| Looking to Jesus..... | 65 |
| Look to the Lighthouse..... | 37 |

M.

| | |
|------------------------|-----|
| Martyn..... | 105 |
| Meet again..... | 239 |
| Mercy's Gate..... | 58 |
| Mercy's Free..... | 152 |
| Meribah..... | 210 |
| Merton..... | 181 |
| Missionary Chant..... | 149 |
| More like Thee..... | 85 |
| Mount of Blessing..... | 10 |
| My Title Clear..... | 193 |

N.

| | |
|---------------------------|-----|
| Naomi..... | 169 |
| National Hymn..... | 245 |
| Newton..... | 221 |
| New Whiter than Snow..... | 30 |

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| No Book is like the Bible..... | 82 |
| Nothing but Leaves..... | 230 |

O.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| O come, come to-day..... | 50 |
| O, how He loves..... | 235 |
| O, how I love Jesus!..... | 223 |
| Old Hundred..... | 99 |
| Olivet..... | 124 |
| Olmutz..... | 195 |
| Olney..... | 197 |
| Once for all..... | 170 |
| One by One..... | 100 |
| One day nearer home..... | 20 |
| Onward, Christian Soldiers..... | 214 |
| Only Remembered..... | 24 |
| Open wide the door..... | 46 |
| Ortonville..... | 187 |
| Over there..... | 131 |

P.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| Park Street..... | 164 |
| Passing Moments..... | 199 |
| Pastor's Welcome..... | 240 |
| Peace, troubled soul..... | 186 |
| Penitence..... | 183 |
| Perseverance and Trust..... | 230 |
| Pleyel's Hymn..... | 95 |
| Portuguese Hymn..... | 242 |
| Praise the Lord..... | 248 |
| Put on the Armor..... | 81 |

R.

| | |
|---------------------------|-----|
| Refuge..... | 119 |
| Rest, blessed rest..... | 162 |
| Rest for the weary..... | 225 |
| Resting at the Cross..... | 108 |
| Retreat..... | 149 |
| Rockingham..... | 159 |
| Rock of Ages..... | 75 |
| Rothwell..... | 165 |
| Running the Race..... | 206 |

S.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| Safely through another week..... | 215 |
| Safe within the Vail..... | 79 |
| Saint Thomas..... | 201 |
| Salvation's Free..... | 154 |
| Saved, fully saved..... | 19 |
| Scatter seeds of kindness..... | 68 |
| Secret Prayer..... | 222 |
| Seir..... | 199 |
| Sessions..... | 151 |
| Shall we meet beyond the river?... .. | 87 |
| Shirland..... | 197 |
| Show me the path of life..... | 146 |
| Sicilian Hymn..... | 124 |

| | | | |
|-------------------------------|-----|----------------------------|-----|
| Sing of His love..... | 56 | The New Song..... | 104 |
| Sing of His mighty love..... | 168 | The Open Door..... | 202 |
| Sing on, sing sweetly on..... | 12 | The Pilgrim's Guide..... | 80 |
| Songs of Faith..... | 9 | The Polar Star..... | 228 |
| Songs of the Cross..... | 60 | The Portals of Pearl..... | 134 |
| So will I comfort thee..... | 232 | The Prodigal's return..... | 130 |
| Sowing the Seed..... | 184 | The Reapers..... | 72 |
| Stand up for Jesus..... | 36 | The Resting Place..... | 123 |
| Stranger Voices..... | 234 | The Riven Rock..... | 3 |
| Sweet by and by..... | 71 | The Royal Way..... | 175 |
| Sweet hour of prayer..... | 190 | The Sabbatic Year..... | 241 |
| Sweet the moments..... | 125 | The Sacred Stream..... | 14 |

T.

| | | | |
|------------------------------|-----|--|-----|
| Take me as I am..... | 137 | The Saint's Home..... | 243 |
| Take the fort..... | 7 | The Saviour's Call ('Tis Jesus Calls)..... | 172 |
| Talking with Jesus..... | 74 | The Saviour's Call (To-day)..... | 145 |
| Talmar..... | 219 | The Saviour's Love..... | 49 |
| Thanks be to God..... | 66 | The Sheltering Rock..... | 25 |
| The Angel at the Portal..... | 26 | The Shining Shore..... | 5 |
| The Banner of Truth..... | 138 | The Spirit's Welcome..... | 106 |
| The Beautiful City..... | 51 | The Summer Time..... | 32 |
| The Beautiful Stream..... | 92 | The Voice of Love..... | 34 |
| The Beautiful Vale..... | 114 | The Wings of Faith..... | 135 |
| The Bread of Life..... | 232 | The World of Light..... | 162 |
| The Bright forever..... | 204 | Triumph by and by..... | 142 |
| The Bolted Door..... | 23 | Trusting..... | 103 |
| The Celestial Army..... | 229 | Trust in God..... | 102 |
| The Christian Hero..... | 29 | Trusting the Lord..... | 38 |
| The City of God..... | 8 | Turn to the Lord..... | 191 |
| The Cleansing Fountain..... | 115 | | |
| The Dawning Light..... | 101 | U. | |
| The Eventide..... | 174 | Under His wings..... | 54 |
| The Fountain of Mercy..... | 88 | Uxbridge..... | 151 |
| The Galilean King..... | 216 | | |
| The Glorious by and by..... | 94 | W. | |
| The Glorious Treasure..... | 218 | Wait, and murmur not..... | 35 |
| The Glorious Prospect..... | 99 | Waiting by the River..... | 239 |
| The Golden Shore..... | 110 | Waiting, only waiting..... | 45 |
| The Gospel Trumpet..... | 226 | Walk in the Light..... | 16 |
| The Great Physician..... | 109 | Ward..... | 147 |
| The Half was never told..... | 200 | Warwick..... | 206 |
| The Hallowed Cross..... | 63 | Watchman..... | 143 |
| The Hallowed Spot..... | 62 | Welcome to Glory..... | 97 |
| The Happy Pilgrim..... | 178 | What a Friend we have in Jesus..... | 118 |
| The Harpers of God..... | 90 | When the mists have cleared away..... | 28 |
| The Heavenly Feast..... | 167 | Where are the Harvesters?..... | 18 |
| The Heavenly Visitor..... | 22 | Willing Hearts, ready Hands..... | 48 |
| The Hiding Place..... | 128 | Will it, O Lord, be mine?..... | 83 |
| The Home of the Soul..... | 141 | Wonderful words of life..... | 136 |
| The Invitation..... | 174 | Woodland..... | 177 |
| The Joyous Morning..... | 209 | Words of Promise..... | 205 |
| The Land of Promise..... | 60 | Work, for the night is coming..... | 89 |
| The Living Water..... | 17 | Work, while the day lasts..... | 64 |
| The Lord will provide..... | 145 | Work, work for God..... | 47 |
| The Master is calling..... | 182 | | |
| | | Z. | |
| | | Zephyr..... | 153 |
| | | Zion..... | 236 |

INDEX OF HYMNS.

| | |
|--|-----|
| A beacon bright the Christian..... | 37 |
| Abide with me, fast falls the eventide | 174 |
| A charge to keep I have..... | 113 |
| Afflictions, though they seem severe | 130 |
| After the blackness of midnight... | 160 |
| After the likeness of Jesus..... | 160 |
| A gentle breeze from Eden's land.. | 198 |
| Alas! and did my Saviour bleed... | 69 |
| A little talk with Jesus..... | 74 |
| All for Jesus! All for Jesus!..... | 70 |
| All hail the power of Jesus' name.. | 73 |
| Almost persuaded now to believe.. | 179 |
| Amid the hours that rapid fly..... | 99 |
| Another day is past..... | 199 |
| Anywhere with Jesus, says the..... | 40 |
| Arise, my soul, arise..... | 226 |

B.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| Beautiful Zion, built above..... | 51 |
| Behold the changing autumn leaves | 72 |
| Behold the Rock! the smitten Rock | 3 |
| Blessed Bible! how I love it..... | 218 |
| Blest are the sons of peace..... | 197 |
| Blest be the tie that binds..... | 122 |
| Blow ye the trumpet, blow..... | 226 |
| Breaking thro' the clouds that gather | 204 |
| Break Thou the bread of life..... | 232 |
| Brightest and best of the sons of the | 236 |
| Brightly beams our banner..... | 138 |
| Brightly beams our Father's mercy. | 196 |
| Brother, is life's morning clouded... | 230 |
| Brother, is thy pathway clouded... | 101 |
| Burdened soul, come seek the.... | 50 |
| By faith the cleansing blood I see.. | 128 |
| By our Father called to labor..... | 240 |

C.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| Children of the heavenly King..... | 56 |
| Christ is knocking, ever knocking.. | 23 |
| Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day... | 229 |
| Come and join the march for glory. | 7 |
| Come, humble sinner, in whose.... | 187 |
| Come, let us lift our joyful eyes... | 186 |
| Come on, my partners, in distress... | 210 |
| Come, said Jesus' sacred voice.... | 213 |
| Come, Thou Almighty King..... | 41 |
| Come, Thou blessed Holy Spirit... | 158 |
| Come, Thou Fount of every blessing | 129 |
| Come unto me when shadows darkly | 237 |
| Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye | 31 |

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.. | 191 |
| Come, ye sinners, etc. (Greenville). | 227 |
| Come ye that love the Lord..... | 154 |

D.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly.. | 31 |
| Dear Saviour, does Thy love..... | 49 |
| Dear Saviour, how often my heart... | 30 |
| Depth of mercy, can there be..... | 190 |
| Draw me, Saviour, nearer..... | 11 |

E.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| Early dawn! early dawn..... | 209 |
|-----------------------------|-----|

F.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Fade, fade, each earthly joy..... | 168 |
| Fading, still fading, the last beam... | 238 |
| Far from mortal cares retreating... | 227 |
| Far from my thoughts vain world.. | 164 |
| Father, whate'er of earthly bliss... | 169 |
| Flee as a bird to your mountain... | 86 |
| Free from the law, O happy..... | 170 |
| From all that dwell below the skies | 153 |
| From distant lands appealing..... | 202 |
| From ev'ry stormy wind that blows | 149 |

G.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Give me the wings of faith to rise.. | 135 |
| Give thanks, all ye people, give... | 120 |
| Glad as the morning, swift as the light | 220 |
| Glorious things of thee are spoken. | 8 |
| Go, tell the great Redemer's love... | 132 |
| God bless our native land..... | 245 |
| God moves in a mysterious way... | 185 |
| Go, when the morning shineth.... | 222 |
| Great God, to Thee my evening song | 153 |
| Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.. | 80 |

H.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| Hail, Thou once despised Jesus... | 216 |
| Hark! what mean those holy voices | 247 |
| Haste, brother, haste, for the Master | 182 |
| Have you been to Jesus for the.... | 194 |
| He leadeth me! He leadeth me... | 234 |
| He leadeth me! O blessed thought | 117 |
| Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty | 157 |
| How blest the righteous when he.. | 147 |
| How firm a foundation, ye saints... | 242 |
| How sweet the hour of closing day | 161 |
| How sweet the tidings, mercy's free | 152 |
| How tedious and tasteless the hours | 221 |
| How vain is all beneath the skies.. | 147 |

I.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| I am coming to the Cross..... | 103 |
| I am coming to the Saviour..... | 53 |
| I fear not the gloom of midnight... | 26 |
| If human kindness meets return... | 185 |
| If we cannot plant our cottage..... | 48 |
| I have a Saviour, He's pleading in. | 180 |
| I have found the Saviour precious.. | 4 |
| I heard the blessed Saviour say.... | 217 |
| I heard the voice of Jesus say..... | 123 |
| I hear the Saviour say..... | 59 |
| I hear Thy welcome voice..... | 91 |
| I love Thy kingdom, Lord..... | 197 |
| I love to steal awhile away..... | 177 |
| I love to tell the story..... | 52 |
| I'm but a stranger here..... | 210 |
| I'm not afraid to trust in Jesus.... | 126 |
| I'm nearing home, life's wintry blast | 44 |
| I'm standing on the mountain..... | 166 |
| I need Thee every hour..... | 233 |
| In God I have found a retreat..... | 54 |
| I know that my Redeemer lives.... | 235 |
| In some way or other..... | 145 |
| In the Christian's home in glory... | 225 |
| In the silent midnight watches..... | 22 |
| I saw a happy pilgrim..... | 178 |
| Is it true that in the garden of.... | 42 |
| I think of yon bright mansion..... | 107 |
| It may be far; it may be near..... | 94 |
| I've been up the mount with my Lord | 10 |
| I've reached the land of corn and .. | 111 |
| I will sing you a song of that..... | 141 |
| I would not live away..... | 43 |

J.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| Jerusalem the beautiful..... | 33 |
| Jerusalem the golden..... | 188 |
| Jesus, I my cross have taken..... | 224 |
| Jesus, let Thy pitying eye..... | 183 |
| Jesus, lover of my soul (Martyn)... | 105 |
| Jesus, lover of my soul (Refuge)... | 119 |
| Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry..... | 137 |
| Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.. | 165 |
| Jesus, Saviour, great Example..... | 85 |
| Jesus sought and saved me..... | 27 |
| Jesus, the name high over all..... | 223 |
| Joy to the world! the Lord is come | 93 |
| Just as I am, without one plea.... | 122 |

L.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| Land ahead! its fruits are waving.. | 79 |
| Let us gather up the sunbeams.... | 68 |
| Listen to the gentle promptings.... | 219 |
| Live nearer to Jesus..... | 112 |
| Live, on the field of battle..... | 29 |
| Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing | 124 |
| Lord, how secure and blest are they | 159 |

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine... | 151 |
| Lord, in the morning, Thou shalt.. | 206 |
| Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings | 154 |
| Lord of Hosts, how lovely fair.... | 95 |
| Lo! the ripened grain is waving... | 18 |

M.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| Meet again! when life is o'er..... | 239 |
| 'Mid pleasures and palaces though. | 243 |
| 'Mid scenes of confusion and..... | 243 |
| Mingled together the wheat and the | 84 |
| More Thou art than friend or brother | 57 |
| Must Jesus bear the cross alone.... | 171 |
| My country, 'tis of thee..... | 245 |
| My days are gliding swiftly by.... | 5 |
| My faith looks up to Thee..... | 124 |
| My God, I am Thine..... | 167 |
| My Saviour guides me in the way.. | 15 |
| My soul, be on thy guard..... | 195 |
| My soul with rapture waits for Thee | 114 |

N.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| Nearer, my God, to Thee..... | 77 |
| No book is like the Bible..... | 82 |
| Nothing but leaves! the Spirit..... | 230 |
| Now to heaven our prayers..... | 244 |

O.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| O blessed fellowship divine..... | 116 |
| O blessed, glorious hope..... | 162 |
| O bliss of the purified..... | 168 |
| O come unto the Saviour, why will. | 32 |
| O'er the hills the sun is setting.... | 20 |
| O for a heart to praise my God.... | 171 |
| O had I wings like a dove, I would | 205 |
| O happy day that fixed my choice.. | 155 |
| O have you not heard of a beautiful | 92 |
| O have you not heard of that city.. | 176 |
| O let me cling to Thee..... | 113 |
| One by one are autumn leaves..... | 100 |
| One sweetly solemn thought..... | 139 |
| Only waiting, till the shadows.... | 45 |
| On stormy seas I sail my bark..... | 6 |
| On the holy hill of Zion..... | 144 |
| On, though thy way may be dreary. | 206 |
| Onward, Christian soldiers..... | 214 |
| Onward, Christian soldier, Onward | 208 |
| O songs of faith that pilgrims sing.. | 9 |
| O the love of Christ is boundless... | 13 |
| O think of a home over there..... | 131 |
| O Thou God of my salvation..... | 216 |
| O what amazing words of grace.... | 39 |
| O when I shall sweep through the.. | 97 |
| O where shall rest be found..... | 195 |

P.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Pass me not, O gentle Saviour.... | 150 |
| Peace, troubled soul, whose..... | 125 |
| Praise God, from whom all..... | 94 |

Praise the Lord in the beauty of... 248
 Pray'r is appointed to convey..... 161
 Put on the armor of our God..... 81

R.

Repeat the story o'er and o'er..... 200
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me..... 75

S.

Sad and weary with my longing.... 212
 Safely through another week..... 215
 Saved ! Saved ! Saved ! Saved by the 19
 Shall we gather at the river..... 121
 Shall we meet beyond the river 87
 Sinner, go, will you go..... 174
 Sing on, my soul, thy mission prove 12
 Sing them over again to me..... 136
 Softly now the light of day..... 213
 So will I comfort thee..... 232
 Sowing in the morning..... 173
 Sowing the seed of truth 184
 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand 36
 Stranger voices oft I hear..... 234
 Striving at the narrow gate..... 60
 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour... 190
 Sweet 'tis, to sing of Thee..... 236
 Sweet the moments rich in blessing 125
 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear 95

T.

Thanks be to God for the vict'ry... 66
 The cross ! the cross ! the blood... 63
 The great Physician now is near... 109
 The home where changes never... 35
 The Lord my pasture shall prepare 127
 The mistakes of my life are many.. 98
 The morning light is breaking..... 203
 The prize is set before us..... 142
 There are joys we fondly cherish... 58
 There are lonely hearts to cherish.. 64
 There are songs of joy that I loved 104
 There is a beautiful world..... 162
 There is a fountain filled with blood 115
 There is a land of pure delight.... 60
 There is a mansion bright and fair.. 55
 There is a spot to me more dear... 62
 There is a stream whose gentle flow 14
 There is a straight and narrow path 146
 There is life for a look at the..... 148
 There is work for every one..... 47
 There's a firm, sheltering rock.... 25
 There's a land that is fairer than day 71
 There's an open fount in Zion 17
 There's joy for the soul when the.. 83
 There were ten that besought Him. 67

Thou art my portion, O my God... 189
 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb. 181
 Thou, my everlasting portion..... 164
 Though the night o'erhang our.... 219
 Tho' heaven's clear arch the echo.. 192
 Tho' the mist hang o'er the river... 239
 Time is earnest, passing by..... 244
 'Tis Jesus calls, "Come unto me". 172
 To-day the Saviour calls..... 145
 To the Cross of Christ, my Saviour. 108
 'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died 88

U.

Up and away like the dew of the... 24

W.

Walk in the light, the Lord hath... 16
 Watching through the night and... 38
 Watchman, tell me, does the morning 143
 We are coming, we are coming 46
 Weary, wandering child of grief.... 34
 Weary wanderer o'er the main.... 228
 We have heard Thy call, blessed... 140
 Welcome, delightful morn..... 211
 Welcome, sweet day of rest..... 201
 We may spread our couch with roses 175
 We shall meet in that beautiful land 110
 What a friend we have in Jesus.... 118
 What means this eager, anxious... 133
 What though the fig tree blossoms. 102
 When, as of old, in her sadness.... 96
 Whence came the armies of the sky 229
 When entering the portals of pearl.. 134
 When I can read my title clear.... 193
 When I survey the wondrous cross 151
 When marshaled on the nightly plain 246
 When sailing o'er time's restless sea 78
 When shall I see the day..... 241
 When the mists have rolled in.... 28
 When we hear the music ringing... 106
 While life prolongs its precious light 159
 While through this world we roam. 201
 While wayworn and weary I journey 76
 While with ceaseless course the sun 207
 With crowns on their heads, and... 90
 Within Thy house, O Lord, this day 21
 With stately tow'rs and bulwarks.. 177
 Why should we boast of time to come 189
 Work, for the night is coming..... 89

Y.

Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim. 149
 Ye golden lamps of heaven farewell 181
 Yes, we shall meet beyond the flood 156
 Ye wretched, starving poor..... 199
 Yield not to temptation..... 65

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

- OPENING SERVICE....8, 21, 41, 95, 125, 129, 153, 157, 159, 177, 186, 189, 197, 201,
 206, 211, 229.
 CLOSE OF WORSHIP, 20, 80, 95, 124, 125, 139, 153, 159, 161, 174, 189, 197, 199, 207,
 213, 219, 238.
 THE SABBATH.....21, 95, 201, 211, 215.
 PRAISE.....8, 9, 14, 17, 21, 41, 51, 93, 95, 99, 105, 124, 127, 129, 135, 153,
 154, 157, 159, 165, 167, 171, 181, 186, 197, 201, 207, 241, 248.
 PRAYER.....30, 31, 49, 77, 80, 118, 122, 125, 149, 161, 164, 171, 174, 177,
 190, 197, 213, 222, 227.
 CHRIST'S ADVENT....93, 228, 236, 246, 247.
 CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS AND DEATH, 39, 42, 69, 151.
 CHRIST'S RESURRECTION AND EXALTATION, 73, 75, 93, 105, 124, 165, 181, 209,
 216, 223, 226, 229.
 CHRIST'S NAME AND GRACE EXTOLLED, 4, 10, 13, 15, 25, 27, 30, 49, 57, 59, 76, 85,
 88, 105, 106, 109, 126, 128, 151, 152, 160, 168, 224, 234.
 THE HOLY SPIRIT...22, 158, 219.
 THE ATONEMENT....17, 19, 39, 59, 88, 115, 128, 151, 170.
 INVITATIONS TO CHRIST, 4, 16, 17, 23, 31, 32, 34, 50, 67, 92, 96, 109, 123, 148, 172,
 174, 291, 199, 213, 217, 226, 227.
 WARNINGS.....32, 84, 86, 133, 145, 159, 195, 230, 244.
 REPENTANCE.....46, 53, 91, 98, 103, 122, 137, 140, 150, 171, 183, 212, 224.
 CONFLICT WITH SIN, 65, 101, 113.
 CHRISTIAN COURAGE AND CHEER, 29, 36, 37, 40, 70, 81, 83, 102, 112, 138, 142, 143,
 145, 193, 198, 210, 214, 226, 232, 242, 244.
 GROWTH IN GRACE..10, 11, 20, 52, 77, 85, 108, 116, 137, 160, 166, 233.
 CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE, 3, 4, 5, 10, 15, 20, 40, 54, 56, 62, 74, 76, 108, 111, 122.
 SORROW AND DISCIPLINE, 31, 35, 38, 54, 101, 102, 117, 130, 147, 169, 185, 186, 221,
 228, 237, 239.
 CHRISTIAN WORK...8, 18, 24, 47, 48, 52, 64, 68, 70, 72, 81, 89, 163, 171, 175, 182,
 184, 196, 206, 214.
 MISSIONARY.....18, 36, 73, 132, 149, 165, 197, 202, 203, 220.
 THE LORD'S SUPPER, 19, 49, 69, 75, 77, 80, 105, 115, 119, 122, 124, 181, 185, 232.
 DEATH AND THE GRAVE, 43, 100, 147, 161, 181, 237.
 HEAVEN.....5, 20, 26, 28, 33, 44, 51, 60, 71, 79, 87, 94, 97, 110, 121, 131,
 134, 139, 156, 162, 193, 198, 210, 225, 243.
 OCCASIONAL.....120, 207, 240, 243, 244, 245.

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